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THE PRIVATE JOURNAL  
OF  
AARON BURR

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*W. B.*





*Theodosia*

THE  
PRIVATE JOURNAL  
OF  
AARON BURR

*REPRINTED IN FULL FROM THE ORIGINAL  
MANUSCRIPT IN THE LIBRARY OF  
MR. WILLIAM K. BIXBY,  
OF ST. LOUIS, MO.*

WITH  
AN INTRODUCTION, EXPLANATORY NOTES,  
AND A GLOSSARY

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IN TWO VOLUMES  
VOL. II

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# PRIVATE JOURNAL OF AARON BURR

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PARIS, October 1, 1810. Wrote note to Sisto, postponing his lesson (did I tell you that I had taken a Spanish master?) till to-morrow. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p.<sup>1</sup> to Fonzi's. 'Till 1, doing a little. Home to smoke segar, &c., and then to Swediaur's to enquire about sale of Lettaspri's place for G. I was right. It is for sale. To Fonzi's again; busy. Being engaged to dine with Vanderlyn at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4, had an hour to spare, and I maliciously set out on mischief. Called on Edwards; out. On Prevost; out, and meeting no obstacles in the way, got safe to Vanderlyn's at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 3. Dined there, and at 6 came off together. Parted at the Pont des Arts<sup>2</sup>, he to go on some errand, I to come home; but went round by Viol.<sup>3</sup>; out. On the way, however, a *renc*.<sup>4</sup>; 6 francs for pros.<sup>5</sup> only; home at 8. Read two hours in my Sp. grammar. Made *caf. blanc*. Having no sug., took of that infernal *sirap de raisin*<sup>6</sup>, which with sour milk made a mess fit for the devil's feast, but swallowed it, and am still alive as you see at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 12. This morning called on Mancel to inquire about Crede. He made 100 apologies for going off without

<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> Literally, Bridge of the Arts. It crosses the Seine at the side of the Louvre.

<sup>3</sup> For Violette, one of Burr's many female acquaintances.

<sup>4</sup> For *rencontre*.

<sup>5</sup> The meaning of the phrase "pros. only," which Burr uses several times, is at least doubtful. Pros. may be an abbreviation for prospect, or prostitute, or prostitution, or for the French of the same.

<sup>6</sup> Grape syrup.

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me. Crede's coming is uncertain. Performed a capital operation last night which took me two hours to *défaire*<sup>1</sup> this morning. Was up at 6. Sisto came at 9 and staid his hour. I think that in one month I could read Spanish pretty well, with three or four hours' daily attention. But all this day I have not looked at Spanish since Sisto went off. At 11 to Mr. G.'s, and at 12 to Fonzi's. He asked me to dine there with Vanderlyn. Home at 2, and at 3 to St. Denis for seg. and *soc.*<sup>2</sup> At 4 to Fonzi's, expecting to do something before dinner; but did nothing. 7 Madame de Launey, aunt of M. Bernardin St. Pierre, who amused me with anecdotes of St. Pierre<sup>3</sup>. He has two children, Paul *et* Virginie. The latter 16. Came off with Vanderlyn at 7. Strolled an hour. Called on Gaudoin to engage him to go to Fonzi's to work for me at 6 to-morrow morning. Home, and have been reading two hours in DePratz<sup>4</sup> to learn something for Crede.

3. Sisto came at 9 and I took my lesson. At 11 *sor.* to Mr. G.'s. A few minutes to Baron d'Alberg's; out. To Valkenaer's; out. To Fonzi's; he was engaged. Passed an hour with Madame and Kern, and Madame asked me to dine, to which agreed in

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<sup>1</sup> For *défaire*. To undo.

<sup>2</sup> Probably for segars and *socker* (Swedish) or *sucré* (French), sugar.

<sup>3</sup> Jacques Henri Bernardin de Saint Pierre (1737-1814) was a celebrated author. He studied for the church, was then a sailor, and then a soldier, but was dismissed from the army for insubordination. He went to St. Petersburg and was appointed a captain. In 1766 he fought against the Russians in Poland; later on, he fought against the Poles in Saxony. Returning to France he devoted himself to literature, and was associated with Rousseau. In 1784 his "*Etudes de la Nature*" ("Studies in Nature") in five volumes gave him rank among the best prose writers in France. In 1788 he published "*Paul et Virginie*," which became one of the most celebrated books of the age, and was translated into all European languages.

<sup>4</sup> Burr may refer to some work of Paidoux Duprat, a French juris-consult of the years 1520-1570, who wrote on ancient jurisprudence as well as on the civil and criminal practice of his time.

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hopes of getting some work out of F. Home at 2. Bought one pound *casson*<sup>1</sup>, 3 francs 12 sous;  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound sugar, 52 sous;  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound tea, 3 livres;  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound *from*.<sup>2</sup>, 9 sous; total, 9 francs 13 sous. You see that I allow myself sugar; but, Madame, I have dismissed my barber, which is a saving of at least 15 livres per month, and for some other discreet conduct this luxury is allowed. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4 to F.'s. 2 Madame de Launey and Hernandez. The beautiful Madame de C. came in, and I saw her home. Forgot to say that, coming from Valkenaer's this morning, I called and passed an hour with her. Home at 9, having drank *tro*<sup>3</sup>, and so not in good humor. To make it worse Jean't<sup>4</sup> came in most *malapropos*. They have the cursed Swedish custom here of not knocking. Lay on the bed, got asleep, and slept till 12. Lay two hours *vigil*<sup>5</sup>, and got up and made myself *caf. blanc*, and now, at 3 in the morning, am writing to hussy. Made a most shocking blunder by mispronouncing the word *ébranler*<sup>6</sup>.

4. Slept till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8, and rose perfectly well, which was not expected after yesterday's dinner. At 11 to Duke d'Alberg's, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. He had not seen the Minister, nor heard anything about me, but will see him this week. To Valkenaer's; out. To Fonzi's, where two hours doing little, he much

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1 Lump sugar in masses. He may mean *cassonade*. Brown sugar.

2 For *fromage*. Cheese. This is the first time Burr has used the French word for this article. Heretofore he has used either the Swedish word *ost* or made an attempt at the German word *Käse*.

3 For *trop*. Too much.

4 For Jeannette! The name may be Jul. for Julie. The writing is not plain.

5 Latin adjective. Awake.

6 The French word *ébranler* means to shake, to disturb. Burr may have pronounced it without the *l*, in which case he would have approximated to the sound of *ébrener*, meaning to clean an infant!

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engaged. Home, and ruminating on the blessings of life. At 3 set out to Vanderlyn's to dine. He had got a note, asking him *and me* to dine at Fonzi's on this, being St. Francis day. As the note had no date, I apprehended some mistake, and refused to go, but sent off Vanderlyn, and staid and dined with his maid. At 6 to Crede's; not come. On my way home got entangled; 7 francs 10 sous. Thus you see I save in sous and waste in crowns. Got home extremely grave and full of devout reflections and sage resolutions. At 9 came in Vanderlyn, and explained the affair of St. Francis. It is the *fête*<sup>1</sup> of the good Hernandez, and I regret not to have gone; for besides a pleasant party I should have saved my 7 francs and 10 sous. The thing was not thought of till I had parted with Hernandez this morning. Drank the last of my *caf. blanc* this evening, so that the pound has lasted just three weeks.

5. Sisto came at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9, and staid his hour. Paid him for his four lessons 12 francs, and told him I was going to the country. At 11 to Mr. G.'s, to make an appointment for him to meet me at 1 at my house on Crede's business. Thence to Valkenaer's, where an hour of very interesting conversation. To Fonzi's; engaged. Home. Then to Quai de Voltaire<sup>2</sup>, where bought three little books of Spanish dialogues, for I am resolved to read the language, and, besides, they will do for you and Gamillo<sup>3</sup>. Paid 6

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<sup>1</sup> For *jour de sa fête*. His saint's day, his birthday.

<sup>2</sup> Ordinarily called Quai Voltaire. It is on the left bank of the Seine opposite the Louvre.

<sup>3</sup> So spelled in the MS. Of late Burr has been using the form Gampillo for Gampy, referring always to his grandson.

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francs 10 sous. To Fonzi's; engaged. Home and dined with the family.

6. Slept late this morning. Don't know why. At 11 to Fonzi's; engaged. Home circuitously. On the route from this to F.'s I must be better known than any hack coachman. Home, and after smoking my segar and pondering an hour, to Rue Bourg del Abbaye<sup>1</sup> to buy a sample of Mollerat's *vinaigre du bois*<sup>2</sup>. Bought a bottle for 36 sous. Home. Out again to get one of G.'s bills changed. Got 1000-franc bill (about 39 guineas) changed, for which paid 4 francs 10 sous. To shoemaker's, *au* Pal. Roy.<sup>3</sup> Home and then to F.'s again; engaged. Home, and at 4 made a dinner on boiled eggs. At 5 to Crede's. He is in town, but was not at home. Home slowly and still pondering. Ate a pound of grapes on my walk. Home at 7. To Fonzi's again; he was still at the dinner-table. Got rendezvous for to-morrow.

7. The mornings are so cold that I shudder at the thought of getting out of bed. It was 8 before I could persuade myself to get up. At 10 to Valken-aer's. He had company, and so did not go in, but saw his friend Blauw. To Fonzi's; engaged. Indemnified myself with &c. To Mr. G.'s; agreed to dine with him. To Fonzi's. Had a few minutes with him; gave directions about one piece and got rendezvous for Tuesday. Home. Read an hour in

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<sup>1</sup> For Rue Bourg-l'abbé. This is, at any rate, its modern name.

<sup>2</sup> Wood vinegar.

<sup>3</sup> For *au* Palais Royal. To the Palais Royal.

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Cabanis<sup>1</sup> and at 5 to G.'s, whence to Frascati<sup>2</sup> to dine. After dinner we walked to the Theatre fr.<sup>3</sup>, but I refused to go in. Home. At 9 came in Vanderlyn, and made us a dish of tea, but from 7 to 9 I was otherwise amused. My affairs are quite stagnant, and I have no other prospect but that of starving in Paris. To-morrow I go with Mr. G. to see a place which he has thoughts of purchasing, seven leagues off. Shall not be back till Tuesday. Was this morning at Le Doux's to look at watches for self and Gamillo! Self, I think, will not get one.

9. A great many interruptions, particularly a note and messenger from Crede, kept me till  $\frac{3}{4}$  p. 9 yesterday before I got to Mr. G.'s to breakfast. He had been waiting  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour for me, which, for an impatient valetudinarian, is a great deal, especially before breakfast. After breakfast I had to go for a memorandum to F.'s; another  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour's delay. Finally, at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 11, we set off. Passed through St. Denis<sup>4</sup> ———. At the latter stopped  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to refresh the horse, and then on to ———, where we were told that there being no *chausse*<sup>5</sup> our gig (chaise)

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<sup>1</sup> Pierre Jean George Cabanis (1757–1808) was a celebrated French physician and philosopher. He was Mirabeau's medical adviser. The work in which Burr was interested was undoubtedly the one entitled "*Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme*," which appeared in 1802 in two volumes octavo. The title may be translated "Relations between the Physical System and Mental Faculties of Man." It was in this work that Cabanis maintained that "the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile."

<sup>2</sup> Under the Directory a Neapolitan coffee-house keeper started a place at the corner of Rue de Richelieu and the Boulevard to which the name Frascati was given. Soon the place became highly popular. A man named Perrin got control of it and turned it into a fashionable gambling house, to which both sexes resorted. It was open from 4 P. M. till 2 A. M. Balls and suppers were sometimes given there. Perrin retired after a number of years worth sixteen millions of francs, and his successors also made large fortunes there. Frascati enjoyed great popularity until 1837, when it was closed forever.

<sup>3</sup> For Théâtre Français.

<sup>4</sup> St. Denis is a city situated about two and a half miles north of the fortifications of Paris. Its principal curiosity is its abbey church or cathedral, the historical burial place of the kings of France.

<sup>5</sup> For *chaussée*. Highway.



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would not go. We therefore left the horse and chaise, and walked to Belle ———, about a league. Walked over the place and through the house. There are about twenty-five acres; wood, meadow, garden, fish-pond. The house old, substantial, plain, but something out of repair. Seven rooms on two floors, and some decent garret rooms. The outhouses spacious. The price, 60,000 francs; about 12,000 dollars. It is the time of vintage, and along the road one could get grapes of the girls who were carrying them to the press; but in the immediate neighborhood of Belle ——— no vineyards. We walked back to our horse, and thence back two leagues to ———, where we dined (supped, being 8 o'clock), slept, and breakfasted. Our bill was 18 francs, horse included. The tavern neat and decent, "*Hotel du Nord*"<sup>1</sup>. On our return this morning stopped at St. Denis to see the Cathedral. All the interior, and all the monuments of kings, &c., were destroyed during the Revolution<sup>2</sup>. The church has been repaired, and within is handsome, in the Gothic stile<sup>3</sup>. The only good stile for churches. Home at 2 P. M. Found a note from Madame Robertson to dine there to-day; very pressing, so resolved to go. First to Fonzi's an hour, but did nothing. Then to Mrs. Robertson's to dinner. Y Jane E. and Madame M. Staid till near 9. My dinner at 8 last evening kept me awake almost all night.

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<sup>1</sup> Literally Hotel (*Hôtel*) of the North.

<sup>2</sup> The royal tombs were greatly damaged at that time, but have since been restored. Many of them are of great interest and beauty. Why were the royal tombs destroyed? First, no doubt, because they were royal; but the Convention considered that the nation had need of cannon and ammunition. The royal tombs would furnish lead and bronze. Hence their destruction was voted.

<sup>3</sup> So in the MS.

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10. *Couche* 12. *Lev.* at 8. You see I took a great sleep. *Sor.* at 10 to go to G.'s about certain law subjects. On the way a certain biped took me out of the way, kept me an hour and cost 8 francs. The only folly *here* which I do not regret. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 11 to G.'s; out. To Fonzi's; engaged; but there met Vanderlyn, and engaged to dine with him to-day. Home, and read "*Souvereignité*"<sup>1</sup>; a pamphlet which excites some attention. I cannot see why. Crede's son came in with a note and offer of rendezvous at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 5. At 4 to Fonzi's; found him; did a little, and got rendezvous for 9 to-morrow. Then slowly on to Crede's. No one at home. Took a walk, though fatigued, and called at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 5. No one at home. Waited  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour; no one came. Off to Vanderlyn's; he had dined. While I was eating in came Crede, and we walked together and had much confab. Then to Fonzi's, where Vanderlyn had engaged to meet me. It was  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8 when I got there, and every creature abed. Rang, but no answer. Home. I have been reading two hours in Cabanis. It is, I think, of all the books which I have bought for you, that which will afford you the most satisfaction. It is exactly in your line, being at once medical and philosophical; and so good night.

11. I went to bed at 12. At 7 came in Jul.<sup>2</sup> with my milk and bread; but was so sleepy could not get up, and lay till 8, sleeping hard. At 10 to Fonzi's. Found him and Gaudoin at work for me. To G.'s,

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<sup>1</sup> For "*Souveraineté*." "Sovereignty."

<sup>2</sup> Julie.



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where an hour. It is the most analytic head of my acquaintance from America. To Fonzi's again, and there till 4. Took breakfast with him at 1, *a la fourchette*. To Vanderlyn's; out. Home at 6, and three eggs for dinner or supper, as you please. To Fonzi's again, where lay around and talked an hour. Home. Ju.<sup>1</sup> talks me to death; but she is so good that I bear it with the patience of a jackass. We have had near a fortnight of pleasant weather, but the mornings cold. Yesterday set in rain; it has rained all this day.

12. Slept from 12 till waked by force at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7. Just so I slept in England at this season two years ago. How was it in Sweden and Denmark last year? Please to look and tell me. At 10 to Mr. G.'s, and proposed a voyage South, to which he has half consented. To Fonzi's an hour. To Mancel's a few minutes. He had not seen Mons. ———, which was all my errand. To Duc d'Alberg's. He had seen the Minister again. The same answer. My affair is with H. M.<sup>2</sup>, who has given no answer, and no mortal can conjecture why not, nor when it may be; but I am assured that the delay is not from *malveillance*<sup>3</sup>. To Fonzi's again for an hour and then home. At 5 to Fonzi's to dine. Y Hernandez, Vanderlyn, and a sort of mad Spaniard. Off at 8 with Mar.<sup>4</sup> Drank too much wine. Four francs for a pros. and bran.<sup>5</sup> and 2 for *bianvol*.<sup>6</sup> Home at 10. Called on G. on

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1 Julie.

2 His Majesty, *i. e.*, Napoleon.

3 Malevolence.

4 Probably for Marie.

5 Possibly for brandy.

6 Possibly for *bienveillance*. Benevolence.

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the way ; all abroad. On my arrival at home found a long note from Mrs. Robertson ; among other things, asking me to call in the morning, at dinner, or in the evening of to-morrow, as I might choose. I shall reply, excusing myself from calling at all to-morrow. Not that I recollect having anything very special to engage me, but I won't. How one folly begets another, and so on like the holy bread in the New Testament. Having drank too much at F.'s, I committed two follies before I got home. Then being disposed to drink more, sent out Jean't' at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10 for a bottle of wine of 20 sous, though the *vin ordinaire*<sup>2</sup> is 12 sous ; and now as *comble de folie*<sup>3</sup> am telling it all to you, huz.<sup>4</sup>

13. Something out of order in the morning. *Sor.* without breakfast. Mr. G.'s  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. He wavers about the expedition to Nuits<sup>5</sup>. On to Madame Robertson's, where 2 hours. A headache came on. Took of oil of mint, rubbed the forehead with vinegar, to no effect. On my way home called on Roux ; he is at Fontainebleau<sup>6</sup>. Home at 3. Very chilly, being thinly clad and the weather cold. Lay down without undressing ; covered warm, and got into a delicious sleep, when in comes Ju. and called several times to know if I was asleep. Replied yes, and sick.

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<sup>1</sup> For Jeannette.

<sup>2</sup> Common, ordinary wine.

<sup>3</sup> Literally, as height of folly. Hence, to complete my folly.

<sup>4</sup> For huzzy, which Burr uses for the modern word hussy.

<sup>5</sup> There are two towns of this name in France. One is situated in the department of Yonne, on the Yonne river, a tributary of the Seine. The other, to which Burr presumably refers, is in the department of Côte d'Or, about fourteen miles south-southwest of Dijon, *i. e.*, far down toward Switzerland. This town is celebrated for the wines produced in the vicinity.

<sup>6</sup> Fontainebleau is a celebrated town situated thirty-seven miles south-southwest of Paris. The gardens there are fine, and the park and forests world-famous. This was the favorite residence of the first Napoleon, and it was here that he abdicated in 1814.

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14. Ju., faithful to her system and seriously alarmed for my health, came in at daylight. I was so sound asleep that she was obliged to shake me before I woke. Opened my eyes, and lo! Ju. with a bowl of *bouillon gras*<sup>1</sup> in her hand. At 3 to Mr. G.'s; out. To Fonzi's  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. To Crede's; no one at home; left a note. Home and then to Fonzi's again, where Vanderlyn and Hernandez; sat an hour and walked  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour with Vanderlyn and then home. Very cold and no fire. My chimney does not admit of fire. This evening read through "*Vues Nouvelles sur les Courans d'eau, la Navigation Interieur et la Marine*"<sup>2</sup>, par C. L. Duchrest<sup>3</sup>; a Paris<sup>4</sup>: 1803. About 211 pages, with table and plates, in which I find some good sense and science.

15. Again Jul. came in at dawn, waked me, and presented a bowl of *bouillon gras*, smoking hot. I rose and swallowed<sup>5</sup> it; after which, finding no appetite for breakfast, I was just going to seek Crede, when in he came, a few minutes before 9, which is early these cold mornings, the sun rising about 8. He sat  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Merrihault is gone, and I have not seen him! At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9 to Mr. G.'s, where took a breakfast of tea, &c. Thence to my shoemaker, *au* Pal. Roy<sup>6</sup>. Hunted about there for a thermometer, graduated Reaumur<sup>7</sup> and Fahrenheit. Found one for

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<sup>1</sup> Literally fat broth—a rich, meaty broth.

<sup>2</sup> The actual French title is "*Vues Nouvelles sur les Courants d'eau, la Navigation Intérieure et Maritime*." "New Views as to the Water Currents and Internal and Maritime Navigation."

<sup>3</sup> The author's name was Charles Louis, Marquis Ducrest (1747–1824).

<sup>4</sup> For *Imprimé à Paris*. Printed at Paris.

<sup>5</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>6</sup> For *au Palais Royal*. (There were many stores and shops there. It is so to-day.)

<sup>7</sup> For Réaumur.

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5 francs, but rather too large. On to Pont Neuf on same errand, but did not succeed. F.'s to lounge an hour. Thence to a German watchmaker's, with whom I have made acquaintance; but for what, won't tell now. Home to dress for dinner. Mr. Adelle had a snug little fire, by which took a warming. Ate a pound of grapes, and at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4 set out for Mrs. Robertson's to dine. At dinner, several, among them Mr. Heath, an English lawyer, who has lately come here from London, having a passport from this government to come and return. A very pleasant, well-informed young man. After dinner came in Mallet, the banker. He is certainly nearly related to your Mallet<sup>1</sup>, but disavows it, and denies all knowledge of him, though living many years in the same city, and in the same line of business; doubtless they knew each other well; perhaps too well. Home at 9, and sat an hour with the family by Adelle's fire. That name reminds me of your good and amiable friend, ———. She is married to a man of letters and accomplishments, and settled in an easy but modest style at Versailles. I do not learn that either of her daughters is married. M. has become enormously fat, as said by Mrs. R. Have spent an hour in roasting coffee *à la blanc*<sup>2</sup>, and have paid myself by a large bowl, *bien sucre*<sup>3</sup>. Called this morning on Captain Skiddy, but he was out.

16. Did not go to bed till 2. Got asleep pres-

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<sup>1</sup> The reference is to John Lewis Mallet, a relative of Mrs. Burr, whom Burr met on his first visit to London.

<sup>2</sup> He means *café blanc*.

<sup>3</sup> Well sugared or sweetened.

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ently. Waked again. Lay awake till 6, and then slept till 9. At 1 Mr. G.'s; out. Walked an hour without any object. Dinner with the family. In the evening to Fonzi's, where met *la belle De Cas*.<sup>1</sup> Walked an hour with her on the Boulevard, and then home. Made myself *caf. blanc*<sup>2</sup>, and now, at ½ p. 12, am thinking of going to bed. Have been reading this evening *le Comte de Gorani* on "Government," &c., translated into French from the Italian. A liberal-minded man, and of some acquirements, but not profound. Something sombre, Mr. Gamp.

17. Lay till 9, though Ju. made me a fire of her own good feeling and with her own money. She said it was too cold and that I was not well, &c. At 11 to G.'s, where an hour. Talked with him about a speculation in the Holland Company lands<sup>3</sup>. It is the best head in the world for such things and for many others. Thence on the same subject to Valkenaer's, where half an hour, and then interrupted by a lady. It is always so (unless when I go very early). He is one of the Holland Company, and, therefore,

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<sup>1</sup> The beautiful De Cas. Possibly for de Castro.

<sup>2</sup> For *café blanc*.

<sup>3</sup> On May 11, 1791, Robert Morris purchased from Massachusetts the pre-emptive right to the Indian lands in Western New York. The lands lay between the Genesee river and the western boundary of the state, embracing the present counties of Niagara, Erie, Chautauqua, and Cattaraugus, and portions of the counties of Orleans, Genesee, Wyoming, and Allegany, about four million acres in all. In 1792 and 1793, Morris sold this land, except a strip along the eastern boundary, to certain capitalists in Holland, agreeing to extinguish the Indian title. This he did by a treaty concluded on September 15, 1797, at Big Tree, now Genesee, N. Y. Soon thereafter the Hollanders appointed agents to manage the property and open it up to settlement. The first deed to a settler on the lands was executed to John Young, in 1804. The Holland capitalists who took deeds from Morris were Wilhelm Willink, Nicholas Van Staphorst, Pieter Van Eeghlen, Hendrick Vollenhoven, and Rutger Schemmelpenninck, but there were many capitalists, both in Europe and America, who were interested with them to a greater or less extent. Burr himself was one of these. In December, 1795, or 1796, he entered into a covenant with the Holland Land Company for the purchase of 100,000 acres of land at 12 shillings per acre, payable in installments. The speculation did not result advantageously to Burr. The land increased rapidly in value, but he was unable to make his payments and in 1799, at some sacrifice to himself, the venture was settled and he was released from further obligations. The affairs of the Holland Land Company were not finally wound up till 1837.

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I could not have addressed myself to a better source for information. Thence on the same subject to Swan at St. Pelasgie, which you recollect is about one and a half leagues from this. Dined with him and drank *vin de Roussillon*<sup>1</sup> for the first time. Took the address, and on my way home bought half a dozen bottles at 36 sous per bottle; a great extravagance. But recollect, Madame, that it is several weeks since I have bought a single bottle of wine, so that you won't grudge me this luxury. On coming out from the St. Pelasgie it rained very hard. I had no *paraplu*<sup>2</sup>, and was resolved not to take coach if one had offered. Got home wet to the skin, from head to foot. Jul. made me a good fire, for my chimney was reformed a little. Changed clothes. *Caf. blanc*, and am quite refreshed.

18. *Couche* 1. Rose 7. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8 to Mr. G.'s, where took breakfast, and talked over the Holland Company affair. To Valkenaer's on the same subject. He enters with zeal into my views. At 12 to Duc d'Alberg's; out. On to Mrs. Robertson's. She was with her mantuamaker, in deep consultation over half a dozen new and very rich robes. I was taken into council, which lasted an hour. Mons. Adamson came in and I came out. Suspect she is going to marry him, though she denies it stoutly. Home by Dr. Swediaur's, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. *Sor.* at 3 to the horologer<sup>3</sup>; out. *Alors*<sup>4</sup> to commit some folly;

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<sup>1</sup> Roussillon wine.

<sup>2</sup> For *parapluie*. Umbrella.

<sup>3</sup> Watchmaker.

<sup>4</sup> Then.



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cost 5 francs; on two *pros.*<sup>1</sup> and money wasted. Home at 6. Having refused to dine with the fam., I took three eggs. Ju. has kept me two hours writing letter of business; so two hours last night. Yesterday had note from Captain Skiddy, offering to take charge of my letters to the United States, of which shall profit. He has gone to Bourdeaux, so that I fear that I cannot charge him with parcels for you; *i. e.*, books.

19. *Couche* 12 and slept most profoundly till 8, which was very ill, for I ought to have been at Duc d'Alberg's at 9. Seeing this to be out of the question (for it takes me nearly two hours to get my breakfast, shave, and dress), I went on leisurely, and at 11, when Mr. G. came in, I had not breakfasted. Mr. G. made me a most liberal proposition on the subject of the Holland Company affair; so very liberal that if I had now a passport to go to Amsterdam, I would clear for myself 10,000 dollars in a fortnight. Got my breakfast and off to Duc d'Alberg's, to consult about my passport; out. Took a walk round by Paschaud's, to get news of Madame Paschaud. Then to Fonzi's. Then to Valkenaer's to inquire further about Holland Company affairs; out. Home for an hour. To Hahn's, horologer. To Duc d'Alberg's at 4; saw him a few minutes; was more *froid*<sup>2</sup> than usual; thinks he can do nothing, and doubts my getting a passport for Amsterdam unless I first get one from the American consul here. The American consul is

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<sup>1</sup> It is not at all certain whether Burr is using the English or the French word. See Glossary.

<sup>2</sup> Cold, distant.

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that McRae, the lawyer of Richmond, of whom you have heard, and perhaps saw! *Quelle perspective!*<sup>1</sup> Home, and dined *en fam.*<sup>2</sup> with Madame Pel. and Adelle. Treated ourselves to a bottle of my Roussillon. In the evening to Fonzi's, where staid till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9.

20. Another profound sleep of eight hours, which is the most extraordinary, as I lay down full of my Holland Company project. Made out to dress and breakfast (shaving omitted) in one hour. To Mr. G.'s. He continues to have faith in Holland Company affairs, and is always replete with good ideas. To Fonzi's for a few minutes, and then to Valkenaer's, Rue St. George, No. 6. Staid there two hours. He had taken a good deal of trouble to acquire information for me, and manifests a desire to promote my views. At my request, he wrote replies, in the form of a letter, to my inquiries. Home and wrote a note to G. to give me rendezvous to-day, and left the note at his lodgings. To the horologer. To the *cordonnier's*<sup>3</sup>. Home. A note from G. that he would be at home till 4. Called on him at 4, and had  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour's talk. Some obstacles, or rather doubts, arise, of which we made notes. To Valkenaer's to dine *en fam.*, that we might talk of Holland Company. Just as we sat down came in M<sup>lle</sup> H., a very lovely woman, who, after much pressing, joined us at dinner. We were 4, and the dinner was very gay, but nothing more could be said of Holland Company. Am to see G. at 9

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<sup>1</sup> What a prospect!

<sup>2</sup> For *en famille*.

<sup>3</sup> To the shoemaker's.



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to-morrow morning. Left Valkenaer at 7, and to Fonzi's, where met Vanderlyn, and the beautiful Madame de C., with her husband, who has returned after an absence of four or five months. *Le* Baron Ramignani came in, and I came off with Vanderlyn home. Vanderlyn made himself tea, of which I did not partake, having resolved that either tea or *caf. blanc* is a mere luxury in the evening; is expensive; at least, unnecessary; *ergo*<sup>1</sup>, pernicious.

21. *Couche* at 11, intending to rise very early. Slept not a wink till 5; *ergo*, lay awake till that hour, from what cause I cannot imagine, for I had dined temperately, and drank neither tea nor coffee. Perhaps from the excessive sleeping of the two preceding nights. When Ju. came in it looked dark and rained hard. She said it was 7 o'clock. Being engaged to breakfast with G. at 9, got up and dressed leisurely. Then to Fonzi's, where an hour doing nothing, Gaudoin having disappointed us. Discovered that I had forgotten to *moter*<sup>2</sup> your watch. Instead of 9, as I supposed, it was 10. Hastened to G.'s who had been waiting an hour for me. After breakfast and talking of Holland Company, to Fonzi's again, and there till 1; then home to smoke segar, &c. Then to St. Pelasgie to see Swan about the means of getting a passport from McRae. There also met S. P. Broome. Then to Vanderlyn's, where had agreed to dine. There were Mr. and Madame Hernandez and a Swedish painter or sculptor. Mr. Fonzi brought a

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<sup>1</sup> Latin. Therefore.

<sup>2</sup> *Fot monter.* To wind up.

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turkey, wine, &c., and we had a feast. Off at 8 and home. Have taken a good dose of *café bl.*<sup>1</sup> and shall *couche* exactly at 12. I can never sleep sooner. Have ordered Ju. to wake me at 6, having much on hand in the morning. Inconsiderately engaged to dine with Swan on Wednesday, having engaged for that day with Mr. G. at Frascati<sup>2</sup>, there to meet Baron Fox or Faucks, who was in the United States during the American war, and has settled in England. Raining all day.

22. Another night of insomnia, from what cause is not even suspected. Went to bed at 12. Lay, vainly trying to sleep, till 2. Got up, smoked segars, drank of my Roussillon wine, and again to bed. Lay awake till 4, and rose at 6. So that for these last forty-eight hours have slept about four. Feel no inconvenience, nor now, at 11, the least inclined to sleep. At 8 to Fonzi's, by his appointment; abed. Home for an hour, and again to Fonzi's, where an hour. Then to Valkenaer's, where till 12; always amused. Talked much of Holland Company and other matters. M'lle, who dined with us on Saturday, came in, and then I came off. To Fonzi's again an hour. Home. To the horologer and again to Fonzi's one hour. Home. Three eggs for dinner. At 5 *sor.* On the way bought a book for 10 sous. At Vanderlyn's wrote note to Crede, and then home. On the way spent 5 francs not much to my satisfaction. Shall take no *caf. bl.*<sup>3</sup> nor anything else to-night. This

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1 For *café blanc*.

2 See page 6, note 2.

3 For *café blanc*.

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morning, too, called on G. and passed an hour. He continues in the same disposition to support me in the Holland Company affairs; but, alas! if I should not be able to get passport, all is lost.

23. Slept profoundly till 8. Ju. came in, made a fire, &c., without my knowledge, so hard did I sleep. At 11 to Valkenaer's about Holland Company affairs. After  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour we were interrupted by a lady. To the horologer's. To the *cordonnier*<sup>1</sup>; not done. There is much less punctuality with mechanics here than even with us. Home and then to Swediaur's. He read me a curious anecdote of a monk at Alexandria (*nommé*<sup>2</sup> Heron) in the fifth century, from a book written by Moursins at the time. The monk forgetting his oath, &c., attached himself to an opera dancer and got a ven.<sup>3</sup> disease which carried off all his genitals and then, the writer adds, he reformed and led a godly, quiet life.——Took a long tour, though very dirty walking, to see *fabricans of cadres of montres*<sup>4</sup>. Home at 4. G. came in soon after, rather out of spirits, by reason of a decree confiscating all colonial property in Spain, which may affect him in about 50,000 dollars by affecting his debtors there. I greatly fear it will indispose him for the Holland Company affair. He took me to dine with him *au Conchal*, famous for excellence in every sort of fish. We had first sole or sole, which had been kept at least eight days. I would not eat a mouthful of it. Then turbot, which G.

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<sup>1</sup> For *cordonnier*. Shoemaker.

<sup>2</sup> Named, or the name of, Heron.

<sup>3</sup> For venereal.

<sup>4</sup> For *fabricants de cadrans de montre*. Manufacture of watch dials.

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found still more stale. We had the good fortune to procure some potatoes, simply boiled. Our dessert was a Charlotte, which in English means an apple pye<sup>1</sup>; the which pye is composed of two apples, with a very little molasses of raisins and a crust of dough, which when baked brown was as hard as marble. For this dinner he paid 12 francs 15 sous, which at the present exchange, is about 3 dollars. We had one bottle of wine at 50 sous. He came home with me. We had a fire, and drank a glass of Roussillon, and went off at 8. Then came in Vanderlyn and sat an hour. Roussillon again.

24. *Couche* at 12 and slept very sound till 8. As Ju. had not come in to make my fire, turned over and dozed another hour, and then mustered courage to get up. Discovered that I had locked my door. Ju. had made many attempts, but finding the door locked, supposed I wished to be quiet. Got my breakfast very leisurely about 11, and wasted time till near 2, but supposed to be only 1. Set out for Duc d'Alberg's; but on the way, discovering the true time, hastened on to St. Pelasgie, where I had engaged to dine. One cannot enter there after 3. Finding that I should be too late, walk as fast as I would, took *cabriole* (20 sous), and arrived one minute before 3. Passed  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour with that strange creature, S. P. Broome; then dined with Swan. The object of my visit wholly failed. He had not seen McCrae<sup>2</sup>, nor

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<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> Burr spells this name in various ways, but usually McRae.

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heard from V. Called on Vanderlyn on my way home; out. *Renc.*<sup>1</sup> and 6 francs. *Assez bien*<sup>2</sup>; another, 2 francs. Got home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7. Have eaten about a pound of grapes and drank a glass of Roussillon. This morning bought pair gloves for *une jo. blan'se*<sup>3</sup>, 3 francs, and a ring, 6 francs, for, I don't know whom. *Voila, 18 francs pour rien*<sup>4</sup>. Indeed, I won't do so again.

25. *Couche* 12 and slept none till 4. This comes from lounging an hour in bed yesterday. At 10 to Fonzi's. Thence to Mr. G.'s where an hour. He is not in good health, which affects his spirits, and may discourage him from the Holland Company enterprise. This immense object will, I fear, be lost by delays which I can in no way avoid. Set out to go to Mrs. Robertson's, but turned off and went to Vanderlyn's, to see if Crede had come to town. Not come, nor anything heard of him. Everything combines to retard. Home and took three eggs for dinner, and about  $\frac{1}{2}$  bottle Roussillon. Then to the horologer's. Home for two hours, and then to meet Vanderlyn. Nothing of Crede. Home, and have been reading newspapers, and the speeches of the crown orators on the *code criminelle*<sup>5</sup>. Very chilly, uncomfortable, wet. Keep a small fire, but only when at home.

26. *Couche* at 12 and slept sound till 8. One undisturbed nap. Took things leisurely, and did not

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<sup>1</sup> For *rencontre*.

<sup>2</sup> Quite good, or good enough.

<sup>3</sup> For *une jolie blanchisseuse*. A pretty laundress.

<sup>4</sup> Behold, or there go 18 francs for nothing.

<sup>5</sup> For *Code Criminel*. The Criminal Code.

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get out till 11. Called on Mr. G.; out. To Fonzi's  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. To horologer's. To Madame G. She looks very well, and sais' she has dismissed her lover, which is a good thing, but a most outrageous piece of coquetry. Home for an hour. Then to Fonzi's and then to Vanderlyn's, where I had engaged to dine. After dinner came straight home and got here safe. Have been burning and grinding my *caf. blanc*. No one else can burn it. The Holland Company affair has not advanced a whit to-day. Forgot to tell you that yesterday I wrote to Russell (that Jonathan Russell, of Rhode Island, whom you have often seen at my house, and whom Armstrong has left *charge des affaires*<sup>2</sup>), demanding a certificate of my citizenship. He replied in a very dry note that the business of passport and certificates was with the consul, to whom I might apply. This I knew before, and only wrote the note to see how he would behave. The consul, you know, is McRae of Richmond<sup>3</sup>. It is now 1 o'clock at night; that is, philosophically speaking, Saturday morning. I was near going to bed without writing to you, for it is very cold, and I have only two little stumps, about as big as your little fists. But, then, I thought you would so pout; so I mustered courage, and have wrote<sup>4</sup> all this, hussy.

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<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> For *chargé d' affaires*.

<sup>3</sup> The correspondence, under date of Paris, October 25, 1810, was as follows:

BURR TO RUSSELL: "Mr. Burr presents respectful compliments. As a citizen of the United States, he requests of Mr. Russell an official certificate to that effect, and will have the honour of calling for the purpose at an hour which he may be pleased to name. The fact of Mr. Burr's citizenship being sufficiently known to Mr. Russell, it is presumed that other proof will be deemed unnecessary."

RUSSELL TO BURR: "In reply to Mr. Burr's note of this morning, Mr. Russell begs leave to inform him that the province of granting passports to citizens of the United States belongs to the consul, to whom all wishing for that protection must apply."

<sup>4</sup> So in the MS.



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27. *Couche* at 12. Slept boy-like till 7 and then rose without fire, dressed, and off to Vanderlyn's to breakfast. Got to Vanderlyn's before 9. He was up. Sent to enquire about Crede. Nothing yet heard of him. Rather a pleasant day, but cold. This month is like our November at New York, only sombre, and almost daily raining. After breakfast, home, and then to Mr. G.'s, where met a Mr. Cushion<sup>1</sup>, of Boston, a stout, handsome man of about 40. Will tell you a story of him to make laugh. Thence to Fonzi's. Thence away to Rue du Bac to a circulating library, but did not engage. Paid 15 sous for a catalogue. Thence to Place St. Andre, to my *mar'd de vin Roussillon*<sup>2</sup>. Took three bottles of the same, 36 sous, and six of an inferior quality at 25 sous per bottle. Home. Dined with the *fam.*<sup>3</sup>, and treated them with my last bot. of Roussillon, this day's purchase not having come in. Soon after dinner came in Vanderlyn. Had nothing to give him to drink, and borrowed a bottle of *vin ordin.*<sup>4</sup> of Jul. Vanderlyn sat till ½ p. 9. Read two plays which I bought to-day at 8 sous each; one "*Les Fables d'Esopes*"<sup>5</sup>, extremely dull and full of absurdities. The other something better. This morning my horologer, Hahn, a German, called. Received a note from Swan, not very satisfactory, about his sale of lands for wine.

28. *Couche* 1, and a single nap till 7. I sleep so

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<sup>1</sup> Cushing?

<sup>2</sup> *Mar'd* for *marchand*. My Roussillon wine-merchant.

<sup>3</sup> For family, or for French *famille*.

<sup>4</sup> For *vin ordinaire*. Ordinary wine.

<sup>5</sup> Aesop's Fables.

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sound that I do not dream or move. Off again to Vanderlyn's to breakfast, and inquire about Crede. Vanderlyn was just getting up (9 o'clock); has become a little lazy. He promised me a copy of your picture, which has been in his hands for the purpose now five months. For the last four he has not touched it. Crede junior came in while we were at breakfast. The father not come nor heard of. Resolved to go to St. Germain, but changed my mind and wrote him a letter. Home at 11. Took a long tour to hunt Rochefaucauld's "Travels", which I have often seen exposed on the *quais* at 10 sous a volume, but could not find it. Bought you six plays at 6 sous each. I buy only comedies and prose. Home at 4. Ju. waked me this morning at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7 with a hot *bouillon gras* in her hand, to which I submitted without remonstrance; but I cheated her, for I hid it in my cabinet, and at 4 took it for dinner and found it excellent; but she happened to come in while I was eating it, and detected me. She is urging me very much to go and see her friend, a respectable, aged, and learned priest. She says he can be useful to me, and has prepared him to receive me. Have promised Ju. that I will go to-morrow. Read two of your plays, both tolerable. "*Le Statue*"<sup>1</sup> in one act, and "*Les Egoists*"<sup>2</sup> in four. In the latter the character of the count is a true portrait of a father and a son of the time present. Cold, and Gamp has no fire in this room, and very little in t'other.

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<sup>1</sup> For "*La Statue*," "The Statue."

<sup>2</sup> For "*Les Egoistes*," "The Egotists."



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29. Slept from 12 to  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7, and then it took Ju.  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to wake me. In the name of God, am I to be henceforth such a Sybarite<sup>1</sup>? I live very temperately and take only moderate exercise, and have no fatigue of mind, except when I think of your being in those vile swamps. *Ma jo. pe. blan'se.*<sup>2</sup> came in before I was up. Wrote Mr. McRae, asking certificate of citizenship. Requested by the messenger verbally that he would send an answer. I expect some vulgar impertinence, coupled with a refusal. Have I told you that Duc d'A. says if I can get a certificate from the American consul, I shall have no further difficulty about a passport? Hence my application to Russell and to McRae. If the latter answers insolently, the only revenge I will take, for revenge, you know, is not in my nature, will be to publish his letter<sup>3</sup>. At 11 to Abbé Rolins, *l'ami de Ju.*<sup>4</sup> He is a *soixantdixenaire et alité*<sup>5</sup>. Sits up in his bed. A very benign, cheerful, intelligent man. Received me with that air of kindness which seems his nature. Proposed to introduce me to an American who would put me in

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<sup>1</sup> Syharis was a Greek city which was noted for its luxury. Hence a Syharite is a luxurious person.

<sup>2</sup> For *ma jolie petite blanchisseuse*. My pretty little laundress.

<sup>3</sup> The correspondence was as follows, under date of Paris, October 29, 1810:

BURR TO MCRAE: "Mr. Burr presents compliments. Having addressed himself to Mr. Russell for a certificate of citizenship, has been informed by him that the business of granting certificates was transferred to the consul. He therefore repeats the request to Mr. McRae. If a personal attendance he deemed necessary, Mr. Burr will wait on Mr. McRae for the purpose at any hour he may be pleased to appoint."

MCRAE TO BURR: "Mr. McRae answers to Mr. Burr's note of this morning, that his knowledge of the circumstances under which Mr. Burr left the United States renders it his duty to decline giving Mr. Burr either a passport or a *permis de séjour*\*. If, however, the opinion Mr. McRae has formed and the determination he has adopted on this subject be erroneous, there is a remedy at hand. Although the business of granting passports and *permis de séjour* generally is confined to the consul, the *chargé des affaires* unquestionably possesses full authority to grant protection in either of those forms to any person to whom it may be improperly denied by the consul."

\* Permission to stay in a place.

<sup>4</sup> The friend of Julie.

<sup>5</sup> A septuagenarian and bedridden.

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the way to get on, and to a clerk in the department of foreign affairs. He has not the remotest idea who I am, for Ju. did not mention my name, (indeed, she cannot pronounce it intelligibly), only that I was a stranger, unfortunate, and wanting a passport. The Abbé asked me if I was from Germany. I am more often taken for a German than for English or American. I did not mention my name, but seeing that he had many persons in waiting proposed to call at a moment of less occupation. He named Thursday next at 11 A. M. I shall certainly call at the hour, if it be only to see him again, and to suffer him to believe that he has been useful to me. Poor Ju. almost shed tears of joy when I related how kindly the Abbé had received me. At 1, on my way to Mr. G.'s, met him in the street coming to see me. Went to his quarters and sat an hour. He is still firm in the Holland Company affair. Thence to Swediaur's, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Read there the imperial decree for seizing and burning all British goods, &c. Home. Madame P. asked me to dine; refused. Took bis. and *cas*.<sup>1</sup> in my room. My 25 sous wine is detestable, and has no sort of resemblance to the *vrai*<sup>2</sup> Roussillon at 36 sous. Indeed, my dear little T.<sup>3</sup>, you must not scold so damnd<sup>4</sup> hard if I take pretty nearly a bottle a day of the *vrai* Roussillon. By way of compensation, will drink neither tea nor coffee in the evening, never dine at *rest'rs*,<sup>5</sup> and eke out a pound *cassonade*<sup>6</sup> a fort-

<sup>1</sup> For biscuit and *cassonade*, brown sugar; or *cas*. for *Käse*, German for cheese.

<sup>2</sup> True, or genuine, Roussillon.

<sup>3</sup> Theodosia.

<sup>4</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>5</sup> For at a *restaurateur's*. At a restaurant keeper's.

<sup>6</sup> Brown sugar.

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night; and when I have no more money I will drink water. To Fonzi's at 4. Asked me to dine; refused. To shoemaker's; a pair at length done, but don't suit. Oh! I have a terrible story to tell you about my *bonnetier*<sup>1</sup>, Mr. Abel. Goody grashees<sup>2</sup>, it would have kept me in Roussillon for six weeks at a bottle a day! But you must wait a little. It would disturb my slumbers to tell it to-night. Took two eggs for my supper. Have removed my writing-table from my cabinet to my bedroom, where have a leetle<sup>2</sup> fire, else you would not have had half so much journal.

30. My slumbers were sufficiently disturbed by those two eggs. Rose at 8. At 10 to Fonzi's. To Mancel's to return his *vinagre*<sup>3</sup> pamphlet; he was out. To Volney's. Found his house full of carpenters and masons; and, seeing him with a new wig, charged him with machinating matrimony, which he confessed. It is to take place in four days. There are many obstacles to marriage here, created by law, in addition to those which arise from the state of society. Not so many, however, as formerly. The publication, the civil ceremony, and the religious ceremony. Home, and then to my horologer's. Mr. G. called, and, without my knowledge, was denied. Called on him; out. At 4 he came again, a little discomposed by a *rencontre*. He asked me to go and dine with him. Went to the Conchale<sup>4</sup>, where we had good fish and

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<sup>1</sup> Hosier.

<sup>2</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>3</sup> For *vinagre*. Vinegar.

<sup>4</sup> This restaurant may have been so called from the Latin *concha*, a shell; hence a place for oysters, fish, etc.

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good potatoes, *à l'américain*<sup>1</sup>. He has made a communication about our Holland Company affair, which, I fear, may spoil all. He thinks not; but it has put me quite in a fever. Think I must immediately try to get a passport for Holland and go off.

31. *Couche* 12. Slept without interruption, and so sound that it took Ju.  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to wake me. Rose  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8. At 9 came in my taylor<sup>2</sup>, and at 20 my *botier*<sup>3</sup>, Mr. Abel. The matter is not quite so bad as I feared but still bad enough. At 11 to Valkenaer's, where an hour. He has put out of my head going now to Holland, and thinks he can manage the thing better by writing. He wrote in my presence, and sent the letter to the office. To Fonzi's. To horologer's. To Swediaur's  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. To Mr. G.'s  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Home. Took *bro. ches.*<sup>4</sup> and Roussillon for dinner. Mr. G. came in while I was eating. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4 took a long stroll along the Boulevard. Bought you twelve volumes of different things (octavos) for 14 livres. Think I will buy you no more, except a few plays, and some pretty books for Gampillus<sup>5</sup>. On my way home met ———, who invited me to go home with him to communicate something. It is that the Americans here have entered into a combination against A. B.<sup>6</sup>; that every man who speaks to him shall be shunned as unworthy of society; that no master of vessel, or any other person, shall take any letter or parcel for him, and other like benevolent things;

<sup>1</sup> For *à l'américaine*. After the American fashion.

<sup>2</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>3</sup> For *botier*. Bootmaker.

<sup>4</sup> For *brød*, cheese, etc.

<sup>5</sup> It will be noted that Theodosia's boy is called Gampy, Gampillo, Gampillus, etc.

<sup>6</sup> Meaning himself.

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all which amused me but alarmed my friend. The most violent of this association is a young Seaman, son of Edmund Seaman of New York. More of the like. Mr. ———, of Boston, related in a large company that he, being on a jury at Boston last summer on an insurance case of the *Herkimer*, Judge Chase presiding, and Luther Martin one of the lawyers, on some dispute between them, the judge said to Martin, "I am surprised that you can so prostitute your talents." M. replied, "I never prostituted my talents except when I defended you and C. B."<sup>1</sup>; and added, in the hearing of the jury, "a couple of the greatest rascals in the world." A Mr. Thompson, of Charleston, S. C., a Scotchman, but naturalized in the United States, now settled here, being asked if he had called on Colonel Burr, said, No, and no good American would call on him. *Bon soir!* Have been reading all the evening in Mazzei's "*Recherches sur les Etats Unis*"<sup>2</sup>; three vols., octavo. This is the same Mazzei to whom T. J.<sup>3</sup> addressed a *lettre*<sup>4</sup> which has been published in the American papers. Found him rather dull.

Paris, November 1, 1810. Slept as usual my eight hours without turning or dreaming. This sort of sleeping is striking out of existence so much time. What the devil has got into me to sleep at this rate? I, whom three or four hours formerly satisfied. Was engaged to call on the Abbé at 11. I got there ¼

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<sup>1</sup> Meaning Colonel Burr.

<sup>2</sup> "Inquiries as to the United States."

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Jefferson.

<sup>4</sup> Letter.

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before 12. He has been *alilé*<sup>1</sup> these six years by a disorder in the knee, as I believe I told you before. He received me with that complacency which seems to be his nature. At another time I will tell you his history, his escapes from the guillotine during the Revolution, &c. Told him my name, and that my desire was a passport to return to my country. He was quite confounded to learn that I had already been presented to several ministers, and had access to them, and seemed to be in despair about rendering me any service. At length, however, he thought that M<sup>lle</sup> Vauxhall was my mark; that she could give me counsel, &c., and he wrote a note of introduction to M<sup>lle</sup>, which I engaged to deliver. What could have put it into the good old man's head, that nothing but a young lady could serve my purpose? He remarked that M<sup>lle</sup> was not young, but had two sisters much younger than herself. I shall see M<sup>lle</sup> as soon as possible, and tell you how things are; but have very little hope of advancing the passport business thereby. Home, and thence to Fonzi's, and then to horologer's, to whom I paid 22 louis for a watch. Now, don't scold, for I can sell it for the same money as soon as I shall have no other means of getting bread. A period which is not far distant, unless something shall grow out of Holland Company. Home again, and at 4 set off for Vanderlyn's, having advised him some days ago that I should dine with him to-day, expecting Crede in town, and having given

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<sup>1</sup> Bed-ridden.



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him rendezvous at Vanderlyn's from 5 to 7. At 6 Crede came in and Vanderlyn went out. Sat till 8 with C., and then we parted, he engaging to breakfast with me to-morrow. Found our house all in uproar. A party given by young Pic. *et ux.*<sup>1</sup> to their young friends. There were about twenty. Two of the gentlemen played well on the violin, and took turns. Several of the *dames* danced very well. One of the Juliens and M'e A. only attracted my particular notice. There was one other called beautiful; a round-faced, goggle-eyed, insipid thing to my view. I left the party at 12, and go forthwith to bed, though the gaiety below is extremely clamorous.

2. Waked at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8. Was astonished to see a fire and the materials for breakfast all prepared. Ju. had done all this, and I had heard nothing, so sound did I sleep. Intended to have gone early to Duc d'Alberg's and to Valk.'s; but this eternal sleeping spoils all. Crede came in at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9, and I was then scarcely ready to receive him. Had a great breakfast. Jul. had bought a lb. of ham, 32 sous. Don't be alarmed. It will last me a week. We talked much, and he went off at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 11 to d'Alberg's; out. To Valkenaer's; out. To Fonzi's, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. To Mr. G.'s; out. Forgot to tell you that yesterday morning wrote a note to Russell, the *chargé des affaires*<sup>2</sup> (see the copy)<sup>3</sup>, to which no reply has yet been received. Wrote note to Mr. G.

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1 For *et uxor.* Young Picard and wife.

2 For *chargé d' affaires.*

3 See note 3, page 39.

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requesting him to be at home till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 12 to-morrow, to which he answered this evening, assenting. At 3 to Swediaur's, and thence to d'Alberg's, whom saw. Received me with his usual complacency, but had nothing to communicate. Advised me, however, to call on Mons. Serrurier, who has been named minister to the United States in the room of Turreau. Will think of it. Home. Dinner on a slice of the said ham and some of the 25 sous wine, which is detestable. It is impossible that I should ever get it all down, and I will poz.<sup>1</sup> to-morrow go and change it for the real Roussillon. At 6 to Vanderlyn's to meet Crede, who came in at the same moment. Gave a pair of gloves to Cath'e<sup>2</sup> which with the *chose*<sup>3</sup>, 3 francs 5 sous. We (Crede and I) parted at 8. *Recont.*<sup>4</sup> *inspect.*<sup>5</sup>, 2 francs; another, my gloves and 10 sous; another resembling exceedingly S. Reeve. We went to a *M'e de Vin*<sup>6</sup> and took supper, 3 francs 10 sous; very cheap, costing 25 sous. (*La Cordonniere*<sup>7</sup>.) *Voila, au folie*<sup>8</sup>, 10 francs 10 sous and my glo.<sup>9</sup>! Gamp, *quand deviendra tu sage*<sup>10</sup>? Engaged to dine at the same place on Monday with the last mentioned (*Lize*<sup>11</sup> *la Cordonniere*). Note this evening from Madame R. requesting me to make her a law paper, in a great

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1 For positively.

2 For Catherine.

3 With the thing, i. e., muse?

4 For *rencontre*. Encounter.

5 This may stand either for the French *inspectée* or English inspected. It may be that Burr means that he paid 2 francs for inspection only.

6 For *marchande de vin*. Female wine-merchant.

7 For *cordonnière*. Female shoemaker, or a shoemaker's wife.

8 For *voilà, donné à la folie*. Behold, given to folly.

9 For gloves.

10 For Gamp, *quand deviendras-tu sage*? Gamp, when wilt thou become discreet?

11 For Eliza or Elizabeth.



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hurry, as all women always are, except you who understand better than even I do how to *festina lente*<sup>1</sup>.

3. Certain *personal* concerns kept me up till 2. Waked, wide awake, at 6. Got up, lighted candle, made fire. Ju. came in at ½ p. 7, and greatly astonished to find me at breakfast, having had bread and milk enough of yesterday. At 10 to Valkenaer's, where an hour and ½. How good he is! I deposited with him 2,500 francs, (about 500 dollars). Now you will marvel how I could possibly raise so enormous a sum, (100 guineas!); that was my business all yesterday, which I did not then tell you, not knowing whether Valkenaer would take the trouble; not a little, I assure you. Your watch and your ring are both pawned for 1000 francs (200 dollars); this, with the remains of the sum had some time ago of G., as then mentioned, made this bank. On casting up my remains, find I have left just 21 dollars. If, therefore, the speculation should fail! From Valkenaer's went to G.'s. There I was disappointed. He had proposed to venture for me 2,000 dollars, but had changed his mind. I showed him V.'s receipt; but no! So back to V.'s and gave him his receipt, for I would not ask a receipt from a man who takes so much trouble for me gratis. V. seemed extremely sensible to this delicacy. Again to G.'s to get his writer to copy Mrs. Robertson's law paper. G. helped me, too, to draw it. Home at 3. Took *bro.*

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<sup>1</sup> *Festina lente* is a Latin saying, meaning make haste slowly. It came into the Latin from the Greek and was first used by Suetonius, the Roman biographer and historian, who wrote in the second century A. D.

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and *cas*.<sup>1</sup> for dinner, with a good *coup*<sup>2</sup> of real Roussillon. Wrote Madame R. for further information, and sent *commissionnaire*<sup>3</sup>. Note you, we are at least one league apart. *Sor.* at 5 to Le Doux's; out. To my *mar' de<sup>4</sup> de vin*, to get him to take back his infernal 25-sous wine and give me the other, which he very cheerfully<sup>5</sup> agreed to. To my new shoemaker's; not done. The mechanics here, I tell you, are far worse than in America. Home at 7. Jul. brought me a nice hot *bouillon gras*, which I took with great satisfaction. I may as well tell you now of my economy in this wine affair. Eating my bread and cheese, and seeing half a bottle of the 25 sous wine left, I thought it would be too extravagant to open a bottle of the *bon*<sup>6</sup>; so I tried my best to get down the *mauvaise*<sup>7</sup>, constantly thinking of the other, which was in sight, and trying to persuade myself to give Gamp some of that; but no, I stuck to the bad, and got it all down. Then to pay myself for this act of heroism, treated him to a large tumbler of the *vrai* Roussillon, and sallied forth to my *marchand de vin* to engage him to exchange the residue. You see I am of Lantara's opinion, that though a man may be a little the poorer for drinking good wine, yet he is, under its influence, much more able to bear poverty. Now, as I live, I don't think that among your plays I have bought you "Lan-

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<sup>1</sup> For *brød* and *cassonade* or *Käse*. See Glossary.

<sup>2</sup> Draught.

<sup>3</sup> For *commissionnaire*. Porter.

<sup>4</sup> For *marchand*. Merchant.

<sup>5</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>6</sup> Good, genuine.

<sup>7</sup> For *mauvais*. Bad.

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tara"<sup>1</sup>, though I have seen it twice with pleasure. You shall have it to-morrow. Just now a note from Madame R., with the further information, and requesting me to dine to-morrow. Have declined the dinner. Ju. has promised to buy me potatoes. I shall dine better at home; then, such a trouble to dress and walk a league. No answer yet from Mr. Russell.

4. Hopes of reformation. *Couche* 12. Rose at 6, and again dressed and took breakfast by candle-light. I cannot account for this caprice. It is impossible to sleep better. Always one sound nap; but it varies from five to eight hours. *Sor.* at 9 to Mr. G.'s. He was just up. More cool and shy than usual. Also had heard a report extremely unfavorable to my friend V., of which I don't believe one word. I would trust my life with him. The people of this place are prone to detraction. If a man speaks of his nearest *friend* (profanity), it is with several *buts*. The women I think less given to that vice than the men. Thence to deliver the letter and see the friend of the Abbé. A walk of about one league to the Port St. Antoine. M'lle Vauxhall is a smart, sensible English woman of about 55. The brother not at home. Staid a few minutes, and engaged to breakfast with her and *him* at 9 to-morrow. To Le Doux's; out. To Fonzi's 1½ hour; engaged to dine with him. To Hahn's; out. Home to wait for Mr. G.'s messenger with the copy of Madame R.'s law paper. He came at 3 with the

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<sup>1</sup> The reference is probably to the one-act vaudeville of Barré, entitled "*Lantara ou le Peintre au Cabaret*" ("Lantara, or the Painter at the Tavern"), which was brought out in 1809 at the Vaudeville Theatre at Paris. In this play the author caricatured certain weaknesses of Simon Mathurin Lantara (1729-1778), a well-known and eccentric French landscape painter.

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paper handsomely copied. On perusal, found it so full of errors that another copy is indispensable. Off to Mr. G.'s, in whose employ the writer is; all out. Then took a long stroll, being a wet, misty, chilly, day, as has been the greater part of the last five weeks. At 5 to Fonzi's. T. Vanderlyn, Hernandez, *le vieux* ———' and his son Alexander, a very handsome young man. All very social. Staid till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8. The story by F. of the effect of the vice. In Spain, when the bell rings, all kneel; even at the theatre, in the most interesting scene, the audience kneel, and the actors become statues. Another by Gamp of the effect of tragedy in Paris—applaud and encore a very pathetic speech or action. There has been a great feast at our house to-day, at which I was not invited; but when I came in Madame scolded me politely for going away without saying anything. They were so distressed at my absence. Vanderlyn, for some months past, has been urging me to join him in a little *ménage*<sup>2</sup> to which, some days ago, when despairing of a passport, I consented. To-day he told me that he had found lodgings, but that there was accommodation for himself, and no room for me. Am in great distress about Madame R.'s paper, for I had promised it to her to-morrow morning, and it will not be done till night. You women are always in such a hurry. In a debate to-day about women, Gamp, as always, defending, Vanderlyn sais<sup>3</sup> the reason is, their heads are so empty!

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<sup>1</sup> The old ———.

<sup>2</sup> For *ménage*. Housekeeping.

<sup>3</sup> So in the MS.

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5. *Couche*  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 12. Rose  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 6. The reformation, you see, continues, and I have hopes that this stupor will pass off. *Sor.* at 8 to breakfast with M<sup>lle</sup> Vauxhall, being distant about one league. M<sup>lle</sup> had told me that Mr. V. was very early; that he breakfasted at 8, and went out at 9, but gave me 9 for the hour. I was there 10 minutes before 9. Mr. and M<sup>lle</sup> were abed. I cooled myself this fine November morning (a drizzling rain and chilling north wind) for half an hour in a room without a fire. The younger sister (who has a daughter of 19) was up. She told me that Mr. Whitesides would be down immediately. Mr. Whitesides! I know nothing of Mr. Whitesides, Madam, I called to see M<sup>lle</sup> and Mr. Vauxhall. Yes, sir, the French can't say Whitesides, because they have no w in their alphabet, and so they call him Vauxhall<sup>1</sup>. At length they came in. We had a breakfast *al'anglaise*<sup>2</sup>. They appeared *généé*<sup>3</sup>, and can be of no use to me. He, however, mentioned to me Mr. Randall, of New York, an acquaintance of my youth, as one who would see me with pleasure. To Le Doux's. He speaks greatly in favor of my watch as excellent work, and very cheap. To the Pal. Roy. to the shoemaker's. Home. At 12 to Mr. G's. Was not so cool, but less zealous in the Holland Company. To horologer's; out. To Fonzi's; busy. *T* an interview with the *U*.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> This joke has some of the characteristics of a London fog.

<sup>2</sup> For *à l'anglaise*. After the English fashion.

<sup>3</sup> Meaning bored. See Glossary.

<sup>4</sup> Again it may be said that this character is obscure in the MS. It may stand for a capital U, representing possibly the Swedish words *jungfru*, maid, or it may be for ll, which might be designed to represent either of two French words, *mademoiselle*, young lady, or *fille*, girl.

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Home. At 3 to the horologer's, who found at last. Thence to my rendezvous to dine with the *cordon'ere*<sup>1</sup>, who did not come. *Suprenant*<sup>2</sup>, so dined alone. An excellent dinner in a very poor-looking house; 4 francs 10 sous. On my way home *renc.*; *bourgeoise*; 4 fr.; *assez cont.*<sup>3</sup> Again another; 5 francs. Home at 7. Madame, I am writing (now, think on 't) in the utmost pain. After my first *renc.*, near the Pont Neuf, got badly wounded in the foot by one of those infernal hacks; the story is too long to write. The  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour I was with Louise (the second *renc.*), forgot it, and the half hour I have been writing to you *idem*<sup>4</sup>, but now that I am writing about it, 'tis impossible. Got home as well as I could. The foot so swoln<sup>5</sup> that was obliged to cut open the boot. Do remind me to tell you of a case of conscience which has grown out of this matter and been debated between Ju. and Madame B., *la sainte*<sup>6</sup>. Indeed, I must bed, though it be only 10. Madame R.'s paper has come in handsome and correct. A note from her this P. M. announces that she sets off for England on Thursday.

6. That vile foot keeps me in such pain that I had no repose till just 5. At 9 Ju. waked me with a smoking *bouillon gras* in her hand. This I refused to take, and at length persuaded her to put it by for dinner, and to make my *caf. blanc*. With much labor, got out of bed at 11. Could not put the foot to the

<sup>1</sup> For *cordonnière*.

<sup>2</sup> For *surprenant*. Surprising.

<sup>3</sup> For *rencontre*; *bourgeoise*; *quatre francs*; *assez content*. Rencounter; a woman of the middle class; 4 francs; pretty well satisfied.

<sup>4</sup> Latin. Likewise.

<sup>5</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>6</sup> One of the servants was called the Saint because of her assumed piety.



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floor. Bathed it in cold vinegar *de Mollerat*<sup>1</sup> and have continued the process all day. It has produced miracles, and now at 11 P. M. I can hobble over the floor without pain. Before I was out of bed this morning, a messenger from Madame R. with invitation to dine, which, of course, declined. Sent her papers. At 1 came Mr. Fenwick, *c. d.*<sup>2</sup> consul. I did not recollect him, though he is not much altered in ten years. It was a mere visit of civility and to tender services. Wrote notes to Swediaur, to Vanderlyn, and to Crede. At 4 Madame R.'s servant to inquire about the foot, proposing to send her carriage for me at 4 to propose some alteration in the papers. Consented to go in her carriage at 4. A note this evening from Mr. Russell in reply to that which I wrote to him 1st inst<sup>3</sup>. He says that as a fugitive from justice A. B. is entitled to no protection and other like things which you shall see. Shall reply to-morrow. Have been all day reading Tooke's "Russia," of which I have bought you a French edition,

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<sup>1</sup> Mollerat's vinegar.

<sup>2</sup> For *ci-devant*. Formerly.

<sup>3</sup> The correspondence between Burr and Russell, referred to here and on page 31, was as follows. Under date of Paris, November 1, 1810, Burr wrote to Russell: "On receipt of Mr. Russell's note, Mr. Burr applied to the consul; a copy of his reply is herewith enclosed. It cannot be material to inquire what are the "*circumstances*" referred to by the consul, nor whether true or false. Mr. Burr is ignorant of any statute or instruction which authorizes a foreign minister or agent to inquire into any circumstances other than those which tend to establish the fact of citizen or not. If, however, Mr. Russell should be of a different opinion, Mr. Burr is ready to satisfy him that no circumstances exist which can, by any construction, in the slightest degree impair his rights as a citizen, and that the conclusions of the consul are founded in error, either in point of fact or of inference. Yet, conceiving that every citizen has a right to demand a certificate or passport, Mr. Burr is constrained to renew his application to Mr. Russell, to whom the consul has been pleased to refer the decision."

Under the date of Paris, November 4, 1810, Russell sent the following reply: "Without subscribing to the opinion of Mr. McRae with regard to the appeal that lays from the erroneous decisions of the consul to the *chargé d'affaires*, Mr. Russell has no objection to judging the case which Mr. Burr has presented to him. The man who evades the offended laws of his country abandons, for the time, the right of their protection. This fugitive from justice, during his voluntary exile, has a claim to no other passport than one which will enable him to surrender himself for trial for the offences with which he stands charged. Such a passport Mr. Russell will furnish to Mr. Burr, but no other."

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in six volumes octavo. Vanderlyn came and sat an hour this evening. Our family in great distress. My good host has lost a lawsuit on which his all depended.

7. Got a good sleep and rose at 9. Read still in Tooke's "Russia"<sup>1</sup>. At 4 the carriage came and I went, with the lame foot in a list mokassin<sup>2</sup>. On the way took in Menutzi and Jane E., who, with Mr. Heath, the English lawyer mentioned some time ago, made up the party. At 8 came in Mr. Adamson. Note: Mr. H. can't get a passport. He has been soliciting for a month, and is in a state of desperation, having left his wife, his family, and his business in London. He lives here with Denon<sup>3</sup>, and of course has all his influence, but no avail. It was 10 when I got home. Sat up till 2 and did not write you a line. This is written on Thursday. Madame R. asked me to dine to-morrow (Thursday), which I declined, but agreed for Friday. On coming home, found a gay, friendly note from Crede, apologizing for not calling on me, and promising to call to-morrow.

8. Having drank a dish of vile green tea at Madame R.'s, it kept me awake till 5. Lay till 10.

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<sup>1</sup> Probably referring to the work entitled "A View of the Russian Empire During the Reign of Catherine II. and the Close of the Present Century." It appeared in London in 1799 and was translated and published in Paris in 1801 and 1806 in six volumes octavo. Its author was William Tooke, of England (1744-1820).

<sup>2</sup> Meaning moccasin.

<sup>3</sup> Dominique Vivant, Baron Denon (1747-1825), was a celebrated French artist and art critic. He was a member of the Institute of France and from 1804 till 1815 had, by Napoleon's nomination, the title of *Directeur General des Musées et de la Monnaie des Médailles*,—Director General of the Museums and of the Medal Mint. He accompanied Bonaparte in several of his campaigns and was the official whose business it was to designate to the Emperor the principal objects of art to be transported to Paris with which to enrich the Louvre museum. In his earlier years he had been a protégé of Louis XV. and later of Robespierre and Madame Beauharnais, who became Empress Josephine.



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No vis.<sup>1</sup> but *la b. pet. blan'se*<sup>2</sup>. Took a *bouillon gras* for dinner and eked it out with a roast fowl, a compliment from J., and excellent potatoes, which with Roussillon and bread, butter, cheese, and grapes has kept me from starving. At 11 a note came from Madame R. with a bottle of opodeldoc<sup>3</sup>, in which I happened to express faith. She had very often intimated a wish that I should know more of Mr. A. In my reply to her note, I asked her to tell me candidly whether he would be pleased with a visit from me. At 4 received another messenger from her, saying that he would be greatly flattered, and proposed to call on me to-morrow morning. Agreed to receive him at 2. You see into what trouble this will bring me. At 5 came Crede and sat an hour. Have agreed to take gig and go to see the room which he offers me in the same hotel in which he is lodged. Merrihault is in town. Bought a bottle of hydromel (metheglan) to see how to make it, and a bottle of Mollerat<sup>4</sup>. Ju. has brought me into great trouble. Gave her my last two guineas to change. She thinking to get two or three sous more, went away to her friend, the Abbé, full 1/2 a league, and gave them to him. He being very busy, told her to call in two or three days, and I am absolutely *sans sous*<sup>5</sup>. Just at this moment my *commissionaire* brought me his account of 6 francs 10 sous, and apologized on account of his great distress.

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1 For visitor.

2 For *la belle petite blanchisseuse*. The pretty little laundress.

3 Opodeldoc is a liniment prepared by dissolving Castile soap and camphor in alcohol and adding oils of thyme and rosemary, and the stronger water of ammonia. It is also called camphorated soap liniment.

4 Meaning Mollerat's vinegar.

5 Penniless.

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Got rid of this for the moment by borrow just so much from Madame Pel. To-morrow will come *la blanchisse'se*<sup>1</sup> for 4 francs 10 sous. I shall be obliged to sacrifice some of the nice little pieces which I intended to keep for Gampillo.

9. Had ordered myself to be waked at 7. Ju. did her best, but in spite of all her efforts, slept till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9. It was near 12 before I got out, not walking, which is not yet practicable, but in a gig. To Crede's; his room won't do. Its being in a fourth story and a garret would not discourage me; but it is dark, has but one window, a bad fire-place, and so open that it must be very cold. To Fenwick's. Both Mr. and Madame out. This comes of laying<sup>2</sup> so late abed. To Mancel's, to send him on a voyage of discovery. Home, stopping to change one of Gamp's pretty little Danish ducats<sup>3</sup>, for which got only 8 francs 5 sous. Mr. G. had called in my absence. At 3 came in Mr. Adamson and sat  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour; then Mr. G., and soon after the carriage of Madame R. called. We took up on the way M'e Men.<sup>4</sup> and J. Evans, who, with Mr. Lewins, were our party. Poor Heath got his passport yesterday, and was instantly off. Mr. Adamson came in at 7. I staid till near 10, being obliged to wait the movement of my companions. Mr. Russell, whose sense of duty does not allow him to give me a passport, has given a general one to Captain Haley, and written to the Minister of Police that the Captain has entire confidence, &c.

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<sup>1</sup> For *la blanchisseuse*.

<sup>2</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>3</sup> A Danish ducat was worth about \$1.80 United States money.

<sup>4</sup> For Madame Menutzi.

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10. Slept again from  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 1 till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9, though fire was made for me at 7. You can't think how I am mortified and distressed at this torpor. *Sor.* at 12 in *cabriole*. This *cabri*.<sup>1</sup> hire will ruin me. To Mr. Fenwick's, whom saw and eke his wife; *belle fem*.<sup>2</sup> The marks of superior intelligence, much grace and animation. We said some civil things to each other, and she engaged me to call and see her, which, be assured, I shall not fail. Mr. F. goes to-morrow to Bordeaux, and offered to take letters for me. Thence to Madame R.'s to get the address of Mr. A., and thence to Mr. A.'s, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. He has the appearance of a well-bred, amiable man; not deficient in intelligence or education. Thence back to Madame R.'s. She kept me more than two hours. Dismissed my *cab*. and ordered her carriage for me. To go to England or not; to marry or not; these are the two interesting questions which disturb the peace of my charming friend. Having hitherto preserved a neutrality on the subject of matrimony, she has, at length, extracted from me a promise that I will on Monday give a decided opinion as to both points. On my return home called on Mr. Fenwick; out. On Mr. G.; out. On the horologer. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4. Had taken a bowl of soup with Madame R. and now took another from Ju., which made dinner enough. Sent for a bottle of *vin* Maron, much vaunted, 25 sous. Don't like it. Shall stick to the Roussillon.

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<sup>1</sup> For *cabriole*. It will be remembered that this is the French word from which our English word *cab* was derived, and that Burr himself writes *cab*. with a period, to show that it is an abbreviation.

<sup>2</sup> For *belle femme*.

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Wrote you a letter and one to Gahn this evening, and sent them off just now to Mr. Fenwick, who departs at 5 to-morrow morning. A most tempestuous wind yesterday and to-day. I have not yet learnt<sup>1</sup> what is the season that denominates this a fine climate. Have not yet answered Russell's impertinent note.

11. *Couche* 12. Slept sound till 4, then waked, and, after trying in vain for two hours to sleep, got up at 6, shaved, dressed, and got my breakfast by candle-light. Ju. came in at 7, all astonished to see everything done. Raining, and still a tempestuous wind. *Sor.* at 8 on foot, but made bad progress, as the left shoe was worn slipshod, and the foot bore but ill the irregularities of the pavement. Met a *cab.* and got in. To Crede's; rang for several minutes, but all asleep. Learnt, however, from the porter that Crede *pere*<sup>2</sup> was not in town. To Abel's to complain of his taylor<sup>3</sup>. The *culottes*<sup>3</sup> which were to have been done eight days ago are not yet begun. To G.'s; abed. Home. P.'s.<sup>4</sup>, 2 francs. Madame R. was to have her carriage for me at 11. Waited till  $\frac{1}{4}$  before 12. It did not come. *Sor. encore*<sup>5</sup> in *cab.* to Adamson's, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Saw there, also, Mr. Gerard, a venerable man of 88, the best-preserved and the most sprightly of that age I ever saw<sup>6</sup>. The aunt of Mr. A. has

<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> The elder Crede. (*Père*.)

<sup>3</sup> Breeches.

<sup>4</sup> Probably for prostitution. Burr sometimes uses this word instead of *muse* or *folie*. See Glossary.

<sup>5</sup> For *sors* or *sortis encore*. I go or went out again.

<sup>6</sup> It is not certain to whom Burr refers. The man mentioned is, he avers, 88 years of age. There were living in Paris in 1811 two well-known men of similar name, the one a man of 76, François Girard, canon of Notre Dame, who had a score of years earlier been commissioned to assist Marie Antoinette during her last moments, and the other, Abbé Philippe Louis Gérard, aged 74, canon of St. Louis du Louvre. Burr speaks in the earlier pages of the Journal of an Abbé Gerard, probably the latter of the two just mentioned.

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lived with him these twenty years, having rejected her *m.*<sup>1</sup> To Madame R.'s, whom found expecting me. She urged again for my advice and I gave it. First, that she should not go to England, and, second, that should marry A. if she must at all marry, which she avows; *sais*<sup>2</sup> she has not independence and force of character to go on *a la françoise*<sup>3</sup>. For six months I have been reasoning against marriage, and in favor of a voyage to England. Now that I have taken t'other side of these questions, she also has changed her language, and reasons against *this* marriage and in favor of going to England. Took soup and staid an hour. Engaged to dine with her to-morrow, and begged her to ask A. We shall see whether she does so. Called for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour at Mr. G.'s. At the *changeur's*<sup>4</sup>, where changed *three* more of Gampy's beautiful little pieces. Home at 4. *Cab.* hire, 4 francs 10 sous! Alas! my lame foot has already cost me a louis in *cab.* hire and medicaments. What pretty things that louis would have bought for Gampillo! Ju. was to have received to-day the amount of my two guineas; but was again put off by the priest. Now, as she owes the priest money, it would be very pretty if he should take into his head to retain these 2 guineas. I have now 3 francs 4 sous; about 5 shillings York money<sup>5</sup>. My boots are at the shoemaker's to be soaled<sup>6</sup>. They are done and I cannot redeem them. It may be yet ten

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<sup>1</sup> For *mari*, husband?

<sup>2</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>3</sup> For *a la française*.

<sup>4</sup> Money changer's.

<sup>5</sup> Meaning New York money.

<sup>6</sup> So in the MS.

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days before I hear the result of my Holland Company speculation; and, if that turns out a total loss why, then ———. Some time ago, Madame R., showing me her jewels, seemed particularly pleased with a ——— and earring of Italian sculpture out of conch-shell. Of course I admired them. To-day she made them a present to you. I declined as long as I could, for though they are pretty as curiosities, they are things not for you to wear. Still, they are very pretty to stare at and so you shall have them.

13. Slept from 11 till 9 like an oyster. All hope of any reformation is abandoned. There must be something in the air of Europe disposing to lethargy, for it is most certain that I never slept at this rate in America. At 11 to Valkenaer's. Went on foot, having quite resolved to pay no more *cab.* hire; among other good reasons, because ———, as I told you yesterday. Got on pretty well. Staid an hour. Found there *la charm'te*<sup>1</sup> M'lle Hernandez. Not a word from Am.<sup>2</sup> about Holland Company, nor expected till Saturday. To Fonzi's and then home. It then occurred to me that if I had a very large pair of shoes I might clothe this left foot and hobble on very smartly. Borrowed 4 francs of Madame Pel., which she has often done from me, and *sor.* for shoes. Found a pair of suitable *grandeur*<sup>3</sup> for 6 francs 10 sous, about 10 shillings York money. Can walk with them very tolerably. Had left just 11 sous. To my

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<sup>1</sup> For *la charmante*. The charming.

<sup>2</sup> For Amsterdam.

<sup>3</sup> Size.



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*botier's*<sup>1</sup>, or *bonnetier's*<sup>2</sup>, as they will have it here, and then home. At 4 sat<sup>3</sup> out on foot to dine with Madame Robertson. I had desired that Mr. Adamson might be there and Madame M'i<sup>4</sup> not. It was so arranged. J. Ev.<sup>5</sup> joined us, and the day went off very well. Mrs. R. still balancing about going. The Evanses go positively on Wednesday. Madame urged me so to come to-morrow that engaged to breakfast with her. On my way home gave 10 sous to a *bl. fm.*<sup>6</sup> and got home with 1 sous<sup>7</sup> *en poche*<sup>8</sup> and at ½ p. 10. Do not find that the walk has done any harm to the foot.

17. Not a word have I written you since Monday. My foot is still swoln<sup>9</sup> and troublesome. I walk with pain and limping. For the last two days I have quit opedeldoc and tried cold water, but without any sensible benefit. On Sunday Madame<sup>10</sup> sent her carriage for me, and I took breakfast with her. She has got her passport renewed, and talks of going, but I think will not. She urged me to dine, which I refused. Got home at 2. *Bro. and cas.*<sup>11</sup> *pro prandium*<sup>12</sup>. Ju. came in with an air of triumph, having got the proceeds of my 2 guineas; 52 francs. It ought to have been 53. Then began to calculate how I should

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1 For *bottier's*. Bootmaker's.

2 Hosiery's.

3 So in the MS.

4 For Madame Menutzi.

5 Jane Evans.

6 For *belle femme*.

7 Burr writes 1 sous instead of 1 sou. This is a fair example of his carelessness.

8 In my pocket.

9 So in the MS.

10 For Madame Robertson.

11 See Glossary.

12 For *pro prandio*. Latin. By way of luncheon.

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dispose of so much money. Having on Monday evening engaged with two *dans*.<sup>1</sup> of good demean.<sup>2</sup> to take coffee with them this evening, thought I would devote a cr.<sup>3</sup> to that. Took in my pocket 7 francs 10 sous, lest the dev.<sup>4</sup> might induce me to spend more. It all went, and ran in debt 6 francs more, having been deb'd<sup>5</sup> by one—that one which liked least. Got home very penitent and humble. The foot something worse. On Wednesday received note from Madame R. entreating me to come either to dine or in the evening, as she must see me. Called this morning on Mr. Fenwick; out. On Crede; not in town. On Madame Fleury to pay my 6 francs, though it was due to the other, whose *demeure*<sup>6</sup> I did not ask. Madame F. asked me to stay and dine on soup and *bouilli*<sup>7</sup>, (*pot au feu*<sup>8</sup>), which agreed; 5 francs to make some addition to the dinner. Staid till 7 and spent 5 francs more. Then to Madame R.'s. Found there Mr. A. and Madame Men<sup>9</sup>. On entering, "Well," sais<sup>10</sup> R., "I have given up the journey and have promised to marry him." So I wished them joy. Staid an hour. Sent for a *cab*. and got home at 10. Set down Madame Men. Intending to pay 3 francs to the *cab*-driver, he cheated me in the change and took 4. Friday at 10 to Valkenaer's. At last he has a letter

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<sup>1</sup> For *danseuses*. Dancing girls.

<sup>2</sup> Demeanor.

<sup>3</sup> Crown.

<sup>4</sup> The devil.

<sup>5</sup> The meaning is to be gathered from the context: the word is not altogether clear in the MS.

<sup>6</sup> Abode.

<sup>7</sup> Boiled beef.

<sup>8</sup> Literally, pot at the fire, meaning meat to be boiled to make soup or broth.

<sup>9</sup> For Menutzi.

<sup>10</sup> Usually so spelled in the MS.



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from Amsterdam, and the report is favorable, but the requisite information has not yet come on. Took cab. and to Madame Fenwick's. She had given me a general invitation to breakfast with her any day at 11. At least  $\frac{1}{2}$  dozen persons came in, had audience, and went out. At length the celebrated Barère<sup>1</sup> and another to breakfast, and we four breakfasted. Barère appears to be worthy of his reputation. I greatly admire Madame Fenwick. Home at 2. When I was with Valkenaer this morning, he asked me to dine, which I refused. He said if I would come he would send off for Hennette<sup>2</sup>; agreed. At 4 to Mr. G.'s and then to Valkenaer's. Hennette was there, a very fine woman, *i. e.*, tall, well-made and sprightly. After dinner V. proposed to take us to see the *Chat Merveilleux*<sup>3</sup>. We then went in his carriage, but there was no seat to be had. We then went to Franconi's<sup>4</sup> to see "*Angélique*"<sup>5</sup>, &c., in which a horse is the principal actor; but Franconi's is not open to-night. Home with them to V.'s, and then home at 9. Cab. hire. Now to come back to Thursday. I had

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<sup>1</sup> For Bertrand de Barère de Vieuzac (1755-1814), a famous French politician and agitator. He was elected in 1792 to the Convention, in which he voted for the death of the King. In April, 1793, he was chosen a member of the Committee of Public Safety. He supported the Jacobins in their contest with the Girondists, and became the reporter of the Committee which usurped supreme power in July, 1793. He was the first who proposed that "terror should be the order of the day," and he dressed the atrocious decrees of the Committee in such flowery language that he was called the "Anacreon of the guillotine." He was banished as a regicide in 1816, but was permitted to return in 1830. He has been called one of the most graceful and accomplished liars in history.

<sup>2</sup> In the MS. the name looks like Hennette, but is probably meant for Henriette.

<sup>3</sup> For *Chat Merveilleux*. The Marvelous Cat.

<sup>4</sup> Antoine Franconi (1738-1836), the most famous riding-master of his day, established in Paris a sort of circus which had great vogue, and for many years he eclipsed all rivals. At the close of 1808 his two sons set up between Rue Saint Honoré and Rue de Mont Thabor an establishment known as Franconi Brothers' Olympian Circus, where, in addition to equestrian feats, pantomimes and ballets were seen.

<sup>5</sup> Possibly a representation of the famous episode of Ariosto's "*Orlando Furioso*," in which the beautiful Angelica (*Angélique*) is being rescued from her attachment to the isolated rock on the Isle of Complaints by the knight Roger, as she is about to be devoured by a great fish.

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intended to breakfast that day with Fenwick, but at 9, just as I was dressed, came Madame R.'s servant, with a note and a gig (her carriage being at repairs), to bring me to breakfast. Submitted and went. She had begun to repent, and thought she ought to go to England to arrange her affairs before her marriage. I rather confirmed this disposition. Mr. A. came in and there were scenes. I made several attempts to go, but she would not let me stir. At length got off on promising to come back to dine. Home for an hour. To Crede's; not in town. To Fonzi's. At 5 to Madame R.'s and to my surprize<sup>1</sup> there was A. to dine with us. Seemed all peace and calm—and she is to go to England. Home at 10. Nine francs to-day in gig hire. This day, Saturday, which must be 18th November, rose, as the whole of this week, at about  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8. This invincible torpor has got full possession of me and I must wait till the gods shall please to work a miracle for my cure. The foot more swoln<sup>1</sup> this morning; nevertheless, walked out (my whole cash being now one 5-franc piece) to the horologer's; then to call on Mr. Paschaud, the husband of my dear friend of whom you heard so much last spring and summer; out. To Swediaur's  $\frac{1}{2}$  h. and then to Crede's; not come. Returning home, 14 sous for a bouquet for Fleury, where called for five minutes only. How very sage I can be when I have but half a crown! Dined by special invitation to-day with the *fam.* to meet Mr. Paschaud, who accordingly came.

<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

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Had to walk to Fonzi's this evening on account of a derangement of something ; can't find out what. He had gone to the play, and I am ill at ease for the want of his aid. Now I will strive not to get so much in arrear with you again.

19. *Couche* 12. Rose  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8. Ju. called me twenty times, but it was impossible to get me awake. At 10 to breakfast with Mr. G. At 11 to Valkenaer's. Nothing more of Holland Company. But there met the most seductive woman, and, I believe, the most beautiful I have seen in France. The only specimen I have seen that approaches the idea which one might form from reading, of a fine French woman. It is a fine mixture of grace, intelligence and voluptuousness. To Fonzi's, and then home about 2 ; since which have not been out. At 3 came in Mr. G. and staid till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4. Asked me to go and dine with him, which declined. Borrowed of him 50 francs, of which 2 to Ju. in part of her account ; 12 francs to Jeannette for the last two months' service, which grudged much, for she has done nothing but clean my shoes, and that very badly, and yet the beast growled ; three francs for segars, and 2 for \* \* \* \*<sup>1</sup> ; so that you see I have left just 25 ; and with the most deliberate malice and forethought, have resolved to dine with Fleury to-morrow or next day, which will be an affair of 6 or 8 francs. The *dom.* of Madame R. came in to solicit my aid *auprez de Madame*<sup>2</sup> to get her off to England and get her rid of A. It seems

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<sup>1</sup> An undecipherable word ; it looks like an abbreviation of sundries.

<sup>2</sup> For *auprès de Madame*. With Madame ; i. e., to use my influence with Madame.

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that the journey is talked off in the same undecided way, but A. is constantly there.

19, 20, 21. On looking at the almanac it is found that Sunday was the 18th and not 19 as stated. Again I am in arrear with the Journal. Have slept these three nights my full eight hours. It has come into my head that this Roussillon wine may, perhaps, have some narcotic quality, for I can recollect no other change in my habits of life. Have not touched it to-day. Monday, breakfasted with Madame Robertson at 10. She gave me honey, but vile gunpowder tea. She is still "going," but not gone. The probability is that she will be going till worse weather sets in, and then, "Lord, who could think of going in such weather?" Urged me to dine, which refused. Called at Crede's; not come. At Vanderlyn's, who has moved his lodgings, but not his *attelier*<sup>1</sup>. To the little inn, where once supped with *la cordonniere*, to see what has become of her. She had called half a dozen times to know whether I had been to inquire, and left apologies about the disappointment. So engaged to meet there to dine to-morrow at 5. The hostess engaged to find her. Home, and dine; *pom. de t.*<sup>2</sup> Ju. added the wing of a duck. Tuesday, took breakfast (*caf. blanc*) at home. That tea of Madame R.'s does not agree with me. To Madame R.'s at 11. Kept me  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour making her *toilette*. Still going. To Crede's; out. To Fleury's, whom took in hack

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<sup>1</sup> For *atelier*.

<sup>2</sup> For *pommes de terre*. Potatoes. Literally, apples of the earth.

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to see Vanderlyn's *Ariadne*<sup>1</sup>. Left Fleury at her home, and home. Mr. G. came in at 3 and sat till 4. Mr. Adamson had called in my absence and left card. At 5 to dine with *la cordon're*<sup>2</sup>, but could not be found, so dined alone. Dinner and bottle of wine of 30 sous, cost 3 francs. The wine, you see, was just one-half. Had two pigeons and potatoes dressed to my taste; bread, butter, and cheese, which, at 30 sous, was cheap enough. Home at 6.

21. At 11 to Valkenaer's. Sick abed, and not visible. Was overtaken in the street by Mons. Mercier<sup>3</sup>, who was so civil to me in Brunswick. He seemed very glad to see me, but, note, he has been three weeks in town and had not yet found me out, nor, perhaps, inquired for me. He told me of Robinson and Hosack. The former staid at Blakenburg<sup>4</sup> till this month and thence has gone to pass the winter in Berlin. Hosack, while at Blakenburg, went shooting and in shooting at a hare shot a man; not dead, but wounded him badly, which cost him money and gave him much trouble. When he got rid of that affair he left the place, but whither gone is not known. Mons. Mercier and I talked for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour in the street, exchanged addresses and parted, he engaging to call on me at 3 to-morrow. To-day am afoot and with a pair of great thick new shoes, the right shoe being made large out of complaisance to the left. I walk

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<sup>1</sup> The subject of one of Vanderlyn's paintings. Ariadne was the daughter of Minos, King of Crete, became the lover of Theseus, and gave him a clew by which he was able to find his way out of the Cretan labyrinth.

<sup>2</sup> For *la cordonnière*.

<sup>3</sup> Monsieur Mercier was in charge of the Brunswick police system when Burr was there.

<sup>4</sup> Blankenburg is meant—a town fifty miles southeast of Brunswick.

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pretty well and though I have made long courses to-day, find no inconvenience. The said shoes, however, are no sort of defence against moisture. My feet are wet from the moment I put them on the pavement. After parting with Mons. Mercier, went to Adamson's, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. He was not, as usual, talkative. Thence to Madame R.'s, who is still going. She offered me a great parcel of artificial flowers for you, which I refused. Took soup, and then to Crede's; not arrived. To Paschaud's to look at a new translation of the Bible, to settle a dispute between Mr. G. and me, which I will state to you some other time. Home. But have forgot to say that I passed  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour this morning with Madame Fenwick, whom I admire. Dinner with the *fam.*, and have not been out since.

22. Drank not a drop of Roussillon yesterday. Sat up till 1, and slept till 9. You see that I am on the list of incurables. At 11 to d'Alberg's. He had nothing to communicate or advise. To Valk.'s; he was up, but really ill. Nothing more from Amsterdam. Home. At 2 came in Mr. G. and sat an hour. Mr. Mercier did not call as he had promised. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4 to dine with Adelle Fleury. We had fish and potatoes, *à l'américaine*<sup>1</sup>, preceded by soup, and drank two bottles of wine, of which she took her share, and without being at all *grize*<sup>2</sup>. Off at 8. The dinner cost me 7 francs, and lost a cambric handkerchief. Not one of yours, they were all sold, you know, in

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<sup>1</sup> For *à l'américaine*.

<sup>2</sup> For *grisé*. Fuddled, tipsy.



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Stockholm, except four, which I have yet. Am now going to write another letter of business for Ju. *Bon soir.*

23. *Couche* 1 and after many efforts rose at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8. At 11 to Madame Fenwick's, where took second breakfast *a la fourchette*. *Tet-a-tet*<sup>1</sup> for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour and then interrupted by two *mess'rs*<sup>2</sup>; was flattered that Madame *gronded*<sup>3</sup> her *dom.* for admitting. At 1 to Valkenaer's; still very ill. To Mr. Merrihault's, where left card. Before going out received note from Swan requesting me to dine to-day. At 2 went and with great exertions walked it in forty-five minutes. Found there Madame St. Claire, *belle femme pet. et* 32<sup>4</sup>. We three dined, and I eschorted Madame, who lives farther off than I. She got fatigued and took *fiacre*<sup>5</sup>. Having for three days past only 10 sous, was obliged to bring the *fiacre* home to find means of payment, viz., 3 francs, for which had to make two loans, one of Ju. and one of the fam. Engaged to call on Madame St. Claire, which shall do on Sunday. Nothing from Amsterdam, and verily I shall starve. Four or five little debts keep me in constant alarm; altogether, about 2 louis. Have taken *caf. blanc* this evening for the first time in several weeks. One pound *casson'de*<sup>6</sup> to-day bought by Ju. The former has lasted just twenty days.

24. *Couche* at 12. Lay in vigils<sup>7</sup> till 7, then

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1 For *tête-à-tête*.

2 For *messieurs*. Gentlemen.

3 A hybrid verb from French *gronder*, to growl at, to scold.

4 For *belle femme peut-être* 32. Beautiful woman, perhaps 32.

5 For *fiacre*. Hackney-coach.

6 For *cassonade*. Brown sugar.

7 Burr seems here to be using an English word. Ordinarily he uses the singular form as an adjective, which is undoubtedly Latin.

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locked my door to prevent intrusion, and slept till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9, when a furious knocking awoke me, but did not answer. Being, however, thoroughly awake, got up. The knocking was to admit a messenger with a letter. I read the letter over attentively, and could make nothing of it. Looking at the superscription, it was Mr. Pelous<sup>1</sup>. *Tant*<sup>2</sup> for Jeanette's *sourdity*<sup>3</sup> and stupidity. I can assign no cause, either moral or physical, for the insomnia, for I will not admit *caf. blanc* to be the cause. Found myself just as well (and perhaps better) as if I had slept my eight hours. At 11 a messenger from Madame F., requesting me to breakfast to-morrow. At 12 to V.'s; still very ill. Saw him a few minutes. To Duc d'Alberg's, where took a breakfast with *la Duchesse*, Mons. being busy. This breakfast was soup, chicken, &c., and wines. To Crede's; is in town but not at home. To Vanderlyn's; was engaged to dine with him at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4. Borrowed of him 20 francs. To St. Jacques<sup>4</sup> to inquire for my *cordonnier*, not found. Bought bottle of Roussillon for our dinner, 40 sous; but *unfortunately* John could not partake, so drank the whole myself. Home at 7. Gave 10 sous *pour une* \* \* \* <sup>5</sup>. Have taken a little more Roussillon and now at 1 am going to make up the arrears of last night. If perchance Mr. Valkenaer should die, my 2,500 francs go with him, for I have no receipt, and most certainly

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<sup>1</sup> For Pelough.

<sup>2</sup> So much.

<sup>3</sup> The French word *sourd* means deaf. The English word *surdity* signifies deafness.

<sup>4</sup> Probably the Boulevard St. Jacques, which runs to the Seine not far from Notre Dame cathedral.

<sup>5</sup> An undecipherable word in French.



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shall not ask him for one. The foot better, that is, stronger, but fear it will never be reduced to its primitive size. On measuring, find that it is just  $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch bigger than the other, and have had a shoe made accordingly. Forgot to say that on coming home found a note from Crede, begging me to call this evening. Went off accordingly. He showed me some American papers, and among other things, Wilkinson's<sup>1</sup> puerile letter to the public. Crede is to call on me at 1 to-morrow.

25. Rose at 8 without the aid of Ju. At 11 to Madame F's. *T. a. t.*<sup>2</sup> a few minutes and then came in M. Barère [and others] whose names I will get and fill up [the blank space left in the MS.] to-morrow. The conversation was gay, animated, amusing. Madame was charming. She is really an extraordinary woman. Mons. Barrère<sup>3</sup> was particularly civil to me, and asked me to call and see him. The first civility from a Frenchman, and perhaps he meant nothing. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 1. Left all the company there, and left them with regret, but had engaged to meet Crede at my room at 1. Might as well have staid at Fenwick's, for Crede had been and gone. *Tant pis.*<sup>4</sup> To Valkenaer's. Saw him abed; laid down with the

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<sup>1</sup> He refers to James Wilkinson, (1757-1825), who held important commands in the Colonial army during the war of the Revolution in America, and after the war was advanced till he became a Major-General and was placed in command of the Western armies. He was the principal witness against Burr before the grand jury at Richmond, Va., that indicted Burr for treason, and admitted under oath that he had forged and changed in important particulars the cipher letters that Burr had written to him. In 1811 he was tried by court-martial on the charge of receiving money from Spain and with being in complicity with Burr. Though acquitted and restored to command, there is little doubt that Wilkinson was without honour or sound principles, and it is highly probable that for a long series of years he was in the pay of Spain.

<sup>2</sup> For *tête-à-tête*.

<sup>3</sup> For Barère.

<sup>4</sup> So much the worse.

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gout in all form. Showed me a note from Caze've<sup>1</sup> about Holland company. To Fonzi's. Home at 3, and have not been since abroad. A note from Madame R., very friendly and confidential. She proposes to go *to-morrow* morning. Wrote her that I would call at 5, and if she should not be gone, would dine with her. Had no occasion for dinner to-day, but have taken this evening a *bouillon gras* and some *p. d. t.'s*<sup>2</sup> and Roussillon; *toujours*<sup>3</sup> Roussillon. That beautiful creature, of whom I spoke to you some days ago, is German. The model of grace and delicacy. "Pray, Madame, *est ce que M'lle aime Monsieur C.?*" "*Je m'en sçais rien, mais il couche avec elle tous les nuits.*"<sup>4</sup>

26. Slept from  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 12 till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 1. In vain Ju. called me at 8 and every half hour thenceforth. At 1 to Madame Fenwick's; out. To Duc d'Alberg's; lent me his ticket for visiting the museum. To Valkenaer's, where met the lovely *Allemande*<sup>5</sup>, to whom uttered all my admiration, and kissed her pretty hand. Mr. V. still abed, with another beautiful creature tenderly consoling him. He had not forgotten me. He had got from Cas.<sup>6</sup> a map of the lands, with which he went to Mr. G. As it has rained all day, my feet

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<sup>1</sup> This name is abbreviated by Burr as in the text. In Davis's edition of the Journal he prints the name as Caz., and gives this note: "M. Cazenave, a Swiss of talents, well known in New York many years ago, and afterward long the confidential business friend and agent of Talleyrand in Paris." Davis misspelled the name. Burr referred to Theophilus Cazenove, the first general agent of the Holland Land Company. Very little is known of his personal history. He came to the United States soon after 1790, conducted the negotiations with Robert Morris for the purchase of the Western New York lands, (see note 3, page 13), managed the affairs of the company with skill and honesty, and returned to Europe in 1799. For a time he resided in London, after which he went to Paris, where he died. Cazenovia, Madison county, N. Y., was named for him. Paul Busti succeeded Mr. Cazenove in the management of the company.

<sup>2</sup> For *pommes de terre*. Potatoes.

<sup>3</sup> Always or forever.

<sup>4</sup> For "*Est-ce que Mademoiselle aime Monsieur C.?*" "*Je n'en sçais rien, mais il se couche avec elle toutes les nuits.*" "Does Mademoiselle love Mr. C.?" "I don't know anything about it, but he goes to bed with her every night."

<sup>5</sup> For *Allemande*. German woman.

<sup>6</sup> For Cazenove.

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were very wet. He persuaded me to dine with him in his room, dry my feet, &c., to which agreed, and sent messenger with note of apology to Madame R. Home at 8.

27. Madame R.'s servant called at 8, before I was out of bed this morning, with a verbal message, begging I would call on her to-day without fail. Agreed to call at 1. After this conversation, took another nap till 10. At 12 to Fenwick's. Found there a Russian general, and then came in another distinguished personage. At 1 to Madame R.'s. It was only the old story, wanting me to advise her to things her own judgment condemns. Staid till 3 and took a bowl of soup, but refused to dine. Home, *tout droit*<sup>1</sup>, and changed, for it is raining *sans cesse*<sup>2</sup>. *P. d. t. et Roussillon* for dinner, the last drop of my Roussillon. I think those nine bottles have lasted me near a month. Have been reading American newspapers and other trifles.

28. Intended to rise very early and was waked by Ju. before 8, but slept on till 9, when Vanderlyn came in, bringing a little, open, unsigned letter from Gahn, dated 10th September. Went to sleep again. At 10 came in *la p. blan'se*<sup>3</sup> who effectually waked me and I acterally<sup>4</sup> got up. At 12 to Mr. G.'s, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. To Valkenaer's for half an hour. He has another note from Ca.<sup>5</sup>, which looks as if he was on the same pursuit. To Mons. Barère's. The servant told me

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1 Right straight.

2 Incessantly.

3 For *la petite blanchisseuse*.

4 So in the MS.

5 Cazenove.

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that Mons. was particularly engaged, and could see no one. I gave him my card. "*Ah! Mons. B., oui. Entrez, Mon'r. J'ai des ordres,*"<sup>1</sup> &c. Sat half an hour. There was company. On coming out, Mons. Barère asked me to come in the morning and take breakfast when we might have *t. a. t.*<sup>2</sup> To Madame St. Claire's. Very civil; very prettily lodged. Engaged to eschort<sup>3</sup> her Friday to the museum, to see the exhibition. On other days the doors are open to all. On Fridays to those only who have tickets. Baron d'Alberg has lent me his, which admits three persons. Home and at 3 to Fonzi's for an hour. Then to Madame R.'s to dine. *Y*: Mr. Adamson and Madame Men.<sup>4</sup> Off at 8. To Crede's an hour. More American papers, from which I learn that I have a pension of 2,000 sterling from his Majesty the Emperor. An extract from an English paper, also, that I am on a project for dismembering the United States. To Mr. G.'s for a few minutes, and then home. Mrs. Robertson still talks of going *to-morrow*.

29. By very great effort rose at 9. At 11 to Madame Fenwick's, where was an American by the name of Andrews; settled, I believe, at Bordeaux, which marred the object of my visit. I tried to sit him out, but yielded. To Valkenaer's, whom I saw, still in bed, but better. Nothing new from Amsterdam. To Fonzi's, where saw the *orfèvre*<sup>5</sup>; our new operation is to commence on Monday. Home to

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<sup>1</sup> "Oh, yes, Mr. B. Come in, sir. I have orders," etc.

<sup>2</sup> For *tête-à-tête*.

<sup>3</sup> Always so in the MS.

<sup>4</sup> For Madame Menutzi.

<sup>5</sup> For *orfèvre*. Goldsmith.

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receive Crede, who came at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 2. I have wished to engage him in the Holland Company speculation, but doubt. To Vanderlyn's, at his *attelier*<sup>1</sup>, whence to his house, where we dined. While dinner was getting, called on my *m'd de vin*<sup>2</sup> to order half a dozen Roussillon; have had none these two days. Also, to the inn, to inquire about *la cordonniere*; not found. To Crede's, who has more American papers. Home at 8. Young Crede came with me. Have read through, this evening, No. 32 of the *Edinburgh Review*. "The Lady of the Lake," a poem by Walter Scott; "Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa," by Ed. Dan. Clarke; and "Ja Tsing Lace Lee," Chinese Penal Code, translated by Geo. Thos. Staunton, are the articles which would amuse you.

30. Slept none till 3 by reason of the excess. At 8 came my *marchand de vin*, and there was no alternative; got up. The rascal, instead of half a dozen, as had been my customary quantity, brought a whole dozen. He made so many eulogies on its excellence, and, opening a bottle, made me drink to convince myself, that I took the dozen, and paid 21 francs 12 sous, and the other 8 sous he got for his alacrity—22 francs. At 11 to Volney's. Did I tell you that he married about a month ago, a *cousine*<sup>3</sup>, a widow, a smart, comely woman of about 40? V. was just up. Had only to ask him two or three questions. He is afraid even to help me translate my letter to the Emperor. God help him! Thence to Valke-

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<sup>1</sup> For *atelier*.

<sup>2</sup> For *marchand de vin*. Wine merchant.

<sup>3</sup> Woman cousin.

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naer's. He is still abed, but mending. Nothing from Amsterdam. Home to dress for the Louvre. Took hack and called on Madame St. Claire. Found her dressed and ready. She is really ladylike and handsome; but of all the rest *ignoro*<sup>1</sup>. She still more *ignor.*<sup>2</sup> of me, not knowing even my name, having only learnt from her friend that I am a strange animal from the antipodes. Vanderlyn met us at the Louvre, and we passed there three hours. An immense crowd. Several hundred carriages. This, I told you, is the ticket day. Saw Madame *chez elle*<sup>3</sup>; took a very modest leave, and came home to meet Crede by appointment. Hack-hire, 5 francs. Crede came, and we talked an hour. He will not join in the speculation in the way proposed, but probably in another nearly as good. Dinner *p. d. t.*<sup>4</sup> and a bit of that immortal *jambon*<sup>5</sup>, (the residue will be given to the cat to-morrow), a good portion of Roussillon, bread, butter, cheese, and baked apples, with which Ju. provides me daily, made that I dined better than H. M.<sup>6</sup> At 7 to Mr. G.'s to get the American newspapers. Sat an hour. He came home with me to get a book. Have been all the evening reading the papers, and now, at 1½ p. 12, am thinking of bed. Note: The foot is so far restored to its shape that for the first time put on my usual shoes to-day.

Paris, December 1, 1810. *Couche* at 1. Rose

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<sup>1</sup> Latin. I do not know about.

<sup>2</sup> May stand for English ignorant or French *ignorante*.

<sup>3</sup> Saw Madame home.

<sup>4</sup> For *pommes de terre*.

<sup>5</sup> Ham or gammon of bacon.

<sup>6</sup> For his Majesty.



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before 8. At 10 to Duc d'Alberg's; out, but would return at 11. On my way to Mrs. Fenwick's, saw "Great Britain Hotel," and recollected that Mercier lodged there. As it was yet too early for Madame Fenwick, stopped in and saw Mr. Mercier. My business was to get the address of Mr. Robinson. He made many apologies for not having called on me. Appeared very glad to see me, and said he had lost my address. To Madame F.'s, whom found alone. Staid an hour with her; am always amused and interested. She engaged me to take tea with her at 9 this *afternoon*. Thence to Duc d'Alberg's. The Duchess had promised me a ticket for the Louvre. As she had neglected it, the Duc gave me a note to Mons. Denon (author of the "Travels in Egypt"<sup>1</sup>), who is director-general of the pictures and statues, and of all the arts of painting and sculpture. Not that such is exactly his title, nor can I now tell you "exactly" what it is. Before proceeding farther, however, I must tell you whence arose my solicitude to have a ticket, seeing that I had already the means of admittance. The case is this. The day I was with Madame St. Claire she expressed a very great desire to have a ticket for a friend, and I, having a very great desire to oblige Madame St. C. for reasons which may be already conjectured, took the measures aforesaid. From the Duc's went immediately to Denon's; was admitted, and presented my credentials. Found there the cele-

<sup>1</sup> The French title of this work was "*Le Voyage dans la basse et la haute Egypte*," "Journey in Upper and Lower Egypt," which appeared in 1802 in two volumes folio. This book made Denon famous. It revealed to the world the monumental riches of the land of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies and is Denon's chief title to glory as writer, archeologist, and designer. (See note 3, page 40.)



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brated painter David and another. Denon received me graciously, and I paid him a compliment on his book, and then he was more gracious. He gave me the ticket for "*deux personnes*."<sup>1</sup> Off sat<sup>2</sup> I for Madame St. Claire, assured of a very kind reception. On the way met Mr. G. "Sir," says he, "I am in the most distressing dilemma. A lady, whom I wish very much to oblige, asked me to procure her a ticket for the Louvre, and I promised to do it, but have been totally disappointed, and dare not see the lady's face; can you put me in the way to extricate myself?" "*Voilà*,"<sup>3</sup> said I, and gave him my ticket. You may well presume that I altered my course, and did not go to Madame St. C.'s, but Mr. Griswold, knowing that I wished to go to St. Pelasgie on business, offered to eschort me in a carriage. Thither we went. I saw Swan for a few minutes. We (G. and I) returned, and I came home to reflect on the state of things. To Valkenaer's. Found him up. Nothing new from Amsterdam, but he promised to bring *la belle Allemande*<sup>4</sup> to dine with me at his house any day I might name. Thence to Madame St. C.'s; out; of which I was very glad. Home. Rather tired of all this fatigue of body and mind, though I have not told you half. For instance, the taylor<sup>5</sup> came in upon me this morning, just as I was out of bed, for 27 livres. I paid him, which took literally my last sous. When at Denon's, thought, as it was well on towards St. Pelasgie,

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<sup>1</sup> Two persons.

<sup>2</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>3</sup> "Behold," or "There it is."

<sup>4</sup> The beautiful German lady.

<sup>5</sup> Always so in the MS.

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I might as well go thither, and set off; but recollected that I owed the woman who sits in the passage 2 sous for a segar; so turned about to pursue my way by the Pont des Arts, which was within fifty paces of me; recollected that I had not wherewith to pay the toll, being 1 sous<sup>1</sup>. Had to go all the way round by the Pont Royal<sup>2</sup>, more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile out of my way, and this occasioned my meeting G. Dinner, a *bouillon gras* and *p. d. t.*<sup>3</sup> At 9 to Madame Fenwick's. She had provided, in case I should arrive before her, that I should take possession of the parlor. I did arrive before her, and took possession. She came in presently. Had been passing some hours with Madame Riammier<sup>4</sup>, and had eschorted her some leagues out of town to her (R.'s) country seat. Told me many things highly honorable to the heart and intellect of Madame R. It is honorable to both that rival belles should be on such terms. Madame Ric're<sup>4</sup> came in and sat a few minutes. The rest of the evening we were *t. a. t.* The clock striking 11 admonished me to take leave. Am to call at 2 to-morrow. Three pages, huzzy, and now 1 o'clock. To-morrow, too, I am to breakfast with Barère; and how the devil am I to get up, with my rate of sleeping, and this hour of night?

2. (I think this ought to be Friday, 7 Dec.) This is coronation day, and, of course, a *fête*, which means that there is illumination and the principal theatres gratis. A cold, chilling, damp, foggy, uncom-

<sup>1</sup> Should be, of course, one sou.

<sup>2</sup> Both this bridge and the one named just above cross the Seine near the Louvre.

<sup>3</sup> For *pommes de terre*.

<sup>4</sup> For Récamier?

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fortable day, but has not quite rained. Rose 9. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10 to M. Barère's, where intended to breakfast. He was out of town. You observe that, before I go to these breakfasts, I always breakfast at home. This morning it was tea, my coffee being out, and no money to buy more. Yet had in my pocket to-day 3 sous. From Barère's to Valkenaer's, whom saw in bed. Nothing from Amsterdam. *Quod mirum!*<sup>1</sup> He engaged me to dine to-day to meet *la belle Allemande*<sup>2</sup>, which you know it was impossible to refuse. Thence to Madame St. Claire's. She was busy about her *menage*<sup>3</sup>; had no fire, and was in bad humor, and very plainly told me she did not like to receive visits at that hour. Mine was very short; and, after getting rid of the affair of the ticket, think our acquaintance will cease. To Mons. Denon's to get another ticket; out. To Crede's to return newspapers. He gave me to read the trial of Wakefield for the rape on Mrs. Fay, which have read all out this evening. Am quite dissatisfied with the verdict, and have no doubt of Wakefield's guilt. From Crede's came home, and received a message from Madame Fenwick, postponing my visit to her to 4 this day or 3 to-morrow. Preferred to-morrow. To Madame St. C.'s, having engaged to walk with her at 2. She was still in bad humor and declined to walk, of which I was very glad. Home again. At 4 to Fonzi's, and thence to Valkenaer's. We were five at table. The *bel. Allem'e*<sup>4</sup> the only

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<sup>1</sup> Latin. How strange!

<sup>2</sup> The beautiful German lady.

<sup>3</sup> Housekeeping. (*Ménage*.)

<sup>4</sup> For *belle Allemande*.

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lady; the dinner was gay, and I drank too much. *La bel.* Hen.<sup>1</sup> came in, which was most unfortunate, for she and *l'Allem.*<sup>2</sup> are rivals for the favor of ———, and I suspect that to make the matter worse, that same ——— had procured Hen. to be invited. His neglect was pointed and left *la pauvre* Hen.<sup>3</sup> no room to hope or to doubt. I took the pious part of trying to inspire her with revenge, but it seems too soon, for she is sorely affected. Off at ½ p. 7. Called on Fonzi on the way and thence home. How sedate and sage one is with 3 sous! Vanderlyn called and sat an hour with me. Have not been to see the illuminations.

3. After great efforts, as well on the part of Ju. as myself, rose at 9. At ½ p. 10 to Mons. Denon's to get a ticket for St. Claire. There were at least a dozen persons in his hall of audience. Mr. Denon had not yet appeared. Sent in my name. Begged me to wait a few minutes. After a few minutes he came. I doubted whether he would recollect my name or person. On entering he passed by the rest, sought me out, took me by the hand, and led me into his cabinet, and asked me to excuse him a few minutes till he should dismiss the persons waiting. Ga.<sup>4</sup> was justly surprised at a reception so unusual. On his return he took my hand again with both his, assured me of the pleasure he had in meeting me, and his desire to be useful to me. I took him at his word;

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<sup>1</sup> For *la belle* Hennette or Henriette.

<sup>2</sup> For *l'Allemande*. The German lady.

<sup>3</sup> Poor Henriette.

<sup>4</sup> For Gamp.

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told him the business which had brought me to France; the memoir I had presented, and the ill success; that is, the silence; and that my wishes were now confined to a passport. He offered to speak of my memoir to Mr. Maret (*le Duc de Bassano*), supposed to be the most intimate counsellor of the Emperor, and begged me to permit him to peruse my *memoire*<sup>1</sup>. Agreed; and to-morrow morning at 10 appointed for the purpose. Got my ticket and came off in triumph, that I could now fulfill my engagement to St. C. Thence to Valkenaer's. He is abed, and by his side a lady. Her back towards me. She did not turn nor look. On nearer view, found it to be *la belle Allemande*. Seized and embraced. Nothing new from Amsterdam. *La b. All'e.*<sup>2</sup> engrossed me. Said a thousand gallant things. Talked of the Louvre. Neither she nor her friend had a ticket. Produced mine, and offered to eschort her on Friday, to which she agreed. To make the matter secure, engaged myself to take breakfast with her in her room on Friday morning at 11. Now what is to be done for poor St. C. and her ticket? I had intended to go from Valkenaer's to St. C.'s, being in the same neighborhood; but after this second perfidy postponed that visit till I should consider of ways and means. Perhaps, if Denon be in equally good humor to-morrow, I may extort another ticket. To Fonzi's for a few moments and then home. (Forgot to tell you that at 8 this morning, scarcely daylight, came

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<sup>1</sup> For *mémoire*. Memorial.

<sup>2</sup> For *La belle Allemande*.

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Madame R.'s servant with a kind note, begging me to dine to-day, with some special reasons. Got out of bed, answered the note, saying I was engaged, which was a lie. Then to bed, and slept another hour. What a sluggard!) At 2 *hor.* to Crede's to return the "Trial of Wakefield." Thence to Swe-diaur's, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, and thence to Madame Fenwick's as by appointment mentioned yesterday. We entered at the same minute, and had *t. a. t.*  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Then came in the most gentleman-like man I have seen here, ornamented with some orders. She called him Colonel. The conversation was very gay for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, and I then rose to take leave; but Madame insisted on my staying; obeyed, and, after a few minutes, the Colonel went out. Then Madame engaged me to dine *t. a. t.*; agreed. Dined, and staid till 7 without *ennui*. To Fonzi's to inquire something for Madame. Only think, her name is Leonore<sup>1</sup> and she resembles something another of that name, *en physique et moral mais d'une caractère plus forte*<sup>2</sup>. Home before 8. Have been taking some weak tea, and am going to finish my letter to H. Maj'y.<sup>3</sup> The day has been most detestable. Mist, fog, and chilly wind. "*Le Ciceroni Parisien*"<sup>4</sup>, a book which I shall bring you, says that, taking the average of thirty years, they count from thirty-six to forty clear days in a year in Paris. During the ten months I have been here we have not had that proportion.

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<sup>1</sup> The French form of Leonora.

<sup>2</sup> In physique and mental faculties but of a stronger character. (*Un caractère plus fort.*)

<sup>3</sup> For His Majesty.

<sup>4</sup> For "*Le Cicerone Parisien*." "The Parisian Guide."



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4. *Couche* 3. Rose 9 very stupid, whether from want of sleep (my allowance used formerly to be four hours) or what else, know not. Hastened to Denon's. Got there by  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10. He had the patience to read over with me my memoir, and to hear and talk till 1. In the meantime we took breakfast standing. Cold boiled fish, a cold meat pye<sup>1</sup>, bread, cheese, and wine. A dish of coffee after breakfast. Got from him another ticket for the museum, and, for fear of further accidents, took it in the name of Madame St. Claire. To Mr. G.'s. To Fonzi's. To Valkenaer's, where met *la b. Allem.*<sup>2</sup>, and reminded her of her engagements. To Madame St. Claire's and delivered the ticket. Many thanks, &c. A tale of woe. To Vanderlyn's to dine, to meet young Doolittle, lately from New York, a very fine youth. Home at 8, and being *sans sous*<sup>3</sup> got home safe. Am going to bed very early. Note from Madame R. Agreed to dine with her on Thursday.

5. *Couche* 11. Rose at 10 and slept the whole time. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 1 to Valkenaer's. Nothing from Amsterdam. Made a visit to *la b. Al.*<sup>2</sup> in her room, it being a *hotel garni*<sup>4</sup>, where she had been six months before Valkenaer knew her. When I came in, her lover, who was there, very politely went out. To Duc d'Alberg's; out. On to Vanderlyn's to get newspapers, which Doolittle was to leave for me. Got

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<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> For *la belle Allemande*.

<sup>3</sup> Without a cent.

<sup>4</sup> The French word *hôtel* does not ordinarily mean hotel, but rather a large house. *Hôtel garni* signifies a large house with furnished rooms.



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them, and then to Madame Fenwick's by appointment. Found there M. Barère, who was a little *froid*<sup>1</sup>. Madame I still greatly admire. Off at 5 and home. Dinner *p. d. t.*, bread, baked pears, and milk. The last three days have been vile, foggy, misty, drizzling rain.

6. *Couche* 12. Rose 8. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9 to breakfast with Mr. G. Just as I came off there came in Mr. Despard, whose father was executed in England as a spy. To Valkenaer's. Nothing from Amsterdam. *La b. Al.* was abroad. To Mr. G.'s, where sat an hour. Home. Sat<sup>2</sup> out at 4 for Madame R.'s, it being an hour's walk, to dine. *T.* Adamson and Men.<sup>3</sup> At dinner Madame and I had a little difference, in which I thought she was wanting in courtesy. Off at 8. Home. Exceedingly stupid, and a headache from a bad wine, of which I drank a few glasses.

7. *Couche* 11. Rose  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9. Slept off the headache. At 11 to Valkenaer's to breakfast with *la b. Al'de* and to escort her to the Louvre. Found her friend Madame ——— packing up and preparing for departure. All sad. *La b.* went with me to her room, where we took breakfast. She begged off about the Louvre, and I took a *cab.* and drove over to Madame R.'s, as well to show I was not pouting as to leave the address of my host, Pelough, who has turned wine-merchant. Madame R. was in her bedroom, and as it takes her an hour to make her *toilette*,

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<sup>1</sup> Cool or cold.

<sup>2</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>3</sup> For Madame Menutzi.

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I did not stay; but sent her the offer of my ticket for the Louvre, she having none. She declined to go abroad. To Duc d'Alb.; out. To Fonzi's. Home. Paid the *cab.* 40 sous. Note: I borrowed yesterday 5 francs from Vanderlyn to take *la b. Al.* to Louvre, (for the coach hire), which, you see, was not so spent. Went myself to Louvre, paid 20 sous for catalogue, and 40 sous for something else; so that I am just as I have been these ten days, with 1 sous. Dinner to-day with the fam. Mr. Paschaud, the husband of my friend, was there. Alas! what strange associations love or hazard make! In the evening to Fonzi's and then to Mr. G. where till 9. He is in low spirits; a visit to-day from his daughter and a *rencontre au Louvre*<sup>1</sup> and an Am'n newspaper.

8. *Couche* 12 but slept none till 4. Being warm in bed, and having no fire, had not the courage to get up and make one. Rose at 10. At 12 to Valkenaer's, where I ought to have been at 11, to hand to Mr. ——— a letter to Graves, with which he had promised to charge himself. Mr. ——— had gone. He is the fortunate lover of Albert'a<sup>2</sup> (*la b. All'de*<sup>3</sup>). She was there and in tears. How gracefully she shed them; never so as to disfigure her lovely face. Mr. Valkenaer engaged me to return and dine with her that we might unite our endeavors to console her. To this I agreed. Nothing from Amsterdam. To Fonzi's, where got all the information desired for Madame Fenwick. To Crede's to get of him some

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<sup>1</sup> Rencounter at the Louvre.

<sup>2</sup> For Albertina.

<sup>3</sup> For *la belle Allemande*.

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money; out of town, and will not return till Monday. Home. Dunned by the *commissionaire* for 4 sous, which I had not. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4 to Valkenaer's. His *nev.*<sup>1</sup> and Alb'a, making four in all in the party. Alb. less *triste*<sup>2</sup>, but still not gay. She does sincerely love Mr. ———. After dinner, played whist. Alb. and I were partners. The game was 5 sous. As I had not one, felt some hesitation; but engaged, and won every game, which put me in possession of cash to the amount of 60 sous (or 3 francs). Then came in a very strange sort of a gentleman, whose name I did not learn, but he *généd*<sup>3</sup> me, and I came off at 8. Our card party was quite infantine. We scolded, pouted, &c., and parted good friends. Have engaged to call for Albert'a at 12 to-morrow to hunt new lodgings; those she now occupies are about undergoing repairs. Now certainly one who was bent on success at any rate might improve this occasion. To the horologer's; out. To Mr. G.'s; out. Left word that I would breakfast with him at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9, but doubt whether I shall be able to get up. The two days past, like the week preceding, mist, cold wind. The sun did appear to-day for a few minutes, but looked sad. For some days past, and more particularly to-day, I have been in a state of irritability very unusual. Answer brusque and rapid. Say things almost rude; even to the good Valkenaer I was unkind, and not always civil to Albert'a. Can you imagine from what this arises? The want of *mus*.<sup>4</sup> I have found nothing of that kind

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1 For *neveu*, Nephew.

2 Sad.

3 Bored.

4 For *muse*.

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to my taste here for reasons which shall be detailed at leisure, and now see for ten days ; really I suffer and am scarcely fit for society. The same cause must have occasioned my quarrel with Madame R. on Thursday, for now I think on 't, it would have been easy with a little more gentleness and gallantry to have put both her and myself more at ease.

9. *Couche* at 12. Lay sleepless till 3. Got up, made a fire, read an hour in "*Le Sopha*" de Crebillon *fil's*<sup>1</sup>, made a hearty supper on bread, butter, cheese, and baked apples, with a pint of Roussillon. At 5 went to bed again and slept till 10. At 12 to Mr. G.'s, and then to Valkenaer's. Alber'a had made arrangements with her landlord for another room, and so our promenade did not take place. This is the second time, you see. To Mr. G.'s an hour, to talk about the Prussian debt. Home. *Sor.*  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 3 to horologer's; out. To Madame Fenwick's. Met there *le sec.*<sup>2</sup> of the prize-court, Mr. ———, and Mr. Tunnize, who had the famous lawsuit with his uncle, and two ladies. Madame was in bed, ill with a cold. Staid after the rest went out an hour. Have always new occasion to admire her intelligence and her candor. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 5. Ju. being out, made fire and boiled my *p. d. t's.*, but she had left a *bouillon gras*, and I made a better dinner than I ever make abroad, except at Vanderlyn's when I direct. Vanderlyn came in at 7 and sat an hour. My 60 sous remain entire, except 4 paid *le com'nai're*<sup>3</sup>; and being all in 2-sou

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<sup>1</sup> Of Crebillon the younger.

<sup>2</sup> For *le secrétaire*. The secretary.

<sup>3</sup> For *le commissionnaire*. The porter.

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pieces, I have literally a pocket full of money. Nothing from Amsterdam. Mem.: Did a *betise*<sup>1</sup> to-day which alarmed and almost offended Albert'a.

10. *Couche* 1. Rose 10 and then by the entrance of *la p. blan'se*<sup>2</sup>. Jul. made a fire and put on the water as usual at 8. The shoeblack came at 9, but I slept through it all. It was too late to visit Denon or to breakfast with the family, both which I intended. Got out at 1. Rain, snow, and hard wind. To Valkenaer's; abed, and not visible. With inquiring for Albertina came off home. Deliberating on the state of my finances, found that this *sans sous* state<sup>3</sup> was not only inconvenient, but dangerous; for instance, this morning I hit a glass window with my umbrella, and had nearly forced it through one of three large panes. In such a case you have only to pay, and there's an end of it; but had I broken the pane and not been able to pay for it, I must infallibly have been taken before a *commissionaire de police*<sup>4</sup> to abide his judgment. Casting about for ways and means, no one occurred to me but that of robbing poor little Gampy. I opened his little treasure of coins and medals to see what could be spared, and finally seized one Danish dollar (thaler) of Charles VII., and two Swedish thalers of Gust. IV. With these I went off to a *changeur*, who gave me 5 francs 5 sous each, making in the whole 15 francs 15 sous. With this treasure my first resolution was to go and amuse myself with

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<sup>1</sup> For *bêtise*. Piece of stupidity.

<sup>2</sup> For *la petite blanchisseuse*. The little laundress.

<sup>3</sup> This penniless state.

<sup>4</sup> Police commissioner.

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some folly, *mus.*, &c. It then occurred to me that there were certain other wants which required consideration. I have been three days out of sugar, and more than ten out of coffee, having lately drank tea, and I had not a single segar. After some debating and efforts and struggle, I desperately sallied out once more in the rain, bought one pound of coffee, 5 francs 5 sous; one pound *cassonade* (brown sugar), 3 francs 16 sous, and seventy segars, 4 francs 15 sous, making in all 13 francs 16 sous. So that I had left of my robbery not quite 2 francs, which with the 3 francs won of Valkenaer, and deducting 10 sous given *la p. blan'se'* this morning, left a balance of 4 francs 9 sous, of which about 3 francs must go to pay the washer-woman to-morrow. This act of desperation having put it out of my power to go a folly-hunting, I very gravely determined not to go abroad again. Ju. brought me a good *bouillon gras*, which, with potatoes and sausage, made an excellent dinner. Treated myself to a bottle of cider and a pint of Roussillon, and have smoked half a dozen segars. During this long dark day have been planning a winter's campaign. Since they will not let me leave France, have projected a tour to the Pyrenees, by way of Bordeaux; thence along the canal by Thoulouse<sup>2</sup> to Marseilles, and so on to Genoa. But the execution of this pretty project depends, among a hundred other contingencies, on the success of my Holland speculation.

11. Sat up till past 2 reading Crebillon's

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<sup>1</sup> For *la petite blanchisseuse*.

<sup>2</sup> For Toulouse.

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"*Sopha*." Rose at 9. At 11 to Madame Fenwick's. She had just sent a servant to ask me to a *t.-a-t.*<sup>1</sup> dinner to-day. To Denon's; out. To Crede's; not come. To Duc d'Alberg's; out. To Fonzi's; busy. To Valkenaer's; abed and not visible. Nothing from Amsterdam. Saw there, however, Albertina. We made up and kissed. Home at 2. Did nothing till ½ p. 4 but read out the "*Sopha*." To Fenwick's to dine. A plain, good dinner, and good wines. Was much amused. Engaged to breakfast with her on Friday, and came off at 7. On way a *renc.*<sup>2</sup> which cost me 3 francs 5 sous and procured me no amusement. Have been deliberating this evening whether to commit any further robberies on Gampy, and have determined not. Had not enough cash to pay *la blanchis.*<sup>3</sup> this morning her bill (two bills), being 6 francs, so that had I had 30 sous more should have saved my 3 francs 5 sous. My room is about ten square, in which is a bed and a very large table. The fireplace (more like an oven) is three feet deep and five feet wide. Of course, smokes perpetually. Having endured this now more than two months, and finding my eyes worse for it, sent to-day for one of those scientific men here called *fumistes*<sup>4</sup>. Showed him the evil and proposed a remedy. "*Mais sur quelles principes mons. sont fondés vos idées?*"<sup>5</sup> In vain did I offer to pay for this work, and to take on myself

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<sup>1</sup> For *tête-à-tête*.

<sup>2</sup> For *rencontre*.

<sup>3</sup> For *la blanchisseuse*. The laundress.

<sup>4</sup> Chimney doctors. The word is derived from *fumer*, to smoke.

<sup>5</sup> For "*Mais sur quels principes, Monsieur, sont fondées vos idées?*" "But upon what principles, Sir, are your ideas founded?"



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the hazard of the result. "*Non c'est decarter de tous les principes*"<sup>1</sup>; and so we parted. Nineteen out of twenty of the chimnies<sup>2</sup> of Paris (of France, I might say), smoke always, and the other twentieth occasionally. In vain have Franklin and Rumford<sup>3</sup> shown, by fact and experiment, how chimnies<sup>2</sup> should be built. Their obstinacy and stupidity passes belief. And so I sit envelopped<sup>2</sup> in smoke, or, as you have it, sit like the gods in clouds. Rain, fog, chilly wind.

12. Slept not a wink till past 5 and rose at 9. This insomnia must, I think, be charged to the coffee. It was not, however, pure coffee *blanc*, but a mixture of a little of the ordinary burned coffee in that which I took last evening. No reproach, therefore, to the *caf. blanc*. The sun shone, though dimly, *a la française*<sup>4</sup>. *Sor.* at 12 to Mr. G.'s, where an hour. Thence to Vanderlyn's to get more newspapers. While there it set in to rain; had no umbrella, and got wet. Home. Jul. being out, made fire and sallied forth to buy some additions to my *p. d. t.* for *din*. Bought  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound ham for 16 sous. Had 1 sous left, and took pound cheese on credit. Home. Dined heartily and had a bottle cider. The best cider here is about equal to our common first cider. Water cider, pleasant withal. Brand it with a pint of Roussillon. Found on my arrival at home card from Mr. Forbes; the same whom you so often met at Senat's, in New York. He was civil to me in London, and I am very

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<sup>1</sup> For "*Non, c'est de s'écarter de tous les principes.*" "No, that is to turn aside from all principles."

<sup>2</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>3</sup> Meaning Benjamin Franklin and Benjamin Thompson, better known as Count Rumford

<sup>4</sup> For *à la française*.

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impatient to see him. Have been reading the newspapers and some essays in the *Mon'r del Institut National*<sup>1</sup> and at 1 shall go to bed.

13. *Couche* at 1 and slept till 11, by which the day lost. Bad humor. *Sor.* about 1 to Denon's; out. To d'Alberg's; out. To Valkenaer's; engaged with C. Home and dinner with the fam. Evening to the concert of the *Athénée des Arts*<sup>2</sup> with young Picard. Lost watch. In rage all evening. Note from Madame Fenwick to dine to-morrow, instead of breakfast.

14. Restless. Dreaming of the watch. Caught thief; battles. Alas! all dreams; the watch irrevocably gone. Rose at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9 to Denon's; received well; interesting conversation. To d'Alberg's few minutes. To Valkenaer's; still abed but chearful<sup>3</sup>; nothing from Amsterdam. Passed an hour with Albert.<sup>4</sup> Engaged to teach her English every evening, *chez elle*<sup>5</sup>. Thence over the river again to Crede's; not at home. To Vanderlyn's; got New York papers, and told him I could not dine with him as had engaged. Home to meet Forbes by appointment. He arrived just after me and sat an hour. At 5 to Madame Fenwick's, where *t.-a-t.* till past 9, when came in an old gentleman who had run all the way

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<sup>1</sup> For *le Moniteur de l'Institut National*. The "Monitor" or official paper of the National Institute. The title *Moniteur* for an authoritative publication became very common in France after the great *Moniteur*, the official newspaper of the Empire, had achieved such brilliant success.

<sup>2</sup> Literally the Athenæum of the Arts. Such associations have been formed in many countries. For example, there was founded in London in 1824 a club called The Athenæum. Its constitution stated that it was designed for the "association of individuals known for their scientific or literary attainments, artists of eminence in any class of the fine arts, and noblemen and gentlemen distinguished as liberal patrons of science, literature, or the arts."

<sup>3</sup> Always so in the MS.

<sup>4</sup> For Albertina.

<sup>5</sup> At her house or rooms.

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from the opera to tell of some bankruptcies. Off and home. But on the way a *recont.*; 3 francs and *tres cont.*<sup>1</sup> If I could only forget that watch! Ring, too, gone!

15. *Couche* 1. Rose 8. At ½ p. 9 to G.'s, where breakfasted. Home for an hour. To *Min. des Af. Extr's*<sup>2</sup> to see Roux. Stated to him the mov'ts in fds.<sup>3</sup> and repeated my impatience for a passport. "*J'en ferai rapport au Ministre*"<sup>4</sup>, which the *Ministre* will never read. To Vanderlyn's to get him to send your picture to Madame Fenwick's. To St. Pelasgie. *Dieu quel course!*<sup>5</sup> Sat half an hour with Swan. Refused to dine with him. Home, excessively fatigued. My foot is still swoln<sup>6</sup>, or rather enlarged (never, I fear, to diminish), whence I walk with labor. Threw myself on the bed. Ju. came in; supposed I was sick. I asked only to be left alone. "*Ah! c'est un rheum.*" "*Non, je suis lasse.*" "*Ah! c'est un indigestion*"<sup>7</sup>. In a few minutes, and just as I had got asleep, she came in with a *bouillon gras*. With great difficulty persuaded her to put it by the fire and to let me repose. Slept ½ hour and waked perfectly refreshed. The *bouillon gras* was now acceptable, and I added potatoes and a morcel<sup>8</sup> of ham. Forgot to tell you that I did on Thursday rob Gampy of another Swedish coin, to pay my *épicière*<sup>9</sup> for the cheese.

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1 For *très content*. Well satisfied.

2 For *Ministère des Affaires Extérieures*. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

3 Possibly for movements in funds, referring to his speculation in the funds or stocks of the Holland Land Company.

4 "I'll make a report of it to the Minister."

5 For *Dieu, quelle course!* God, what a walk!

6 So in the MS.

7 "Oh, it is a cold" (*rheum*). "No, I am tired" (*las*). "Oh, it is an (*une*) indigestion."

8 So in the MS.

9 For *épicière*. Woman-grocer.

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At 7 to Valkenaer's, where a Spaniard and Albertina. I went on appointment with Alb., having made an arrangement to teach her English and to learn some things in return. She proposed to change the hour to 9 in the morning, and the place to her room; agreed. Played an hour *louis et brebis*<sup>1</sup> with Valkenaer, and he beat me every game. It is a charming game for Gampy and I will teach it to him and Gampilla<sup>2</sup>. Home at 9. Haunted all day and all this evening by the watch and ring. Bennett Forbes came into my den at 9 and sat till 11. Told me many curious things of the United States.

16. *Couche* 1. Rose 8. At 10 to G.'s and borrowed 150 francs (30 dollars). To Albertina's; the duenna said Madame had gone down. Came off without seeing Valkenaer, or further inquiry. To Madame Fenwick's. Had not been there two minutes before in came that ill-looking fellow, Andrews, and I came off. Madame engaged me to dine to-morrow. To horologer's and thence home. *Sor.* again at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 1. To *l'amie de la cordon're*<sup>3</sup>; would not admit unless would declare, &c. Came off. Near Crede's met him and engaged to dine with him to-day. Vanderlyn had not sent the picture to Fenwick. The lazy dog; but he is about to model your head *en plâtre*<sup>4</sup>, which, if he does, shall forgive him many sins. Strolled an hour and then to Crede's,

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1 Wolves and sheep. Was it a game something like fox and geese?

2 Meaning Theodosia.

3 The lady friend of the woman shoemaker or shoemaker's wife. (*Cordonnière.*)

4 For *en plâtre*. In plaster.

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where dined *en fam'e al' americaine*<sup>1</sup>. Off at 7. *Renc.*<sup>2</sup>, 2 francs 3 sous for insp.<sup>3</sup>, &c. *Tre. jo.*<sup>4</sup> Home at 8 and have been all the evening reading American newspapers.

17. *Couche*  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 12. Rose voluntarily at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 6. Lighted a fire, shaved, and dressed, and got my breakfast by candlelight before Ju. came in. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8 to Albertina's, who received me in bed. She got up and we passed an hour at English. Home to smoke my segar, &c. To Forbes, whom saw, but with two Americans. To Denon's; further confab and got tickets for Crede and daughters. To Crede's, where an hour. Home to meet a carpenter whom I had engaged to put up some shelves, for I have no place to put anything. Books, papers, maps, tobacco, pipes, segars, sugar, tea, coffee, and all my culinary apparatus all pell-mell together, of which state of things, and the size of my room, the great and only advantage is, that I can sit in my chair and reach every and anything I possess. The carpenter came and put up four coarse shelves, 11 francs. Boards are 10 sous the running foot. To Janetty's to get platina<sup>5</sup> for a new operation with Fonzi; but he had none prepared. Home. At 5 to Madame Fenwick's to dine; *t.-a-t.* as usual. Came off at 8. Your picture was there, and you were the principal topic. She thinks it worth a voyage to America to see you, and I told

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<sup>1</sup> For *en famille à l'américaine*. In the family circle after the American fashion.

<sup>2</sup> For *rencontre*.

<sup>3</sup> Probably for *inspection*. A view, an examination.

<sup>4</sup> For *très jolie*. Very pretty.

<sup>5</sup> Same as platinum. This metal was introduced into Europe from South America about the middle of the eighteenth century. It then had the Spanish name *platina*, which later became platinum.

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her I had written you that it was worth a voyage to France to see her. In passing through the P. Roy.<sup>1</sup> saw for the first time a *personne* (Carol.)<sup>2</sup> who had sufficient attractions to induce me to walk a  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour with her. Gave 2 francs 15 sous which is an old  $\frac{1}{2}$  crown piece, but refused to go within. Engaged, however, to call to-morrow. Home. Vanderlyn came in and sat an hour. I have engaged to dine with him to-morrow. Have had consultation with Lepine and with Halen to-day about the lost watch. Neither of them could give me the number, and both discourage me from any advertisement or other *recherche*<sup>3</sup> as utterly fruitless, so that my despair on that head is complete.

18. *Couche* 1. Rose  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7. At 9 to Albert.'s; out, which I do not believe and shall therefore desist. To G.'s where breakfasted and sat till 11. Home an hour, then sat out with malice prepense to visit Carol., arguing all the way against the folly; out, at which I most heartily rejoiced; but having set out for folly, persisted and made the vis.<sup>4</sup> to Virg'e<sup>5</sup> promised on Saturday. Yan hour; 6 francs; *la la*; *jo. jeu. bru. blo.*<sup>6</sup> Home. At 3 to my *cordon'e*<sup>7</sup>; paid 16 francs for two pairs of shoes, but refused the boots, being too small. This has happened every time I have engaged a new shoemaker for twenty years. On to Vander-

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<sup>1</sup> For Palais Royal.

<sup>2</sup> An individual (Caroline).

<sup>3</sup> Quest.

<sup>4</sup> For *visite* or visit.

<sup>5</sup> Probably for Virginie, a girl's name.

<sup>6</sup> For *là là*; *jolie, jeune, brunette, blonde*. There now; pretty, young, brunette, blonde.

<sup>7</sup> For *cordonnière*.



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lyn's, where dined. After dinner sat' out with him for the opera; but when at the door, finding it was a piece we had both seen, we parted; I to Valkenaer's, where Alb. with Blauw and *le nev.*<sup>2</sup> and Valkenaer at cards. Valk. being weary, took his hand, and lost every game. They would receive nothing, saying there was no stake. So next time I will receive nothing. Alb. and I rather cool. Off at 8. To Mr. G.'s, where two hours, talking religion and finance. Home.

19. *Couche* 1. Rose 7. At 9 came in a young mason, also a *fumiste*, whom my carpenter recommended to me to cure my chimney. He consented to work under my direction. I directed the laying of every brick, and at every one he paused to remonstrate against the absurdity. Still he obeyed, always remonstrating, "*ça n'ira pas, monsieur; je ne repondrai pas.*" "*Monsieur, c'est mon affaire*"<sup>3</sup>. The work being done at 12, fire was immediately lighted, and we all watched the effect with great solicitude. It answered perfectly. The *fumiste* gazed with astonishment and admiration and seemed to conceive a most profound respect for me. The rest of the day was employed in washing out the room, arranging, &c. Dinner, three eggs, *bro.*, *smoer* and *cas.*<sup>4</sup> *Sor.* at 7 to Valkenaer's, where played cards two hours with the same party as last evening. Albertina pretended to be greatly hurt that I had not

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<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> For *le neveu*. The nephew.

<sup>3</sup> "That won't do, sir; I shall not vouch for it." "Sir, that's my business."

<sup>4</sup> For Swedish *bröd*, *smör* and German *Käse* or French *cassonade*. Bread, butter and cheese or brown sugar.



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called this morning; hard cred.<sup>1</sup> Home at 9, and have enjoyed my new fireplace. Mr. Forbes had called during my absence, and left a line, apologizing for not sending the newspapers he had promised. Rain or rather mist, and chilly wind all day. Alb. is certainly the most lovely creature I have seen in France.

20. Yesterday at dinner I had a bottle of the common 12 sous wine, of which drank about half. It made me very sick and stupid. Went to bed at 11 in hopes of sleeping it off, and lay till past 8; but rose with a dull, slight headache. Took a dish of tea, but ate nothing. At 11, note from Fenwick requesting to see me at 11 to-morrow. At 1 to Fonzi's; busy; to horologer's, and thence to Lepine's. Home at 3 and made myself a great bowl of *caf. blanc*, and at this hour, 8 P. M., the effects of that hellish draught are passed off. There has been a faint sunshine, and no rain to-day. Received this morning message from Madame Fenwick to call on her at 11 to-morrow. Wrote letter to Dr. Hosack, at request of Madame Fenwick, introducing to his correspondence Mr. Calmelet, *ami de Madame F., et botaniste*<sup>2</sup>.

21. *Couche* 1. Rose  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7. At 10 to Denon's; out, which I doubt. He, too, perhaps, has got frightened. To Crede's, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. To Madame Fenwick's. *Mons.* Calmelet, who is not Mr. Calmelet, but the *beau fils de Calmelet*<sup>3</sup>, and so takes

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<sup>1</sup> For hardly credible.

<sup>2</sup> Madame F.'s friend and a botanist.

<sup>3</sup> Calmelet's son-in-law. (*Beau-fils.*)

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either name. Found him tedious; very talkative, and will hear nobody. Off at 12. To Valkenaer's; saw him in bed. Albertina by his bedside. Talked of business an hour. Albert., fearing that she might be *de trop*<sup>1</sup>, went out. After leaving Valkenaer, passed  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour with Albertina alone. Have agreed to resume the English lessons. To Fonzi's; busy. To Mr. G.'s; out. Home, and thence *au caffè Corazza au Pal. Roy.*<sup>2</sup> to meet Crede by appointment. He came, and I walked home with him, and there dined *en famille*. Gave to his son the watch-ring to pawn for 10 louis, for I have not money to pay either for my boots, which came this morning, or my room-rent, due to-morrow. Had appointed to meet Vanderlyn at my house at 5, but this pawning business put it out of my head. For the first time forgot an appointment. Just after dinner thought of it. Got home a little past 6, but Vanderlyn had come and gone. Mr. Paschaud called this evening to bid adieu. He leaves town to-morrow.

22. *Couche* 1. Tried to get up at 7, but slept till 9, when was called up by a message from Mr. G., asking me to breakfast with him. Went at 10 and staid two hours. To Crede's; he could only get 3 louis on the ring, which I refused. On way home ruminating on what was to be done, *renc.*<sup>3</sup> and 6 francs in *folie*<sup>4</sup>. Disgusting. Got home in very bad humor. To Valkenaer's, where a few minutes, and then to

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<sup>1</sup> One too many, i. e., in the way.

<sup>2</sup> For *au Café Corazza au Palais Royal*. At the Corazza restaurant at the Palais Royal.

<sup>3</sup> For *rencontre*.

<sup>4</sup> Folly.

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Mr. G.'s to meet Crede by appointment; but he came not. G. asked me to dine, which refused. Home, and have been since 4, till now, 12, reading John Lambert's "Travels in North America." To give the character of A. B.<sup>1</sup>, he copies part of Wirt's speech on the trial at Richmond. *Din.* on a *bouillon gras*, *bro.* and *cas.*

23. *Couche* 1. Rose 10. The lethargic propensities preponderate in spite of me. At 1 to Mr. G.'s; very nervous, and quite undecided as to his project; but discouraged about the Holland Company affair; so that, after all my vexation, it will come to naught. Yesterday Mr. Rochetti sent to dun me for spectacles and a *lorgnette*<sup>2</sup> had last summer. The shoemaker came this morning for 41 francs and yesterday, also, was due my room-hire, 30 francs. From G.'s to Valkenaer's, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour with Albertina. Home. At 3 to Fonzi's; busy. To Crede's; out. *Bouillon a vermicelli*<sup>3</sup> for *din.* Vanderlyn came in at 7 and sat an hour, and at 9 Mr. Forbes, who sat till 11. These two days have been warm, but damp, misty; what in your country you call muggy weather. Raining this afternoon and evening. I am about to undertake the translation from English into French of two octavo volumes for 100 louis. It will take me three months hard work. Better than to starve. But the most curious part of the story is that the book in question contains a quantity of abuse and

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<sup>1</sup> Aaron Burr.

<sup>2</sup> Opera-glasses.

<sup>3</sup> Broth with vermicelli.

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libels on A. B.<sup>1</sup> Bought a new pamphlet of fifty-two pages for 6 sous, which have read this evening.

24. *Couche* 1 and with great difficulty rose at 9. At 12 to Mr. G.'s, who is still nervous. To Fonzi's, where an hour. To Valkenaer's. Nothing from Amsterdam. This delay becomes afflicting. First, because the speculation will be lost by it. Second, my distress for small sums, having now half a dozen little debts, together amounting to about 30 dollars, which torment me. Third, it is so inexplicable, Amsterdam being only five days by the mail, that—that—I don't know what. Sat with Albertina a few minutes. Came home and locked myself up against dunnors. But I have omitted the most material part of the morning. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10 to Denon's, who received me with his accustomed politeness, and asked me to a *déjeuné* of *ceremonie*<sup>2</sup> on Friday at 12, when I shall meet some of the dignitaries and *resses*<sup>3</sup>. Thence to Crede's, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, and then to G.'s, as before said. At 5 to dine *t.-a-t.* with Madame Fenwick, where till 8. Thence home to meet Forbes, but he has not come.

25. *Couche* 1. Rose at 7. At 10 to Mr. G.'s. Still nervous, but better. To Valkenaer's; abed, and still suffering with the gout; but always kind. Sat an hour with him, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour with Albertina. To Fonzi's an hour, and to good purpose. To Mr. G.'s, to get some letters of Ju's, which Griswold's secretary had copied for me. Home. Wrote note to Forbes,

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<sup>1</sup> For Aaron Burr.

<sup>2</sup> For *déjeuné de cérémonie*. A ceremonious, formal breakfast, or luncheon.

<sup>3</sup> Dignitaries of both sexes.

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and going to carry it, met him at the gate with a note in his hand for me. At 3 to Crede's; out. To Vanderlyn's *atelier*<sup>1</sup>, and thence with him to his house, where he and I dined *tête-à-tête*. Borrowed of him 2 louis. He walked home with me. On the way called to pay my bootmaker, but he was all locked up. Vanderlyn sat till 9. Then came Forbes, and sat till ½ p. 11. The three days past have been warm as summer, but fog, mist, rain, strong wind. Yesterday the least unpleasant.

26. *Couche* ½ p. 12. Rose 7. At ½ p. 8 to Madame Fenwick's in the character of *fumiste*. Every chimney in her house smokes sometimes, and most of them always. I was railing against the stupidity of the Parisians, and quoted this among other instances. She challenged me to cure the evil. Accepted; and she assigned for the trial of my American skill the worst in the house. It has already been in the hands of several scientific *fumistes*. Some applied their remedies at the top, and others at the bottom, but equally without effect. This morning was assigned for my experiment, and she gave me *carte blanche*<sup>2</sup>. At ½ p. 8 I found the mason, the brick, and the mortar. We went to work. She, in the meantime, made me breakfast (*café blanc* and honey) in the adjoining room. She amused herself at my folly. Several visitors called and all came in to see what was going forward. "*Ah! c'est trop étroit. Ça n'a pas assez de profondeur. La*

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<sup>1</sup> For *atelier*.

<sup>2</sup> Literally white card; *i. e.*, no instructions at all.

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gorge est trop petite"<sup>1</sup>. I made no sort of reply. At length, the work was finished at 4. We made a large fire. The chimney drew to perfection. The doors and windows might be open or shut; nothing disturbed the draught. What added greatly to the merit of the result is, that the day was the most unfavorable, a vehement wind from a quarter that always had filled the house with smoke. "*Mon'r, si vous enonceriez comme funiste vous feriez fortune*"<sup>2</sup>. At 2 at my shoemaker's, whom paid the 41 francs. To Mr. G's. He is totally discouraged about the Holland Company affair. Thinks my 100 louis in great danger in the hands of Valkenaer, and urges me to withdraw them if I can. Crede is of the same opinion. I will not. Mr. G. agreed to meet me at Valkenaer's, to be introduced to him, and I went thither. Found V. in bed, but not worse. G. came in, and we staid an hour, Albertina being one of the party, and prolonging our visit. We separated and I came home. Found there had been another message from Rochette about his account.

27. *Couche* at 11, in hopes to get a great sleep; but this experiment rarely succeeds. Lay awake till 2. Rose at 4. At 10 to Mr. G.'s; quite out of sorts. To Fonzi's by appointment. The *fondeur*<sup>3</sup> had not brought home his work, and so nothing could be done. To Valkenaer's where an hour with him and Albertina.

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<sup>1</sup> "Oh, that's too narrow (*étroit*); that hasn't depth enough; the throat (*orifice*) is too little."

<sup>2</sup> "Sir, if you should advertise yourself as a chimney-doctor (*si vous vous anonceriez comme fumiste*), you would make your fortune."

<sup>3</sup> Founder, melter.

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Home, stopping by the way at the horologer's, who was out. At a book-store, where bought "*Le Lavater des Femmes*"<sup>1</sup>, with colored plates, 3 francs, intended as *etrennes*<sup>2</sup> for some child. To Fonzi's at 1; nothing of the *fondeur*. Home. Began wrong again. At ½ p. 8 to Vanderlyn's, to see if he had pledged the watch-ring and to get the money. He had done nothing. Thence to G.'s, as above. Dinner on vermicelli. A very bad dinner. Made it up by bread, butter, and honey. Oh, I forgot to tell you that Madame Fenwick made me yesterday present of a barrel of the most delicious honey. Don't stare, hussy; not such a barrel as one of your rice barrels; but a pretty little thing, holding about two quarts. After dinner Vanderlyn came in. He can get only 6 louis on the watch-ring. They say it is worth only 10. At 7 to Valkenaer's, and got of him 250 francs of my Holland Company deposit, which he sais<sup>3</sup> shall not affect the speculation. Home. A note from Mons. Denon reminding me of the breakfast to-morrow. A note from Mr. Forbes, saying that his jaunt is up; can't get a passport. Rochetti's man came again this morning. This determined me to get some of the money of Valkenaer.

28. *Couche* at 12 and slept sound till 9. A single nap, only think. My invitation to breakfast was for 1. Was at Denon's a little before that hour.

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<sup>1</sup> "The Lavater of the Women." Johann Casper Lavater (1741-1801) was a celebrated Swiss, generally known as the founder of the science of physiognomy.

<sup>2</sup> For *étrennes*. Literally, New Year's gifts.

<sup>3</sup> So in the MS.



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There came in two gentlemen, whose names I did not hear. One of them offered me letters for the south of France in case I should travel thither. Other guests were expected; and after 2 Mr. Denon looked often out of the window, and appeared impatient. Just before 3 came in *le Duc de Bassano*, secretary of state; *la Duchesse*, Madame Duchrest, and Madame ———. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 3 we set<sup>1</sup> down to breakfast. The Duc asked me to sit next him. *La Duchesse*, who is handsome, was opposite. The two other ladies on each side of her. The Duc engaged me often in conversation. The first course was oysters in the shell, raw; very small; much less than your Pelham oysters, and like all I have tasted on this side of the Atlantic, a coperish<sup>1</sup> taste. Then came a roast turkey, and roasted *beccasins*<sup>2</sup>; then a large fish, and other things boiled and stewed. Then a sort of cold *pâtisserie*<sup>3</sup>. The fruits, pears, apples, grapes, and oranges were always on table, and were now served. Wine for ordinary drinking was also always on table, and with the dessert were sent round in glasses various kinds of delicate wines. Nobody was very gay nor very silent except Madame ———, who never uttered a syllable except once in a whisper to a gentleman next to her. Just before 5 we left the breakfast-table and retired to the adjoining room. The Duc took me by the arm. Here coffee was served, all standing, and then *liqueurs*<sup>4</sup>. The Duc retired first, saying to me, “*J’aurai l’honneur*

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<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> For *bécassines*. Snipe.

<sup>3</sup> For *pâtisserie*. Pastry.

<sup>4</sup> Liqueurs.

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*de vous revoir*,"<sup>1</sup> and I soon followed. I had a good deal of conversation with the Duc before breakfast. Told him my story; the vexations I had experienced about a passport; the injustice of detaining me, &c., &c.; and I took occasion, also, to recall to his recollection the business which brought me here; how exactly my predictions had been verified; that it was not yet too late, &c.; to all which he not only listened with courtesy, but put many questions tending to produce further illustrations and explanations. From all this, I infer that a passport will not long be denied me; but then, alas! there is no vessel going, and it may be long before I may find one which would take me, and in which I should be willing to go. My friends, too—but one thing at once. From Denon's went to Crede's. They were at dinner, and so I would not go in. To Vanderlyn's; out. Home for an hour and then to Valkenaer's, where a few minutes; nothing of Holland Company affairs. To Fonzi's. Appointed Sunday to work for me. Home. On the way, *renc.*, *pros.*, 2 francs 10 sous. At 9 came in Forbes and sat an hour. The passport denied yesterday has been granted to him to-day. In a bookseller's store, yesterday, met that Mr. Martin, *employé*<sup>2</sup> in the Department of Foreign Affairs, the same who last April got me a ticket for the chapel and escorted me thither. He renewed the acquaintance and asked me to breakfast with him Saturday, to which agreed. Ste. Croix *sur les an. Gouv. fed.*, page 46, in note sais that

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<sup>1</sup> "I shall have the honour of seeing you again."

<sup>2</sup> Employed.

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"*Les Lacedemoniens n'avoient aucune loix ecrite*"<sup>1</sup>.

29. At 10 to Mr. Martin's to breakfast, and there two hours; thence to the Duc d'Alberg's, whom saw a few minutes. Promised me a letter of introduction to the new Préfet. To Madame Menutzi's to know what had become of Madame R. She was not visible, but allowed me to talk through the door. Threatened to break it in and great alarm. To Fonzi's; busy. A tour, and bought a pretty little basket for *cadot*<sup>2</sup> for Madame Picard. At 5 to dine with Madame Fenwick; there till 8. Home. At 9 came in Forbes, and to my surprize<sup>1</sup> had got his passport and will go to-morrow at 1. This put me in a great bustle, having many letters to write. Shall do nothing to-night. This being the coldest day we have had this year, and, as usual, very windy, *put off* my flanel<sup>3</sup> waistcoat, which I had worn for about a month. Ten Napoleons lent by Forbes in spite of all I could do. They are of no use to me now, and on his return the very same 10 Napoleons will be returned to him. I think he wants them full as much as I do.

30. *Couche* 11. Wonderful; rose 7; one sound nap. Got my breakfast as fast as possible. Wrote letters to Gahn, J. Bentham, Graves, and Mr. J. Godwin. Read a long maritime case for Graves, and wrote opinion thereon. Went out and bought two pam-

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<sup>1</sup> For Ste-Croix *sur les Anciens Gouvernements Fédératifs*, page 46, in note says that "*Les Lacédémoniens n'avaient aucune loi écrite*." Ste-Croix, writing on the ancient federative governments, page 46, in a note says that "The Lacedemonians had no written law." The actual title of the work mentioned is "*Des Anciens Gouvernements Fédératifs et de la Législation de Crète*"—"On the Ancient Federative Governments and Legislation of Crete." The work appeared in Paris in 1798.

<sup>2</sup> For *cadeau*. Present.

<sup>3</sup> So in the MS.

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phlets for Bentham, a little almanac for Graves, and two newspapers for Mr. Godwin. Three *leetle* books for the three Godwins. Had to seal all up, and handed them to Mr. Forbes before 1. Then to Fonzi's; busy and in bad humor. To Valkenaer's, who is never in bad humor. Home. Dinner; a *bouillon a la vermicelli*<sup>1</sup>, beef and potatoes, with cider and Roussillon. Am nearly cloyed with Roussillon. At 6 to Crede's to get his son to buy some books for me at auction. They go often at 4 and 5 sous a volume. On the way home 30 sous for *fol.*<sup>2</sup> Home at 8 and have been till now reading, by command of Madame Fenwick, a pamphlet on the movement of waves.

31. *Couche* 1. Rose after great efforts at 9. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10 to Denon's. He promised to think and inquire about my affair. To Paschaud's, whither Mr. and Mrs. Pelouse<sup>3</sup> have removed some days ago. To Mr. G.'s, who is a little better. He will go to Bordeaux in a few days, there to remain. So my Holland Company affair is blown up. Home for an hour. Then to Valkenaer's; abed and no better. He had just received a letter from Holland, saying that the papers were on the way, but whether any purchase had been made for me is not said. Fear they will come too late. To Fonzi's till 4, then home to change my dress, though it has been agreed between Madame Fenwick and me that I may always go in

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<sup>1</sup> Vermicelli broth.

<sup>2</sup> For *folie*. Folly.

<sup>3</sup> For Pelough.

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boots, of which I always profit. At 5 to Fenwick's, who received me *en cav.*<sup>1</sup>; greatly flattered by the confidence. At 8 we walked together, where Madame had an engagement, and there parted. I then deliberated whether I should do some, and what, folly for New Year's eve! A certain poet says, "He that deliberates is lost." It did not turn out so this time, for I resolved to go quietly on home, first taking a tour through the P. Roy.<sup>2</sup> to observe how the evening was celebrated. I see nothing done, except that there are rather more people than usual before 9, and more *bon-bons*<sup>3</sup> and *jujus*<sup>4</sup> selling and exhibited. (The last time I shall ever write 1810, but, alas! not the last time that I shall write Paris.) Have great comfort in my little fireplace. Have been drinking cider and smoking segars, reading a history of the Languedoc Canal<sup>5</sup>. Yesterday was cold, and to-day colder. Quite winter; the gutters all froze<sup>6</sup> hard. Put on my flanel<sup>6</sup> waistcoat this morning, as I wear no *surtout*<sup>7</sup>, for a great many philosophic reasons; principally because I have not got one. The old greatcoat which I brought from America still serves in traveling, if should ever again travel. Happy New Year! Mother and Gampy! Ah! I caught<sup>6</sup> you both! The clock is now striking 12.

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1 For *en cavalier*. As one knight receives another.

2 For Palais Royal.

3 In Burr's time the word *bonbon* was undoubtedly still considered as a French word. Murray gives as the first known use of this word in English literature a quotation from the year 1818.

4 For *joujous*. Toys.

5 The Languedoc Canal, perhaps more often called the Southern Canal (Canal du Midi), or the Canal of the Two Seas (Canal des Deux Mers), serves as a prolongation of the Garonne river of Southern France, thus connecting the Mediterranean with the Atlantic. It was opened to navigation in 1681.

6 So in the MS.

7 Literally, over all, *i. e.*, overcoat.

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Paris, January 1, 1811. *Couche* 1. Rose  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7. At 10 to Fonzi's; busy, and indisposed to be more so, being holiday. To Valkenaer's. He asked me to take my New Year's dinner with him and Alb.; agreed. To Duc d'Alberg's, where left card. To Dr. Swediaur's,  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Then a tour round by Rue St. Denis. Saw near St. Denis in Rue Lombard<sup>1</sup> a great crowd, and soldiers with bayonets keeping order. Joined the mass to see what was going on. It is a famous manufactory of sugar-plumbs<sup>2</sup> and the like; and for fear people, in their zeal to buy, should squeeze each other to death, soldiers were sent by the police. They let in only four or five at a time. When my turn came I got in. The variety of whims, ornaments, &c., is really curious. I bought a box in imitation of a pear, filled with sugar-plumbs, for 20 sous, and a little cornucopia of painted paper, covered with silk and tied with ribbon, full also of sugar-plumbs, for 15 sous. Note: The sugar-plums are a little sugared on the surface; the rest is flour. Home. Changed my dress and off to Valkenaer's. We were as usual, four at table. After dinner came in Mr. Blauw. I came off at 8. Called a few minutes on Mr. G., who persists in going to Bordeaux on the 5th. Home. Gave the cornucopia and a little \* \* \* \*<sup>3</sup> to Jul.<sup>4</sup> for *etrennes*<sup>5</sup>. Certainly no person in Paris deserves from me as much as does Ju.

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1 For Rue des Lombards.

2 So in the MS.

3 An undecipherable French word.

4 For Julie.

5 For *étrennes*. New Year's presents.



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Drank at Valkenaer's some hermitage<sup>1</sup>, which appeared to me to be swill<sup>2</sup>, and to that I ascribe that I am sick and stupid, for I dined and drank temperately. Have been taking some *rad. rbei*<sup>3</sup> and shall go soon to bed. Gave my pear to Alb'r<sup>4</sup>. Ju. is the only person who has been to wish me a Happy New Year. *Tant mieux*<sup>5</sup>. I am dispensed visiting.

2. *Couche* 11. Rose  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10. *Voila*<sup>6</sup>, near twelve hours! I had all night a sort of a dull headache, and the medicine I took has sickened me all day. At 10 came the servant of Madame R. with a note of compliments dated yesterday, and an invitation to dine *yesterday* or to-day. Ju. denied me to the servant, and I sent a reply by a messenger (15 sous) that I was engaged to-day. I think I will not dine any more with her. *Voila*<sup>7</sup>, six weeks she has been pouting about that trifling incident at dinner. Did not stir out of my room till 7, when my great solicitude to hear from Amsterdam before G. goes induced me to call on Valkenaer. He had company, and it was an hour before I could speak with him. He has heard nothing. To G.'s, being right on the way. He was out. Dined on barley water sweetened, and supped on a mess of *vermicelle* which Ju. made me. These two days past would have been called very cold at New York. There has been high wind and constant

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<sup>1</sup> A French wine from vineyards along the river Rhône near Valence; so called from a hermitage which anciently existed there.

<sup>2</sup> In Davis's reprint of the Journal this word appears as "very bad."

<sup>3</sup> For *radix rhei*. Latin for rhubarb. In Davis's reprint the two words are transcribed as "good wine."

<sup>4</sup> For Albertina.

<sup>5</sup> So much the better.

<sup>6</sup> Behold!

<sup>7</sup> Lo, six weeks, etc.



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spitting of snow. My little fireplace keeps my room comfortable with very little fire. With the former immense oven I must have perished. For this comfort I am indebted to Ju., as it was her influence which induced the old lady to pay for it 15 francs. Have read to-day the trial, the defence, of M. Trompeo, *sous préfet*<sup>1</sup> of Alba<sup>2</sup>, for counselling a fraud in order to favor a conscript; an able performance.

3. *Couche* 12. Slept sound till 5. Waked and found I had slept enough. Thought of getting up; but calculating all it would cost to get light and fire and being very comfortable where I was, concluded to lay quiet. Got asleep at 7, and at 9 was waked by messenger and note from F.<sup>3</sup>, commanding me to dine at 5 to-day. A bitter cold morning. All the fire I could make would not thaw the ice from the panes of my windows. *Sor.* at 1. Left reply at F.'s. To Vanderlyn's; he was occupied. Took a tour round by St. Denis. Bought a pair of andirons for 12 sous. Along the *quai* from St. Martin to St. Denis is a row of stalls with ironmongery. All sorts of trash; old nails, pieces of hoops, shreds of everything, the \* \* \* \*<sup>4</sup> of kitchen furniture, military weapons, &c. At the first I asked the price of *chevrettes*<sup>5</sup>, 24 sous; at the next, 40 sous; the next, 16 sous; the next 12 sous, being precisely the same articles.<sup>6</sup> If you are taken for a foreigner, double and triple is asked at

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<sup>1</sup> For *sous-préfet*. Sub-prefect.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Alba, a town in the province of Cuneo, Italy, on the Tanaro, about thirty-one miles southeast of Turin, the ancient Alba Pompeja.

<sup>3</sup> For Madame Fenwick.

<sup>4</sup> An undecipherable French word.

<sup>5</sup> Little andirons or fire-dogs.

<sup>6</sup> So in the MS.

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once, and it is expected that you will *marchander*<sup>1</sup>. It is the same in the great stores as in those huts. "*Combien pour ça?*" "*Oh, c'est trop.*" "*Eh, combien vous voulez donner?*" "*Six francs.*" "*Oh, non, c'est impossible; mais pour vous arranger prenez le pour 8.*" "*Non*"<sup>2</sup>, and you go off. Immediately you are called back. "*Eh, il faut que vous l'ayez a votre prix*"<sup>3</sup>; and you pay 6 francs. A Frenchman who understood the art of higgling<sup>4</sup> would have been asked 5, and would have got it for 3. At many shops they keep boys to run after the customers, and bring them back to take the thing at their best offer. These boys have got the name of *courvits*, i. e., "*cours vite*"<sup>5</sup>; but what I have related in ten lines would, if faithfully detailed, fill a sheet of paper, if both parties were French. You know how eloquent they are. Passing the *bonbon* shops, there was neither crowd nor sentinels. Home at 4, and at 5 to Fenwick's, where till ½ p. 7. Fenwick has a great many beautiful *etrennes*<sup>6</sup>. On my way home called at G.'s. He does not go so soon as he proposed. By the villainy of his banker he is liked to be involved in a lawsuit for a large sum. God send him a good deliverance. Home, made a good fire, and actually have thawed off the ice. Ju. would make me sup on *vermicelli*, which she cooked very nice, and have agreed by the same advice to lay abed

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<sup>1</sup> Higgle about the price.

<sup>2</sup> "How much for that?" "Oh, that's too much." "Well, how much will you give?" (*Combien voulez-vous donner?*) "Six francs." "Oh, no, that's impossible; but to accommodate you, take it (*prenez-le*) for 8." "No."

<sup>3</sup> "Well, you must have it at your price."

<sup>4</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>5</sup> For *court-vites* or *cours-vites*. Run-quicks.

<sup>6</sup> For *etrennes*. Presents.

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to-morrow till 9, in complaisance to the cold. Now 1 o'clock, Madame.

4. *Couche* 1. Lay till 10, being so cold Gamp was *friad*<sup>1</sup>. After deliberating two hours whether I should call on Madame R., *sor.* at 2 to Valkenaer's; found him, as usual, in bed, but mending. Met there Mr. ———, just arrived from Amsterdam. A fine, frank, open, decided face. He served in the United States during the Revolutionary war, in Pulaski's corps<sup>2</sup>. Had an only daughter, whom he educated in a superior style. She died at 20. Alb'a came in from a walk and looked very charming. Gave up my visit to Madame R.'s and walked round by St. Denis to the river, thence along the *quais*, through P. R.<sup>3</sup> to Helvetius<sup>4</sup>, and thence home. On the way bought *etrennes* for the children of Madame Robertson, 40 sous; another pair of *chevrettes*, 36 sous, and a *pot de pam'de*<sup>5</sup>, 50 sous. Home and dined on *vermicel au lait*<sup>6</sup>; very good. The day has been cold, tempestuous; a little snow falling. Now at 12, the wind still higher and snowing fast. From what quarter the gale comes, I don't know; but at intervals of about one or two minutes, it blows directly down my chimney, and with such force as to carry ashes and coals over the whole floor. I have been since 4 o'clock in purgatory, for the evil is remediless while the gale stands at the

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<sup>1</sup> Possibly for *froid*. Cold.

<sup>2</sup> Count Casimir Pulaski, who was a Polish general, escaped from his own country after having taken part in an insurrection, and entered the American service in 1777. The next year he formed a corps called Pulaski's Legion, to which reference is here made.

<sup>3</sup> For Palais Royal.

<sup>4</sup> A restaurant?

<sup>5</sup> For *pot de pommade*. Pot of pomade.

<sup>6</sup> For *vermicelle au lait*. Vermicelli with milk.

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same point and with the same force. After various experiments how to weather the gale, I at length discovered that I could exist by laying flat on the floor; for this purpose I laid a blanket; and reposing on my elbows, with a candle at my side, on the floor, have been reading "*L'Espion Anglois*"<sup>1</sup>, translated from the English; extremely well written, and, thus prostrate, *à la Bladget*<sup>2</sup>, I have the honor to write you this. When I got up just now for pen and ink, I found myself almost buried in ashes and cinders. You would have thought that I had laid a month at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. Received this morning a note from the Duc d'Alberg, enclosing a sealed letter to the *prefet*. *Dit d'introduction*<sup>3</sup>.

5. There was no alternative last night but to keep my prostrate position till the wind changed or abated, or to extinguish, for to go to bed was to hazard suffocation, the bed being very high. At 2 there was a change. The vertical gusts ceased, and at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 2 *couche*. Rose at 10. Valkenaer's servant came at that moment to say that the papers from Amsterdam had arrived. At 1 went to his house. We opened the parcel, from which I selected a number, brought them home, and before I began to read them, took a walk to Paschaud's, to pay Madame Pelough 30 francs for *logè*<sup>4</sup>. Then home. Very cold, windy, and snowing. All this snowing, for four or five days, has made about three inches. On my way

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<sup>1</sup> For "*L'Espion Anglois*," "The English Spy."

<sup>2</sup> The French words *à la* mean here after the manner of. Who was Bladget?

<sup>3</sup> Said to be [a letter of] introduction.

<sup>4</sup> For *logis*. Lodging.

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home bought a thermometer, 4 francs, and fifty segars, 4 francs; paid *com're*<sup>1</sup> for message, 15 sous. Segars cost me as much as sugar, coffee, tea, and bread. I must quit them or find a cheaper substitute<sup>2</sup>. *Din.* on *bouil. gras a vermic.*<sup>3</sup>, with bread, butter, honey, and baked apples for dessert. Have got satiated with Roussillon, and bought to-day a bottle of common 12 sous wine. Vanderlyn came in at 8 this evening and sat an hour. Except this interruption, have been reading the Holland Company papers the whole evening. With all the fire I can make, I cannot bring the temperature of my room above 41 Fahrenheit. In the *cabinet a côté*<sup>4</sup> it sinks down to 25, which is cold weather, Madame.

6. My thermometer, put out doors, stood at 21 at 10 o'clock. In my chamber at 46. At 12 to Valkenaer's. He read to me in French some of the Dutch papers regarding the Holland Company affair. I give him much trouble, and sometimes perceive that I weary him. Was there two hours. He in bed. Thence to Madame R. *à la fin!*<sup>5</sup> Found her very elegantly dressed, and said some civil things thereon; and all went very smooth. Asked me to stay and dine. Said I was engaged; which was a lie. Asked me for to-morrow, and proposed to send her carriage. Said I was engaged, which was another. Finally, seeing there was no way but to quarrel or to dine, and

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<sup>1</sup> For *commissionnaire*. Porter.

<sup>2</sup> And yet the cigars cost Burr only about a cent and a half apiece!

<sup>3</sup> For *bouillon gras à la vermicelle*. Meat broth with vermicelli.

<sup>4</sup> For *cabinet à côté*. The adjoining room.

<sup>5</sup> For *à la fin!* Finally!

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as we had been in great good humor, I agreed for Tuesday. It was near 5 when I got home. By way of diet, dined on rice and milk, and have drank nothing but water all day. Since Wednesday last I have a very bad cold, (fluxion), I, who in America never took cold. At 7 to Valkenaer's. An hour reading more Dutch papers, and he has promised to translate for me a large close-written sheet. On my way home, gave 20 sous to a pair of pretty beggars. Am drinking vinegar and water, sweetened with honey. A few flakes of snow falling all day; piercing wind.

7. Wrote a note to Fenwick and another to Valkenaer. Mr. G. came in and sat an hour. Rochetti's boy with an account of 94 francs. Paid 64, and mean to return the *lorgnette*, 30 francs. He sent me a thermometer at 6 francs which I had ordered long ago, and which I thought he had forgotten. Now I don't want it and he sends it. That which I bought for 4 francs is better. So I am now armed with two thermometers. At 2 to Valkenaer's. He was up and Albertina there; I thought a little chilled. He was busy translating for me. To Volney's; out; left a note which is to ask some copies of Dupui's "Zodiac of Egypt"<sup>1</sup>, which M. Volney has printed for his own use. Home. Then took a map of Holland Company lands, which left at Mr. G.'s to be copied. To Paschaud's, to ask Mr.

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<sup>1</sup> Burr seems to have been deeply interested in this work. Its author, Charles François Dupuis, (1742-1809), was convinced that the signs of the zodiac were invented by the ancient Egyptians and served them as a sort of astronomical and agricultural calendar. Upon this as a basis he built up a thorough system of mythology and chronology, and accounted for the origin of religions.

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Pelouse<sup>1</sup> to get me, through the means of his priest, Mairon, a Dutch translator. Pelouse urged me to stay to dinner, which refused. Home. Dinner on *bouillon gras*. Drink only water. The cold, (fluxion), much better. Weather much as yesterday, cloudy; thick sky, as eternally, and cold about the same. How careful Gamp has grown! Lost to-day a Napoleon out of his pocket.

8. Rose at 7, and had all done ready for *sorti*<sup>2</sup> at 9. A dark, grim day. Thermometer at 21. Had hailed in the night. At 11 to Valkenaer's, where two hours talking of Holland Company and other matters. His friend Lennerson came in. As I like him very much, as he talks perfectly well English<sup>3</sup>, and has been many years in the United States, a Captain in our army, staid till 2; then to Paschaud's, where Madame Pelouse and *sa fille*<sup>4</sup> asked me to dine; was engaged. At 4 the *voiture*<sup>5</sup> of Madame R. called and I went thither, taking up Madame Min'i<sup>6</sup> on the way. We and Adamson were, as usual, the party. Off at 9. Her *voit.*<sup>5</sup> set me down. Madame R. still doubting, and her lover received as usual. Ju. has been an hour and *mus.*, &c. My thermometer is up to 55, having a very hot fire. I suffered at Madame R. Her parlor was at 35, though a great fire, but in a chimney on *French principles*—the principles of stupidity. I find no room so comfortable as my own. Valkenaer's

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<sup>1</sup> For Pelough.

<sup>2</sup> For *sortie*, departure.

<sup>3</sup> Burr's English sometimes assumes a foreign word-order.

<sup>4</sup> Her daughter.

<sup>5</sup> Carriage.

<sup>6</sup> For Menutzi.



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are pretty well; but I dine abroad with great reluctance in cold weather; indeed, in any weather, I dine more to my satisfaction, and cheaper, at home. Poor Portalis<sup>1</sup> is exiled, and the ——— in prison, and both very deservedly. If they had been both burned it would not have been amis<sup>2</sup>.

9. My cold terminated in a megrim<sup>3</sup>. Ju. called me at 8. Told her I had headache and must repose. In half an hour she came back with a hot *bouillon gras*. Under the torment of the pain, I had to contest this *bouillon gras* for  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour before I could get rid of it and her. At 10, message from Fenwick to dine to-day. Hoping to be well before the hour of dinner, agreed. Got up at 12. Swallowed the juice of four sour oranges. At 2, some hot *coffe blanc*<sup>4</sup>, and at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4 to Fenwick's. After dinner, a *promenade en cav.*<sup>5</sup> To Paschaud's a few minutes, and then home. Having eaten no dinner, Madame made me a mess of stewed prunes with wine and sugar. *Couche* at 1, as I propose, being now  $\frac{3}{4}$  p. 12. Mr. G. came in this afternoon at 2, and sat an hour. He has good news from Lee, and is in better nerves. The weather has softened, and it is thawing; but a dark, gloomy day; some hail, &c.

10. Yesterday *le Comte de Volney* answered my note, and sent me two copies of the "Zodiac of

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<sup>1</sup> Joseph Marie Count Portalis (1778–1858) was a French statesman who stood for some years, as his father, Jean Etienne Marie Portalis, had long stood, high in the favour of the first Napoleon. After serving as state councillor and in some other offices, he was made Count of the empire in 1809, and Director General of Printing and the Book Trade. In 1810 he fell under the displeasure of the Emperor because he kept secret some facts about a relative, and was exiled.

<sup>2</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>3</sup> A megrim is a headache confined to one side of the head.

<sup>4</sup> For *café blanc*.

<sup>5</sup> Probably meaning a horseback ride.

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Egypt," an instructive and curious work. I passed last evening in reading it. My taylor<sup>1</sup> came in with an account of 25 francs. Gave him some trifling jobs more to add to the account. The shoemaker, too, with a pair of new boots; ordered him to make *clagues*<sup>2</sup> for them. At 12 to Mr. G.'s, and we talked of Holland Company. He is totally and obstinately off, though the thing is better by 40 per cent. than was represented when we first agreed to go deep into it. This is a dilemma, for my little funds are there committed! To Valkenaer's, where met Lennerson and Albertina. Engaged to dine with them to-morrow. Home. Then to Paschaud's to see for a Dutch interpreter; learned nothing. Went on to Vanderlyn's to see if he could help me in this, being his native language. Strange to tell, he could not read it. Dined with Vanderlyn. After dinner, round to G.'s. He is still more perverse than before. Home at 8. The weather as yesterday.

11. Have lost the sheet on which I wrote yesterday (not lost, but hidden away in the mass of heterogeneous matter on my table). I therefore take a new sheet. Perhaps the old one is full. After writing to you last night, wrote a note to Volney, thanking him for the "Zodiac", and another to F. with the "*Sopha*"<sup>3</sup>. At 10 this morning to hunt a Mr. Vilette, who is announced as interpreter of low Dutch. Found him, and asked how much for three pages

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<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> A kind of overshoes.

<sup>3</sup> Meaning the tale entitled "*Le Sopha*," by Crebillon the younger. This was one of the most licentious of the author's works.

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which I showed him; could not tell. I pressed the question, knowing what might be expected if no bargain was made. After repelling it several times, he at length said, not less than 25 francs, which is at least four times the worth of the work. No doubt it would have been 50 if nothing had been said. Took back my paper and came off. To Denon's; out. To Paschaud's. Home. At 12 took hack to eschort<sup>1</sup> Lefitte (Madame Picard) to the Louvre. Called on Madame Gente, or Gentile, to take her up. She was not ready, so went without her. Bought another (the third) catalogue, not being able to find the two former. Lo, the benefits of order and method! Left Lefitte a few minutes whilst I went and fetched *sa mere*<sup>2</sup>. Staid till 3 and then home, chilled to the bone, having been three hours on that marble pavement. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4 to Valkenaer's, where Lennerson, Albert'a and Louis. Alb'a never looked so beautiful. Staid till 8; then to Mr. G.'s, where till 9. The thermometer has been all day at 33 and above. We saw the sun dimly for an hour or two. Rain in the afternoon and evening. It is said that the duchy of Oldenburg is united to the French empire<sup>3</sup>.

12. *Sor.* at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10 to Madame R.'s. Went round by F.'s to leave the "*Sopha*" and note. Madame

<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> Her (Lefitte's) mother.

<sup>3</sup> The duchy of Oldenburg as now constituted is bounded by the North Sea on the north, Hanover and Bremen on the east, and Hanover on the south and west. Its varied history reads as follows: Oldenburg was ruled by counts as early as the eleventh century; passed under the rule of Denmark in 1667; was ceded to the Holstein-Gottorp line in 1773; was raised to a duchy in 1777; gained and lost territory by the changes of 1803; joined the confederation of the Rhine in 1808; was annexed to France in 1810; was restored to self-government in 1813; entered the German confederation in 1815; gained additions of territory in 1817 and 1818; assumed the rank of a grand duchy in 1829; sided with Prussia in 1866, and joined the North German Confederation in 1866. In 1871 it became a state of the German empire.

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R., as usual, kept me  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour before she appeared. Staid an hour. Thence to Courcier's on the *quai*; but, thinking of other things as I walked, got to the Pantheon without thinking whither I was going. I then stood some minutes to discover who I was; in what country I was; what business I had there; for what I came abroad, and where I intended to go. After solving these questions, found my way to Courcier's, *libraire*<sup>1</sup>, and bought Dupui's "Zodiac" for 5 francs 10 sous. Then to Madame Pelough's (she has moved, I tell you again, to Mr. Paschaud's). Thence to Dr. Swediaur's, where left the "Zodiac" with my card. Did not go in to ask for him, for it is nearly six months since he has shown me any civility. Thence strolled past *U's*<sup>2</sup> an hour like blockhead. To Barroi's, *libraire*, where bought a Dutch (Holland) grammar, 3 francs 10 sous, and Goldsmith's poems in English, 1 franc 10 sous. On the *quai* bought map of France, 4 francs. What a mass of expense! Home. Ju. had by my fire an excellent *bouillon gras*, a bottle of cider on my table, and I boiled some potatoes, which with bread, butter, and cheese, I dined better than his Majesty. Found, on coming home, Mr. Adamson's card, and a packet from Valkenaer, containing some very interesting information respecting Holland Company. I am resolved to pursue that business, if I can persuade any human being to support me. At 7 to Valkenaer's. Albertina had taken it into her head that I was grave yesterday and was

<sup>1</sup> Bookseller.

<sup>2</sup> For *jungfrus* or *mademoiselles* or *filles*.

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offended ; to which I agreed, stating the items. We balanced the account by a few embraces, &c. Staid but  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, being engaged to meet Vanderlyn and his young Dutch friend, who is to help me to read some Dutch papers at 8. They came punctually at 8, and staid three hours. We read our Dutch papers, ate apples, and drank cider and metheglen (hydromel), of which I bought a bottle about six weeks ago. I have had no wine this fortnight, and doubt whether I will now buy. On my way from Valkenaer's home, 5 sous and again 15 sous to *jo.*<sup>1</sup> beggars. The thermometer has been above freezing all day. The sun visible in the forenoon, but misty, cloudy, windy. In the P. M. rain. Vanderlyn brought me message from Fonzi to call at 3 for business and to dine at 5.

13. At 11 to Denon's. He was at breakfast, *debout*<sup>2</sup>, and invited me to partake, which declined. For the first time he was alone. Generally, at the same hour, he has a levee of from ten to twenty. He engaged to speak to Bassano about me, and I am sure he will do it. To Madame Pelough's a few minutes, and then to Crede's, where I have not been this fortnight, though he has called often. Staid an hour, and engaged to receive him at my room at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 2. On the way home stopped at a *salle de vente public*<sup>3</sup>, where was an exhibition of pictures, but saw nothing which would please you. Thence to Valkenaer's. He was very busy writing to Berlin, and offered to forward to

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<sup>1</sup> For *jolies*. Pretty.

<sup>2</sup> Standing.

<sup>3</sup> For *salle de vente publique*. Public auction-house.

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Niebuhr<sup>1</sup>, who is his friend and correspondent, a copy of Dupui's "Zodiac." Home. Wrote him a note and sent the "Zodiac." Then came in Crede; dismissed him; engaged to call on him at 9 this evening. To Fonzi's for an hour. Home an hour, and then to Fonzi's to dine. He is a great epicure. We had a minced pie *a l'american*<sup>2</sup>. After dinner came in Madame Correa, the famous singer<sup>ess</sup>, Madame Guty of the same theatre and two gentlemen. I came off at 8 and to Crede's at 9, and there till ½ p. 10. We are talking about Holland Company affairs. Home, but on the way *renc'd*.<sup>3</sup> 3 francs; another, 6 francs 10 sous!! and now at 1 A. M. I have the honor to relate to you these wonderful and important events. *U. Jos.*, beardlip, 3; hairy as a bear, 6, 10<sup>4</sup>. Drizzling rain, wind, mist. Thermometer 60. I suppose *our winter is done*.

14. Got my breakfast, and was at Fonzi's at 9. Gaudoin worked for me about two hours. Then had an engagement to call on Mr. ———, *peintre flamand*<sup>5</sup>, of Ghent, a friend of Vanderlyn. Called and found him. He leaves town on Wednesday, which marrs<sup>6</sup> my project; for I meant to have him run about and help me to find some pretty pictures for you. Thence to Mr. G.'s, who kept me longer than I intended, having an engagement. To Madame Dep. to breakfast. Got

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<sup>1</sup> Barthold Georg Niebuhr, the celebrated historian and statesman (1776-1831), who was at this time, 1810-1811, delivering at the newly established University of Berlin a course of lectures on the history of Rome, which established his reputation as an historian.

<sup>2</sup> For *à l'américaine*. After the American fashion.

<sup>3</sup> A hybrid verb from the French verb *rencontrer*, to meet, to fall in with.

<sup>4</sup> Probably for Mademoiselle Josephine. The reference in this sentence is to the two women just mentioned.

<sup>5</sup> Flemish painter. (*Flamand*.)

<sup>6</sup> So in the MS.



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*emp're*<sup>1</sup>; came off leaving 5 francs. To Fonzi's, but engaged. To Valkenaer's. There were Albertina and another *dame*; so could say naught of business, and came off home. Expected to find a summons from Fenwick, but nothing. My last note was a little gay, and perhaps has been taken *amis*<sup>2</sup>. Ju. has provided me a *boul. gras*, which took for dinner, and at 6 to Crede's, where two hours. Home at 9. Stewed prunes, with *vin*.<sup>3</sup> and *sug.* for supper. Ju. employed me an hour and more this evening to write a letter for her.

15. At 9 to Fonzi's without breakfast, having slept till 8. Sent to a coffee-house, and for 18 sous got a dish of coffee, with sugar, milk and bread. Hernandez and Gaudoin worked faithfully for me till 2. Then out for an hour, to make way for a *chev'r*.<sup>4</sup> Called on Hahn, the horologer, having engaged to walk with him to Vanderlyn's at this hour. Put off that walk. Madame, the business is to show him your portrait, and to know for how much I can have it enamelled on a watch. Also that of Gamp, to enamel on another watch, to replace the lost Lepine. Home for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, and then to Fonzi's, whence Hernandez and Gaudoin worked another hour for me. I think we shall make a good jobb. I put two bs for fear you should [think] I was talking of the old Jewish curser. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4. Crede came in

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1 For *empêtré*. Entangled.

2 So in the MS.

3 For vinegar.

4 For *chevalier*, knight, or possibly for *chevalier de la légion d'honneur*. Knight of the Legion of Honour.



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and sat an hour on Holland Company affairs. He is quite disposed to embark. Engaged to call on him to-morrow evening. Fonzi urged me to go with him and Madame and pass the evening with Correa, which I should have liked well enough but had made a little engagement this evening with Marian. After Crede went, ate my potatoes and at 7 to Valkenaer's; all out. To Marian's; a disappointment. Strolled gently homeward contemplating the stars, which I had not seen for months, when I was stopped by a pretty, well-dressed woman. "*Quoi! Vous êtes ici?*"<sup>1</sup> It was that pretty Clotilde of whom something was said six months ago. All remonstrance was in vain. I have no money. "No matter, I have." Passed two hours very pleasantly and engaged to call sometimes and breakfast and play *aux dames*<sup>2</sup>. I had, indeed, a crown (5 francs) which on parting I offered; but it was refused as an indignity. "*Je ne suis pas parisienne, je suis picarde*"<sup>3</sup>. Home at ½ p. 9. This folly was certainly unnecessary. *Voilà*<sup>4</sup>, for three days past how much to repent, that is, the money. As follies give me a great appetite, have been eating an hour voraciously. Hot wine, water, and sugar; bread, butter, and honey. Warm rain, mist, wind.

16. At 9 to Fonzi's, and there till 3. Ran off ½ hour to see Valkenaer, whom found up. He has ordered on from Amsterdam twenty-five shares on his

<sup>1</sup> "What! Are you here?"

<sup>2</sup> At checkers or draughts.

<sup>3</sup> "I am not a Parisienne, I am a Picardian." (Picardy, French Picardie, was an ancient government of Northern France. It was bounded by Artois and Flanders on the north, Champagne on the east, Ile de France on the south, and Normandy and the English Channel on the west, corresponding to the Department of Somme and parts of Pas-de-Calais, Oise, and Aisne.)

<sup>4</sup> For *Voilà*. Lo.

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own credit, which is very good of him. Home at 3, and at 5 to Fenwick's to dine. There till 7. Eschorted F. to the Theat. Fran.<sup>1</sup> Then to *Rue neuve. de bons Enfans*<sup>2</sup> to do a commission for her. Then to Crede's. He has agreed to associate with me in the Holland Company affair, to advance a certain sum, and to divide the profits. By way of commencement, he takes ten of my shares, at a rate which gives me a profit of 3 or 400 dollars. Now, if I can get a passport to Bremen and Amsterdam, I will send you a million of francs within six months; but one-half of it must be laid out in pretty things. Oh, what beautiful things I will send you! Gampillus, too, shall have a beautiful little watch, and at least fifty trumpets of different sorts and sizes. Home at 10, and have been casting up my millions and spending it. Lord, how many people I have made happy! After I had written you last night, came in my inmate<sup>3</sup> Picard at ½ p. 12, with a note which he had received in the morning. It was an invitation from Fenwick for yesterday to dine. I was vexed not a little to think that she should have waited dinner for me; no message from me, and, finally, that we should each dine alone. Another invitation for this day indemnified me, as far as indemnification was practicable.

17. At ½ p. 9 to Fonzi's, and there till 3. Crede called on me there, and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Home at 3, and to Crede's at 5.

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<sup>1</sup> For Théâtre Français.

<sup>2</sup> For la Rue Neuve des Bons-Enfants. The new street of the good children.

<sup>3</sup> The word inmate as used by Burr means "one who occupies or lodges in a place with others."

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He has nine children; seven of them at table and the other two in the room; a tenth is somewhere at school. Home at 8. On the way, met an acquaintance who pretended to have something beautiful to show me. It was true; 6 francs.

18. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9 to Fonzi's; nobody up. To Mr. G.'s. He agrees to take ten more shares at the same rate. *Voila!* Another 400 dollars. Back to Fonzi's. Hernandez had arrived, and we did a little. Fonzi had been disturbed of his rest by the illness of his wife, and did not get up till 12. At 2 we were interrupted, and I took the opportunity to run off to Vanderlyn's, about two miles. Back to Fonzi's. Raining hard all day and a tempest of wind. Staid at Fonzi's till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4. Home. Ju. had provided me a fish (a soal<sup>1</sup>), to which I added potatoes and made a sumptuous dinner. Drank cider. This evening at 8 to Mr. G.'s to get his secretary to copy some of Ju.'s letters. G. not at home. Left note with the letters. My good friend Crede is not taciturn, and will, I fear, ruin my speculation before I begin. *Renc.* and 3 francs in a ridiculous research about the watch.

19. Various interruptions prevented me from getting to Fonzi's till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10. We were busy till 1, when an interruption. Home. Dressed and took *cabriole* to deliver the Duc d'Alberg's letter to Comte Pasquier, the *Prefet*. He was out; left the letter and a note endorsed, demanding audience. Thence to Vanderlyn's, and thence we came together to Pe-

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<sup>1</sup> For sole.

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lough's; all out. To Fenwick's to dine. Paid *cabriolet* hire, 3 francs for two hours. After dinner there came in to Madame Fenwick's an elderly man, the associate and relation of the author of the treatise mentioned some weeks ago, on the movement of waves, and we had half an hour's talk about waves. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7, Fenwick and I, in her carriage, to make a visit. Parted at the door. I to Fonzi's to see Vanderlyn, who walked home with me and sat an hour. Apples and cider. Esope's<sup>1</sup> fare. On coming home found a note from the Comte Pasquier, saying that "he will have the honor to receive me on Monday at noon." Mr. G. has been twice to see me to-day, and seems to take an interest in my success. He will take the fifteen instead of the ten shares; so that I shall begin the world with a capital of about 1000 dollars. Rain, mist, chilly weather, and wind. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9 to Hahn's, whom I took with me to Vanderlyn's to look at your picture, and estimate the expense of an enamelled copy in miniature, to put on a watch which I design for Gampy as soon as I get possession of my fortune. Then to Fonzi's, where till 2. To Mr. G.'s an hour. He rises in his interest for Gamp. Home. Found that Crede had called with three of his sons, and Mr. Lewis on behalf of Valkenaer. Went immediately to Valkenaer to see what he wanted. He wanted only to get back the papers about Holland Company which he had lent me. Home. Dinner on the residue of a *bouillon* which Ju. had brought in

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<sup>1</sup> Esope's fare. Esope is the French form of the name. As Esope was once a slave, it is presumable that his fare was very plain.

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three days ago. *Bien salé*<sup>1</sup>. At 6 to Crede's, where an hour; nothing new. To Pelough's  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Home. Supped on *bro.*, *smoer*, and *miel*<sup>2</sup>. Cider.

21. Rather an unlucky day; perhaps because the sun shone, though dimly, nearly all day; and there has been no rain, though this evening thick clouds and threatening rain. At 10 to Fonzi's, to get rid of a grievance which tormented me greatly. He remedied the evil in one minute. Home, and dressed for my visit to the *Prefet*. At 12 I was there, and was received, and told my story, concluding with demand of passport for Amsterdam and Bremen. He replied, rather dryly, that he could do nothing in it, and that I must apply to the Duc de Rovigo. Thence to d'Alberg's; out. To Fonzi's an hour. To \* \* \* \*<sup>3</sup>, who had promised, in case other means failed, to procure my passport. Told him what had passed. He had company, and begged that I would call in the evening, and that we would then frame a proper note to the Duke Rovigo, with which he would do the rest. Home, and found a note from Fenwick to dine to-day. Dined. A walk. Then I went to \* \* \* \*<sup>3</sup>. Got pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the note as he advised. His friend Madame B. was there, and, hearing the story, said we were all wrong. That I had spoiled the business by going to the *Prefet*. That the note to the Duke Rovigo would be still worse. The matter was canvassed, and I thought \* \* \* \*<sup>3</sup> seemed to be con-

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<sup>1</sup> Very salty.

<sup>2</sup> For *bröd*, *smör*, and *miel*. Bread, butter, and honey. (The first two words Swedish, and the last French.)

<sup>3</sup> A secret character which is undecipherable.

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vinced of his error. He engaged in a trifling conversation with a lady. I staid  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, but could not recall his attention to the subject; so I came off, and it seemed as if he was quite willing I should go. Thus end all my fine projects, and hopes, and with them the fortune, and it is quite doubtful whether I get a penny of the 800 dollars which I thought I had made. Home. Made me a good fire, for it is cold, and drank cider.

22. At 9 to Vanderlyn's to breakfast. He was not yet dressed. At 12 to Mr. Adamson's, to return his visit; out. To Madame Robertson's, where an hour, consulting, &c. She asked me to dine to-morrow; engaged. Next day; engaged. Friday; agreed. Had a mind to call on Duc d'Alberg, but gave that up, not having made my *toilette*. To Fonzi's, where nearly finished everything. It is nearly worth the twelve months I have been detained here to have got so well identified<sup>1</sup>. Home for an hour; then to the Lyon Hotel, to pay my taylor 35 francs. Took the opportunity of visiting the wife of the *maitre d'hotel*<sup>2</sup>, who was married since I left the house. *Bien belle femme*.<sup>3</sup> Home and cooked my potatoes. Ju. added a bit of a sort of pudding. Intended to have written to you and others this evening by the Essex; but having bought on the *quai* a book on divorce, have been reading it all the evening. The letter-writing is deferred till to-morrow, which hazards the loss of the opportunity.

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<sup>1</sup> Burr, who had had so much to do with dentists, may be excused for coining this word.

<sup>2</sup> For *maitre d'hôtel*. Hotel-keeper.

<sup>3</sup> A very handsome woman.

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23. Was detained by the taylor and washer-woman till 12, but the first detention was sleeping till 9. To Valkenaer's. He expects answer and "*obligations meme*"<sup>1</sup> from Amsterdam on Saturday. To Fonzi's, merely to apologize for not going this morning early. To Vanderlyn's, where till 4, and then dined with him. On the way, bought *cad.*<sup>2</sup> for Catherine, 5 francs. John walked with me to the Pont Neuf, and there we separated. I came by way of St. Denis; bought two pairs of gloves for 30 sous each, and a cravat for 5 francs 5 sous. St. Denis is the cheap street by reputation. But a foreigner is sure there, as elsewhere in Paris, to be asked double or triple. As to *marchandering*<sup>3</sup>, it passes me. I must either employ an agent or submit to be cheated. Home at 7.

24. At 9 to Mr. Bruf's, my translator of Dutch; not at home. It is the fourth time I have called to get a paper which Valkenaer lent me and wants again. To Valkenaer's to leave the other papers. To Fonzi's, and we worked  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to good effect. Home to get a note which wrote last evening to Fenwick. To F.'s to leave said note, and then to Vanderlyn's, where till 3. Home. Just as I was going out to dine with F., Mr. Bruf came in with the paper and asked 18 francs for the translation, though he had agreed for 6. I refused and gave him his translation. He went out. He followed me in the street; asked what I would give. Eight! To which

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<sup>1</sup> And the bonds even (or themselves).

<sup>2</sup> For *cadeau*. Present.

<sup>3</sup> Hybrid present participle from *marchander*, to higgie about the price.



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he agreed, and gave me the translation. On to F.'s, and there till 7. Then to Valkenaer's to give him his paper. Did not sit down. Home. Took a *bouillon* for supper, for which had no occasion, to please Ju. A cold, misty, raw, windy, uncomfortable day. Just such was yesterday. So thick a fog that one could not distinguish a horse at fifty yards.

25. A very cold day. The gutters all frozen hard. A very chilly, northerly wind. The sun visible almost the whole day. Lay abed till 9, and did not go out till 1. Then to hunt a gold chain for Madame Fonzi. I must make a present to the family. He has done so much, and with such good humor, for me. I have been in five shops. They ask from 9 to 18 francs the foot for the finest, but the 18 is Venetian. The finest Paris manufacture may be had for 12 francs the foot. About five feet make a handsome length. Did not buy. Home at 4. Dressed, and off to Madame Robertson's to dine. About a league, as I have told you half a dozen times, hussy. Met there Adamson and Men. Came off at 8. Walked straight home. Ten sous to a beg'r<sup>sse</sup><sup>1</sup>.

26. Very cold. The little thermometer, which is out doors, down to 27; the other, which is at my bedside, at 48; and all the fire I could make this morning did not raise it above 48, but this evening have got it up to 52, a very sufferable temperature. Lay abed till 10. At 12 to Hahn's a chain-hunting; think I can do better than he pretends to do for me.

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<sup>1</sup> For *beggar<sup>sse</sup>*. The word beggar with a French feminine suffix.

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To Vanderlyn's at 1 and there till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4. Then to his home to dine. Got, for the first time, a taste of his good wine, which Mons. Chose made him present. Off at 7. He came with me as far as Pont Neuf, where we spent  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour chain-hunting. Have become quite a *connoisseur en chaines*<sup>1</sup>. Have not yet bought, but paid 30 sous for *echantillons*<sup>2</sup>. Bought for 6 francs 10 sous a pretty little medal for Gam'llo<sup>3</sup> to replace some of those of which I have robbed him. Got safe home at 8. Only 10 sous to that same beggar in white.

27. Mist, rain, chilling wind; thawing. After going to bed last night and laying<sup>4</sup> an hour, found I was menaced with a headache; got up, lighted candle and fire, took medicine, and sat up till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4, drinking hot water and sugar. Rose at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10 and at Fenwick's, where was engaged to breakfast. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 11 met Mr. Barère and a lawyer from Lyons. Off at 2 to Valkenaer's; no news. To Fonzi's; busy. To Mr. G.'s, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Home. Made myself a great portion of *caf. blanc* for dinner. Vanderlyn came in and sat an hour. Have been reading St. Croix on the ancient federative governments.

28. At 10 to Hahn's; out. To Madame Fenwick's to inquire about an opportunity to l'Orient<sup>5</sup> for you. Yesterday I was informed by a gentleman who had offered to forward letters for me that the messen-

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<sup>1</sup> A *connoisseur* in chains. (*Chaines*.)

<sup>2</sup> For *échantillons*. Samples.

<sup>3</sup> For Gampillo.

<sup>4</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>5</sup> The name of a seaport of France.

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ger was instructed to take no letter or parcel from A. B.<sup>1</sup> and that every person who handed him a letter for transmission must pledge his honor that it contained nothing from A. B. This is that Jonathan Russell whom you have known. From Fenwick's to Duc d'Alberg's, who is always very good. Thence to Hahn's again about the chain; out. Home to smoke a segar and take a *bouillon*. Then to Hahn's again; out. To Vanderlyn's and there till 4; dined with him, and came off at 7. Bought fifty segars, 4 francs 6 sous. Am thinking about writing to you; but what can I say? The letter will probably be opened before it leaves this country and certainly on its arrival in the United States. Pledged the watch-ring yesterday for 5 louis, being all I could get.

29. To Duc d'Alberg's, who gives me good advice. A stroll, and home at 2. Perceiving the approach of famine and a *sans sous* siege, bought seven bottles of wine, 6 francs. Had a great dinner. Soup, *p. d. t.*, *bro.*, *smoer*, and *cas.*<sup>2</sup> with baked apples. Drank a bottle of Burgundy, cost 30 sous; the other six bottles were at 15 sous each. But, just as I was beginning the feast, came in the servant of Fenwick, with a note, saying that my letters for the United States must be sent before 7. It was then 5, and I had not written a line. Took my dinner and bottle of wine at leisure, and then went to work. Wrote you, and mentioned sending some books for Gampy; but when the letter was finished could not find the

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<sup>1</sup> Meaning Aaron Burr.

<sup>2</sup> For *pommes de terre*, *bröd*, *smör*, and *Käse* (or *cassonade*). Potatoes, bread, butter, and cheese. (Or brown sugar.)

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books. Sent the letter without alteration, and you will think some one has stolen the books. Wrote also to Charles Loss<sup>1</sup>, to whom sent three little German books for his children. Also a letter to Gahn, and posted off with them. It was 8 when I arrived, and Fenwick was out, so I fear my labor is lost for this time. Home; and, by way of consolation, got a supper of stewed prunes, with wine, &c.

30. Got up of my own accord at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 6. At 9 to Hahn's, who will have the chain in one hour. To Fenwick's, who had sent my letters before 7 this morning, which was very kind. F. asked me to stay and breakfast with a pretty woman, but declined. To Vanderlyn's who was just up, and had not breakfasted. He was quite cross that I came so early, though his own appointment. It was  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 11 when he got to work. Off at 1. To Hahn's; got the chain, five feet and a half long, French measure, 45 francs 10 sous, which is 15 francs less than I expected. Off to Fonzi's; Madame was out. Left the chain in a little sugar-plum box. Fonzi asked me to dine, to which agreed with reluctance. I dine better at home than elsewhere. Home and at 5 to Fonzi's, where met Vanderlyn and Hernandez. Madame content with her chain. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8. On the way 4 francs 5 sous in *fol*.

31. Supped again last evening on stewed prunes, and it has so well agreed that have done the same to-night. We have had three cold days, freez-

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<sup>1</sup> This man has been mentioned before. Burr spoke of Saxony as Charles Loss' kingdom, because his parents lived there.

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ing all day. Now a thaw, but every day rain, or snow, or hail, or all of them. At 10 this morning to Fonzi's, and there till 12. Home an hour, and then to Vanderlyn's, where till 4, and then to his *menage* and dined with him. He enticed me to go to the Theatre Française. The first time in five months that I have been at any theatre. Saw the tragedy of "Manlius"<sup>1</sup>, which shall send you, and, in due time, my remarks. Talma is the pride of France in tragedy. I think M<sup>lle</sup> Duchesnois<sup>2</sup> superior. Did not stay to see the after-piece. Home at ½ p. 9, and have just been supping.

Paris, February 1, 1811. At 10 to Fonzi's and thence to Valkenaer's; he was abed, but not more ill. He received a letter from Amsterdam promising full returns on Sunday. To Fonzi's again, and thence to Mr. G.; he is quite indisposed. Is resolved to go, within three or four days, south, and to leave France shortly. Thus if there should be delay in my Amsterdam affair, all will be lost. To Vanderlyn's; he was busy and impatient, and so, instead of working, we agreed to walk. Went to the Louvre, where an hour; thence to his house to dine. After dinner to the Theater Port St. Martin, where saw a great pantomime, "*La Ruine de Persepolis*"<sup>3</sup>. You will have it and then I'll tell you more. The only distinction between the good and evil genii was in color. Of course the devils

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1 Lafosse's tragedy, "*Manlius Capitolinus*," which had a long sway in the French theatre. In it Talma achieved one of his most brilliant successes in the rôle of Manlius.

2 Catherine Joséphine Raïn, called Mademoiselle Duchesnois (1780-1835), was a very celebrated French actress, successful both in comedy and tragedy. Her most brilliant success was achieved in the rôle of Phèdre, in Racine's tragedy of the same name.

3 "The Overthrow of Persepolis."

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were black. It would be a most diverting comedy to have a hundred or two of your Oaks' blacks placed in the *parterre* to witness the exhibition. There were fifteen or twenty little black devils, apparently 8 or 10 years old, who danced and moved very much *a la negre*<sup>2</sup>. Home at ½ p. 10. Found on my arrival a note from Madame Robertson, asking me to dine, and meet a beautiful young lady on Sunday. On that day am engaged to Fenwick's, where I shall be more amused, even without a beautiful young lady.

2. At 10 to Fonzi's; left them at work for me. Called on Mr. G., who is still indisposed, but persisting in his journey. Then, having no engagement, I deliberated whether I should go and do some folly with my remaining 10 francs, or go home and assort my papers, &c. Contrary to all rule and experience, went directly home, where, instead of assorting papers, I spent two hours in reading two law memoirs. Two more in smoking segars and cooking my dinner, and, seeing that nothing would be done, sallied out after dinner and went deliberately and intentionally to take coffee with Clot.<sup>3</sup>, a good little Picard. Staid two hours; for the coffee 20 sous and no other expense. Home; on the way calling on Mr. G., who had company and so did not see. Last evening, after getting home, though had dined heartily, took my supper of prunes *au vin*<sup>4</sup>. Did not go to bed till 2. This evening have also taken my prunes, but shall not sit

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1 The Oaks was Theodosia's residence near Georgetown, S. C.

2 For *à la nègre*. After the negro fashion.

3 For Clotilde, the lass from Picardy, recently mentioned.

4 Prunes served with wine.

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up till 2. Madame Robertson's servant called about 9 this morning for answer. Gave, verbally, negative, and wrote a note by the *petite poste*<sup>1</sup>.

3. Another warm day. Mist and a little rain. Thermometer now, at midnight, at 48. To Fonzi's at ½ p. 10, and there till 3; then homeward. On the way called on Clot.<sup>2</sup> for ½ hour. At 5 to Fonzi's where dined. Off at ½ p. 7 and home. Have had my supper of prunes. Nothing from Amsterdam.

4. At 10 to Denon's. He advised me to write Duc Rovigo, and will second the application. To Madame Robertson's. *Toujours le même*.<sup>3</sup> Asked to dine, which declined. To Fonzi's an hour, and then home. *Din. chez moi; bouillon gras*, beef and potatoes. At 6 came in Vanderlyn, and I took him again to see "*La Ruine de Persepolis*." Was amused, and shall go again. "*Bas les schawl. Sortez la femme*."<sup>4</sup> "*Bas le coulisse*"<sup>5</sup> (*au françois*<sup>6</sup>), which interrupted for five minutes an interesting scene. The little negroes amuse me most. The new *danceuse*<sup>7</sup> did not appear to-night. It was my principal motive in going to see her.

5. Had engaged to breakfast with Clot. On the way, bo't a *damier*<sup>8</sup>, 20 sous. At ½ p. 9 called. Clot. had gone out to take bath. Came home and

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<sup>1</sup> Literally the little post or mail.

<sup>2</sup> For Clotilde.

<sup>3</sup> Always the same.

<sup>4</sup> "Down with the shawls (French, *châles*); put the woman out." The yells may have been directed by the audience to a shawl-dancer. A shawl-dance is an Oriental dance in which the dancer waves a scarf.

<sup>5</sup> "Down with the wings." It is difficult to conjecture the meaning of this.

<sup>6</sup> For Théâtre Français.

<sup>7</sup> For *danteuse*. Dancing girl.

<sup>8</sup> Bought a draught-board, or checker-board.



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made my breakfast as usual, but had no great occasion for any, having come with a headache, which continued till 6 this evening, though slight, owing, I suspect, to eating and drinking too freely yesterday. After breakfast to Valkenaer's. *Le nev.*<sup>1</sup> said he had had a bad night and was asleep. At that moment out came Swediaur. Then *le nev.*, a little embarrassed, proposed to go and see. After waiting about ten minutes in the corridor with the servants, came off without an answer. But the reception is in itself eloquent. Swediaur had, you see, long since given me up, having paid me no sort of attention these six months. This, I think, closes the account of my Paris friends. To Pelough's to get a book which I had left to be bound. On my way home bought a *crayon*<sup>2</sup> and pencase, 50 sous; *comp.*<sup>3</sup> for boot-tops, 20 sous; and having left exactly 16 sous, I bought with them two plays for my present amusement and then for yours. Came home at 1 with my two plays and not a single sous<sup>4</sup>. Have been ransacking everywhere to see if no little 10-sous piece could be found. Not one! To make matters worse, I am out of segars, but having a little black, vile tobacco, which serves as substitute. Poor Ju., too, is exhausted, being in advance for me 20 or 30 francs. In this state of finance have not been abroad since 1. Have read the two plays. "Manlius," a tragedy, which is passable, and no more, though very greatly in vogue here at this moment. The other, a

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<sup>1</sup> For *le neveu*. The nephew.

<sup>2</sup> Pencil.

<sup>3</sup> Possibly for *compte*, bill.

<sup>4</sup> For sou.

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com.<sup>1</sup>, "*La Jardinière*"<sup>2</sup>. Two or three good scenes, but the *dénouement*<sup>3</sup> and the close absurd and insipid. Then took to French law. Took no dinner on account of the headache; but have had my usual supper of prunes, with which finished my last bottle of wine. The morning quite cold. Thermometer down to 30. Fog, &c.

6. At 11 to Valkenaer's. He was with his friend Bl. Said, on my coming in, that he had nothing from Amsterdam; and that when he should have, he would instantly communicate it. Civil, but cool, perhaps ill health. After what happened yesterday, you did not expect I would have called to-day. But business so interesting to me must not be sacrificed to form or to motives of mere delicacy, to which, perhaps, one party only is sensible. Staid but a few minutes. Thence home to consider of my *sans sous* state<sup>4</sup>. To Vanderlyn's, where two hours. Then took Pelough's on my way home, and sat  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour with Madame. To Fonzi's  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour and home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4. A pleasant summer day, but the sky thick. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4. Put myself *en robe de cham.*<sup>5</sup>, which is my old Philadelphia greatcoat, and have not stirred out. Ju. had me a good dinner; soup, turkey, and *p. d. t.* Found another bottle of wine. Took no supper. Yes, I went in my *robe de cham.* at 9 this evening, and sat an hour with Mr. G.

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<sup>1</sup> For *comédie*. Comedy.

<sup>2</sup> For "*La Jardinière*," "The Woman Gardener."

<sup>3</sup> For *dénoûment* or *dénouement*. The catastrophe of a play; literally, the untying of the knot.

<sup>4</sup> My penniless state.

<sup>5</sup> For *en robe de chambre*. In dressing-gown.

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7. At 10 to Mr. G. He is much better on my starving system, but will not have the courage to pursue it. Wrote there a note to Valkenaer, saying that I would call at 12 to have a few minutes' conversation with him. Received verbal answer assenting. Went, found him abed; made strong profession of good-will. Nothing from Amsterdam. To Fonzi's an hour. Home. Borrowed 40 sous of Ju. being all she had. To Vanderlyn's at 3. He had received a little money, and lent me 6 crowns (30 francs). I had invited young Doolittle to dine there to meet me. Bought two bottles wine, 5 francs, for the occasion. We dined and sat till 7. Home. Met *la* \* \* \* \*<sup>1</sup>, an old acquaintance; 45 sous; a stranger, 40 sous. Segars, 4 francs 6 sous.

8. Last evening I made a letter, and this morning wrote it, to the friend of Valkenaer in Amsterdam, in order to close this eternal negotiation about nothing. Went with my letter to Valkenaer to get his consent. He was abed and ill. Seemed averse to my procedure. I took from him the letter, and was in the act of tearing it. He stopped me, and now insisted on my sending it. Here a pleasant debate, for nothing is so charming as this strife of delicacy after one is calm enough to reflect. He added a postscript to give authenticity to my letter, folded, sealed, and superscribed it, and I sent it to the post-office. He renewed his profession of friendship, and pleaded ill health. He does, indeed, suffer a great deal. To

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<sup>1</sup> An undecipherable word.

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Mr. G.'s a few minutes. Learn that Crede has got offended in the most unexpected and surprising manner, which afflicts me, for his conduct has been noble, disinterested, and generous. To Vanderlyn's. After working  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, we both got very hungry and agreed to quit work, I to go to his house to order dinner, and he to follow after arranging his *atelier*<sup>1</sup>. We made a good dinner on the leavings of yesterday, with the addition of macaroni. Thence to the opera for the first time in six months. Saw "*Le Caravan de Caire*,<sup>2</sup>" and "*Paul et Virginie*,<sup>3</sup>" the latter a pantomime. They always *ennui* me when they speak. The pantomime was tolerable and no more. The scenery quite ordinary. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 11. A fool and his money are soon parted. Last evening I had 32 francs, having borrowed 30 of Vanderlyn, and now have 40 sous. The account you will see in the little book. But, for example, had a bottle of wine at 30 sous, to carry to Vanderlyn's, and for this and other reasons took a *cabriole*, 30 sous more; then bought another bottle at 40 sous, to please his maid, who was in bad humor with the counter orders about dinner.

9. Thinking of ways and means, took that beautiful picture of Caroline, and desired Mr. A. to pledge it for what he could get. It cost 50 guineas, and I doubt whether he will get 5 on it. Six would pay all my debts and subsist me a fortnight, before which my Amsterdam affair must and shall terminate.

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<sup>1</sup> For *atelier*.

<sup>2</sup> For "*Le Caravane de Caire*," "*The Caravan of Cairo*."

<sup>3</sup> "*Paul and Virginia*" is a well-known French novel by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, published in 1788. The scene is laid in Mauritius.

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Home. Made duplicate of my letters to Amsterdam, and sent again to Mr. A.'s to get him to direct and forward it. He was out; so have not heard the fate of Caroline. Home again. On the way bought three plays, at 8 sous each. Have read two of them.

10. My dear T., I am sick at heart, having made the most afflicting of all discoveries, the perfidy of a friend. A few days ago, a slight suspicion was excited in my mind, as you may recollect, but I rejected it as unworthy of him and unworthy of me. It is confirmed with every circumstance of aggravation. I had confided to him my speculation with unqualified frankness; disclosed every circumstance; things known to me alone. I had built on it the hopes of fortune. He pledged solemnly his honor to speak of it to no one without my leave; not to take a step but in concurrence with me, on terms we had agreed. He went, I believe the same day, disclosed the whole, and associated himself with another to take it wholly from me. The object is irrevocably lost; for even if he should repent, he cannot take back his communications. This man first sought me under very peculiar circumstances; such as denoted generosity of sentiment, sensibility, and independence of mind. *Sacra auri fames!*<sup>1</sup> I dined to-day at Pelough's for the first time since they removed. Had written a note to Crede, and called to deliver it. He received me as usual,

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<sup>1</sup> This is a quotation from Vergil's "Aeneid", book III, line 57. The full Latin sentence is: "*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames!*" "What dost thou not drive mortal breasts to do, cursed lust for gold!"<sup>2</sup> In Davis's reprint we find this written *suera auri fames!*

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very chearful<sup>1</sup> and courteous ! Home at 7, and have been drinking hot *sangaree* and reading the *melodrame*<sup>2</sup> of "*Paul et Virginie*." Called this morning at Fonzi's, having my whole fortune, 16 sous, in my pocket. He was making change for a customer, and asked me to lend him 16 sous, which I did, and have twice gone round by the P. Neuf because I had not the sous to pay my passage over the Pont d. Arts<sup>3</sup>.

11. *Couche* at 1 and slept very sound till 7, when after great efforts on the part of Ju. I got up. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9 to Mrs. G.'s. Thence to Fonzi's, where till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 1. Thence to Vanderlyn's, by his appointment; he had forgotten the appointment, had engaged to go out, and was not very glad to see me. Home leisurely. Stopped a few minutes at Pelough's, where met my inmate, and engaged to dine to-day with her and husband, *chez nous*. Got home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 3. Warm and raining all day, but this evening a little hail and something colder, but the thermometer is still above frost. We have had one very pleasant day. I think the day before yesterday. What do you think they had the conscience to offer A. for Caroline's picture? But I may as well tell you, for you'd never guess; 18 francs, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  dollars. So took it back, and left my new watch to be pawned, of which I shall hear to-morrow. Vanderlyn called on me at 4, and, having just received some money, lent me 20 francs. Paid my translator 3 francs and gave Ju. 5 francs on account.

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<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> Melodrama.

<sup>3</sup> The Pont Neuf and the Pont des Arts are neighbouring bridges across the Seine near the Louvre.



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Crede has not called on me, nor answered my note. Think of calling on him to-morrow for an explanation. We are now in the midst of carnaval<sup>1</sup>, during which people are permitted to go masked and disguised; men in women's clothes, and women in men's. You meet some harlequins and other ridiculous figures in the streets; but, I am told, far less in number than formerly.

12. I have, as always, a great deal to tell you, and, as always, shan't tell you a word of it, only where I have been. The rest is withheld for our chats. At 10, I believe, for have no watch, to G.'s; he was engaged with company; suppose reds<sup>2</sup>. To Fonzi's, and there till 2; then to Valkenaer's. He had sent for me, but I had not received the message. At last a letter from Amsterdam; nothing, however, decisive, nor very satisfactory. But as the speculation is ruined by the perfidy of Crede, I have less solicitude. I am yet in hopes to make 1,000 dollars out of some of them, but how easy a million ought to have been made! To Fonzi's again at 3 and till 4. Then to G.'s; out. Home. Dinner a *bouil. gras*; *p. d. t.*, and *topinambour*<sup>3</sup>, which last you never heard of. It is a root of exactly the taste and flavor of artichokes. I shall enrich you with some seed, and also with *estragon*<sup>4</sup>, the only two vegetables of use for the kitchen which I find here and not with us. All those with which you

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<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> The reference is not clear.

<sup>3</sup> Jerusalem artichoke.

<sup>4</sup> Tarragon. This is a European perennial plant, allied to wormwood, cultivated for the sake of its aromatic leaves, which are used for seasoning salads, and in the preparation of tarragon vinegar.



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are acquainted we have in much greater perfection than here; and we have many of which they have no knowledge. After dinner, about 8, to G.'s again; out. Then a stroll and 45 sous in *fol.*; a bargain. Note, Madame, paid my washerwoman this morning 5 francs, and have nearly 6 left. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9. Sat  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour with my inmate. Have had my hot *sangaree*; so *bon soir*. Raining all day, and chilling north wind. What impudence to boast of their climate! A note from Fenwick asking me to dine to-morrow.

13. A brilliant morning. Sun shining bright for this hemisphere. Went out without my umbrella. Before I got one hundred yards it began to rain. Went back for the umbrella. At 10 to Fonzi's, and there till 1. Home. At 2 to Vanderlyn's, by appointment. On the way called to leave note in reply to Fenwick, who being at home and alone, sat a few minutes. Found Vanderlyn engaged, and asked me to call in  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour; during that half hour amused myself by walking in the rain and a most tempestuous wind. Then found him, but indisposed for work; but his friend had pledged the watch for 12 louis, which was much beyond my hopes. The money could be had at 8 in the evening; but John thought it too far to walk to bring it to me, so I agreed to call for it at 9. Then home, and, after a little change in dress, to Fenwick's. *T.-a-t.* and very pleasant. Off at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7 to Mr. G.'s, having learnt that since morning he had sent three times to know if I were at home. He was out. Left word that I would be at home till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8.

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At 8 he called and sat till near 9. All about the Holland Company affair, which I think is totally spoiled, as well for Crede as for me. Then to Vanderlyn's to get my 300 francs. Since my foot accident all my boots hurt the left foot. Having walked a great deal to-day, was quite lame; and not having 30 sous to pay a *cabriole*, put on an old pair of shoes and off to Vanderlyn's, raining, snowing, and hailing, with storm of wind. Got the cash; for this and the 120 on the ring-watch, was deducted the interest for one month at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per month, making about 7 francs 15 sous. Paid Vanderlyn his 70 francs, and got safe home with the rest, being very tired, and wet half-leg high, having walked about five miles since dinner. After making a good fire was hungry, and finding a *bouillon gras*, disposed of it, and concluded by *bro.*, *smoer*, and hon.<sup>1</sup> with about a pint of wine.

14. I do not find that St. Valentine is in any particular estimation here. None of those love-messages to which the day is sacred with us among the youth. A sunshiny morning. *Sor.* at 10, and before I got to Fonzi's it was raining, and while there, snow and hail. The wind as yesterday; indeed, it is never weary with blowing. Was at Fonzi's till 1; then home; then to Vanderlyn's, whom found engaged. Staid till 4. We then took dinner *chez lui*. Bought bottle wine, 40 sous. After dinner we went to the Theatre Port St. Martin<sup>2</sup>, where saw "*Le Jugement*

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<sup>1</sup> For *bröd*, *smör*, and honey. Bread, butter, and honey.

<sup>2</sup> This theatre still exists.

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*Supreme*"<sup>1</sup>, a pantomime. I always buy for you the pieces I see, which saves describing. Was very much amused, more with the absurdities and extravagances than with anything excellent either in music or dancing. The horses, the stag, and the dogs were the only actors who did not overleap nature. The bear was evidently a bear who had been educated in Paris. He stepped to the music and expected applause. The negro, with black gloves and black mask scarcely covering his face and exposing his white ears and neck and chin, gave great satisfaction. *Ah, qu'il est drole*<sup>2</sup>. Home at 10. To a beggar, 7 sous and some less.

15. At the Port St. Martin theatre last night bought an opera-glass. I did not mean to buy, though of fifty which I have tried it is much the best. I had with me one from Rochetti on trial, for which he asked 30 francs; for this the man asked 36 francs. Intending to get rid of him, I said I would not give him more than 15. "*Eh, bien,*" said he, "*il faut je vend. C'est pour rien, mais, prenez le a votre prix*"<sup>3</sup>. I had no money. This was no objection; he would call in the morning. I gave him my address. He called and got his 15 francs. At 10 to Mr. G.'s. Then to Fonzi's, whence worked with Gaudoin till 2, and thought we had done; but this evening I discovered that there are yet some alterations to be made. Dinner *chez moi*. Ju. had provided a *bouillon* and fish. I added potatoes and *topinambour*, and drank a whole

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<sup>1</sup> For "*Le Jugement Suprême*," "The Last Judgment."

<sup>2</sup> Oh, but he is queer. (*Drôle*.)

<sup>3</sup> For "*Eh bien, il faut que je le vende. C'est pour rien, mais prenez-le à votre prix.*" "Well, I've got to sell. It's for nothing, but take it at your own price."

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bottle of wine—15-sous wine. After dinner, to Rochetti's to return his opera-glass, and thence to the opera. Went first into the pit (*parterre*); but finding it crowded, and seeing a place in the amphitheatre back of the pit and just below the front boxes, I paid the additional sum, 3 francs 18 sous, and went there. "*Anacreon chez Polycrates*"<sup>1</sup>, an opera, was the first piece, and it lasted till  $\frac{1}{4}$  p. 10. It was dull beyond expression, and not relieved either by scenery or dancing of any merit. I was so weary that I left the theatre and came home, though I wished to see "*Persee et Andromède*"<sup>2</sup>, which was the other piece, and which had before amused me. I paid 30 sous for the "*Anacreon chez Polycrates*," so that my evening's ennui cost 9 francs 10 sous, including 20 sous of which I was cheated in change. How and why you are imposed on by *commissionaires*, who hawk about tickets, shall be told another time. Paid Ju., being since the 2d of January, 25 francs, which can't be half what is due to her. Cannot get my 30 francs of my inmate, of which you shall hear a story. Fog and mist, with a gale of wind. Raining since noon, and now raining; wind and storm.

16. This is the anniversary of my happy advent to this holy city. The wind continued a perfect hurricane this morning, with fog and mist. Was engaged to breakfast with Vanderlyn. Got there at 9. Cold, chilling weather. Had a detestable breakfast of

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<sup>1</sup> Probably for "*Anacréon chez Polycrate*," "*Anacreon at the House of Polycrates*," an opera in three acts by Gretry; the words by J. H. Guy, first presented in Paris in 1797.

<sup>2</sup> For "*Persée et Andromède*." The reference may be to Quinault's lyric tragedy, music by Lulle, entitled "*Persée*," often represented from 1682 on.

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the coffee which is bought ready burned and ground, being one-half chicory and the residue some other drug. Vanderlyn was not disposed for work, so walked home again. On my way called on Mr. Pelough and paid 60 francs, being two month's rent, ending 22d inst. Found note from Fenwick referring over till Monday the dinner proposed this day. Glad of it. Have not been abroad since 4. That infernal breakfast had so destroyed my appetite that I took no dinner. Supped on stewed prunes. Note: To tell Theo. of the pleasures of walking in Paris. No sidewalk. The carts, *cabrioles*, and carriages of all sorts run up to the very houses. You must save yourself by bracing flat against the wall, there being, in most places, stones set up against the houses to keep the carts from injuring them. Most of the streets are paved as Albany and New York were before the Revolution, with an open gutter in the middle. Some arched in the middle, and a like gutter each side, very near the houses. It is fine sport for the *cabriole* and hack drivers to run a wheel in one of these gutters, always full of filth, and bespatter fifty pedestrians who are braced against the wall. The gutters or conduits for the water from the eaves of the houses are carried out a few feet from the roofs, and thus discharge the rain-water over your head. In most places there are no such pipes, and then you have the benefit of the water from the eaves. This was a great ridicule against the city of Albany about twenty years ago; but Albany has reformed the evil. I did not tell you last evening

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that after dinner I slept an hour. Nevertheless, I slept from 6 till 10 this morning. For six weeks past my sleep had been reduced to six and seven hours. Took my leisure, and I did not go out till 2. To Pelough's; out. But, before going out, wrote a letter to Pluym and Bacher, which Mr. A. took to the post-office for me. From Pelough's to Crede's; out. Then leisurely through the Tuileries to see the gay folks *en promenade*<sup>1</sup>. There were thousands, but not one of those figures or dresses which are exhibited in the little pictures which I shall buy for you. Those things are taken from the theatres, and it is very rare that you see one such in the streets, or in any promenade. Now and then one among the *filles*<sup>2</sup> (which is a term appropriated to public women) of the Palais Royal. After passing an hour in the Tuileries without seeing one beautiful woman, along the Boulevard with no better success for two hours. Much folk, but little to remark. You must know that this week is the height of Carnival. Home at 5. Dinner *chez moi*. Sent to Pelough for some wine which had engaged. It did not come till 7 o'clock, so would not open a bottle; but Vanderlyn coming in at 8, we drank one. The day is less warm than for the week past, but cloudy and foggy, with chilling wind. Nevertheless, you see hundreds sitting in the open air in the Tuileries to observe the passing. This evening more calm and clear. Received, on returning home this

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<sup>1</sup> Out walking.

<sup>2</sup> Literally, girls. The full title is *filles de joie*. Fun girls.



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afternoon, a note from Madame Robertson, that she had made a "*parti quarrée*"<sup>1</sup> for me to-morrow, and asking my attendance at dinner. I was engaged, as you know, with Fenwick, and so wrote Robertson. I have been this evening for two hours preaching economy and industry to Vanderlyn. The spirit is willing, but the flesh, I fear, too weak.

18. Very grave and philosophical, and full of good resolutions. Have lost my umbrella! But it is better to begin in the usual form. Rose early, got my breakfast, and was at Fonzi's at 9, and there till 12, having, I hope, finished one piece. Thence to my tailor's to pay his account, 55 francs, including 10 francs for trifles. To Pelough's a few minutes, and then home. Vanderlyn came in at 2 and sat an hour. Nothing material. At 5 to Fenwick's, where dined and staid till 8. Have arranged to go together to the *bal masqué*<sup>2</sup> on *Mardi gras*<sup>3</sup>. Having made a full dinner, took a repast at Auge, and my part of a bottle of wine. At Fonzi's this morning met Falri, who asked me to dine, which declined, thinking it were compliment. He urged and I persisted. He called to make me a formal visit, to justify the invitation. I was at home, but dined. Shall return his visit to-morrow, and accept his invitation. He is a friend of Vanderlyn, in whose honor is the dinner. In the Palais Royal met the *dom.*<sup>4</sup> of Madame Robertson with

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1 For *partie carrée*. Party of two men and two women.

2 For *bal masqué*. Masquerade.

3 Literally, fat Tuesday. Shrove Tuesday, the last day of the Carnival. This was often celebrated as a holiday with great merrymaking and revelry.

4 For *domestique*. Domestic.



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a note asking me to-morrow, to which assented verbally<sup>1</sup>.

Tuesday, May 14, 1811. Arrived at Arras at 11 A. M. To ———, a neat town. Little doing. The houses at the entrance and going out of mud or clay, with thatched roofs, very low. The hamlets or villages through are all thus built. The town is brick, generally one story. At three leagues from Arras you open on an extensive plain. All cultivated. Very few trees. No fences, or hedges, or walls. This plain continues without a sensible elevation to Lille, where we arrived at 7 P. M. Tarragon or Arragon and wife parted from us here. The sour old man left us at Arras. A smart young Flemish *militaire*<sup>2</sup> got in at Arras, and came thus far. The Flemish jeweler and the young horseman go on to Gand<sup>3</sup>, but I believe we shall go in separate carriages. Nothing

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<sup>1</sup> From the 18th of February till the middle of May, 1811, the Journal is entirely missing, and Burr's correspondence, so far as it was preserved, does not afford a satisfactory explanation as to the manner in which he obtained a passport and was enabled to leave France. Matthew L. Davis, Burr's biographer, says, however: "He was greatly indebted to Mons. Denon and Duc de Bassano for their unceasing aid and kindness on the occasion, the latter of whom, through the agency of the former, voluntarily and generously advanced the necessary funds to enable Colonel Burr to discharge all his debts, and to leave the country with credit."

Under date of Paris, March 9, 1811, Burr wrote to Jonathan Russell as follows: "Mr. Burr asks the *chargé des affaires* a passport to return to the United States. To prevent a circuitous proceeding, Mr. Burr takes the liberty of recalling to Mr. Russell's recollection that the consul has declined to act in regard to Mr. Burr; that the question has been referred to Mr. Russell, who has been pleased to decide that Mr. Burr is entitled to the passport above requested. He now wishes to avail himself of the decision."

A passport was received, but it was lost, and under date of Paris, April 23, 1811, Burr made another application to Mr. Russell, as follows: "It is with regret that Mr. Burr finds himself obliged to trouble Mr. Russell for another passport. The loss of the former, and the manner of it, will be disclosed and verified to the satisfaction of Mr. Russell by the certificate which will herewith be shown to him. This application is in pursuance of the advice of the respective *chefs des bureaux*, with one of whom the negligence has happened. It is requested that the place of embarkation may either be left blank or that Dunkirk and l'Orient may be added to Bordeaux and Bayonne."

Under date of Paris, April 1, 1811, Burr wrote to his daughter Theodosia a letter in which he said: "The only important event which has occurred to me since the date of my last is the receipt of your two letters of the 20th of April and 21st of May, 1809. Only twenty-three months old! These are all which have come to hand since that which was acknowledged from Gothenburg in October, 1809. They nevertheless convey a great deal of news, and I am quite proud of the manner in which they are written."

<sup>2</sup> Soldier.

<sup>3</sup> Ghent in Belgium.

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lost. The country is in high cultivation and fertile since coming on this plain. Passed a canal about four leagues back. Intended going to theatre this evening; but my medicine of yesterday, which was very severe, and the jolting, to which I am not yet accustomed, have disposed me for bed. Had tea, which is my supper, and then took  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour's stroll about the town. At 9 am going to invoke Somnus<sup>1</sup>. Tea and lodging, 3 francs; *dom.* and messages, 1 franc 10 sous; total, 4 francs 10 sous.

Gand, May 15, 1811. We have been steadily employed, from 6 this morning till 7 this evening, in making about thirty-eight miles (the distance from Lille to Gand) on a fine level road; a temperate day; six horses, with three relays, to draw six persons. At 2 leagues from Lille took breakfast, coffee, bread, and butter, 15 sous. (For the like breakfast at Arras paid yesterday 36 sous.) After two leagues from Lille everything is Flemish. The language, the people, the manners. The contrast in point of neatness is most striking. Took *brod.* and *mlk.* on the way, 4 sous, and here made supper. The bill, a pint of Rhenish wine included, 4 francs; bed, 1 franc 7 sous; *dom.*, 20 sous; total, 6 francs 7 sous. Map of Flanders, 20; pland<sup>2</sup> of Gand, 4 francs; for two boys who ran about with me, 10 sous each. A large handsome town, very neat. The canal sufficiently large for sloops. The long black cloaks, and very full, give a matronly appearance to girls of 14. The cloaks of the young are generally

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<sup>1</sup> The god of sleep.

<sup>2</sup> A slip of the pen for plan.

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calico. Sent note to Spruyt, but he was out. As the diligence went off at 9 this evening, and would be twelve hours in going to Anvers<sup>1</sup>, eleven leagues, one of my fellow travelers and myself have taken a *cab*. for 4 in the morning, at 1 louis, which is 40 sous each, more than the diligence fare. Have had my bed warmed to the great surprise of the Gandeans<sup>2</sup>, and at 11 turn in. Fare of diligence from Paris to Lille, 35 francs; *conducteur et cocher*<sup>3</sup>, 5 francs 5 sous; ditto from Lille to Gand, 10 francs 7 sous; *conducteur et cocher*, 1 franc 5 sous.

16. Breakfast 2½ *l. de Gand*<sup>4</sup>, 18 sous. *Le ville de* ———<sup>5</sup>. The canal. *A une lieu*<sup>6</sup> before St. Nicholas, no pavement; heavy sand; walked. The fair at St. Nicholas; fine teeth and complexions. The town said to abound in articles of *use*. Wine and sugar, 9. Bought at fair a lemon, 5 sous; a \* \* \* \*<sup>7</sup> Flemish, 15. Sandy, meager soil since Gand. Much trees, none of fruit. A curious economic stove in the kitchens. No fruit trees till within two *l.*<sup>8</sup> of Anvers. At the fair at St. Nicolas was amused with a little girl of 10 years old on horseback, *en cavalier*<sup>9</sup>, selling needles and pins. Her wares were in pockets, like pistol-holsters, on each side the pommel. She sat with great ease, is pretty and well made, surrounded by customers, whom she served; received and changed

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1 French for Antwerp.

2 The people of Gand or Ghent.

3 Conductor and coachman.

4 Probably for *lieues de Gand*. Leagues from Ghent. The French *lieue* is about two and one-half miles English.

5 For *La ville de* ———. The city of ———.

6 For *à une lieue*. At one league.

7 An undecipherable Flemish word.

8 For *lieues*. Leagues.

9 Like a trooper, *i. e.*, astride.

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money with wonderful dexterity. The soil sandy; till within about two miles of the Scheldt (Escaut), you descend a very little onto an extensive meadow, Anvers full in front. The majestic turret (steeple) of Notre Dame<sup>1</sup> is an elegant and imposing object. On this plain not a tree or shrub; and here, op.<sup>2</sup> Anvers, is now laying out a new city. Several hundred of the Spanish prisoners were at work. We left our *cab.* and were put across the river, about 1½ miles wide, without delay. Parted with my companion and came to the "*Labour-  
eur*,"<sup>3</sup> the host speaking English. No questions had been asked me about my passport. Dined in my room, eel, salmon, carp (a sort of flounder), and potatoes, with a bottle of Rhenish. Went to the diligence-office and paid 36 francs for passage to Amsterdam; to start at 4 to-morrow morning. Went to the bureau of passports; got mine *viséd* without delay, or cost, or question. Walked an hour about the town. The domino or Capuchin cloak is still the mode. It must be a residue of Spanish manners. Had thought of going to the theatre, but deemed it more important to take my tea, write you this, and go to sleep. Now 9 o'clock. The *ll.* in the house the pre'st *ll.* have seen in Anvers<sup>4</sup>.

			Francs.	Sous.
Paid my share of <i>cab.</i> hire and <i>tringelt</i> <sup>5</sup>	-	-	14	0
Ferriage, 2 sous; to boatmen, 8	-	-	0	10
Porterage	-	-	1	0

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<sup>1</sup> This cathedral is the largest and most beautiful Gothic church in the Netherlands. It was begun in 1352.

<sup>2</sup> For opposite.

<sup>3</sup> "The Ploughman." The name of an inn.

<sup>4</sup> For The *mademoiselle* (or *jungfru* or *fille*) in the house is the prettiest girl I have seen in Antwerp.

<sup>5</sup> For German *Trinkgeld*. Tip; literally, drink-money.

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	Francs.	Sous.
Segars - - - - -	2	0
Bill at this house - - - - -	15	15
<i>Doms.</i> - - - - -	4	5
Fare of diligence from Anvers to Amsterdam -	36	0
For one weight of baggage, (a fraud) - -	4	0

Rotterdam, Friday and Saturday, 17 and 18 May, 1811. The diligence left Anvers this morning as the clock struck 4. There being much baggage and more persons than the coach would hold, a curricl<sup>1</sup> was provided, in which I rode with a French captain, his wife (German), with three children, a boy and two very beautiful and lovely girls, 8 and 9 years old. The lady is sensible and well-bred. The children presently attached themselves to me. We drove rapidly, and at 5 P. M. were at Williamstadt, where we left our French captain and his family, of whom I did not take leave, being hurried into the boat by the joint efforts of the boatman and Madame D., the only remaining *compag. de voyage*<sup>2</sup>. But before noticing the events at Rotterdam, let us go back to Anvers. The places in the diligence are numbered, and on paying your passage you receive a certificate specifying the number of your seat. I had No. 2; Madame D., also for Amsterdam, had No. 1. At the moment of leaving Anvers, a fat, well-dressed, ill-looking Flemman<sup>3</sup> took possession of my seat in the diligence, and I was thrown out into the curricl. The morning chilly and my *surtout*<sup>4</sup> not come-at-able. At the first stop, Madame D. asked me if I were not the person who

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<sup>1</sup> A two-wheeled two-horse carriage with a pole.

<sup>2</sup> For *compagnon de voyage*. Traveling companion.

<sup>3</sup> Burr coins this word. It means a masculine Fleming.

<sup>4</sup> Overcoat.

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had taken a seat for Amsterdam. Yes. "*Mais entrez donc. Prenez votre place.*" "*M'e, je n'aime pas ces discussions.*" "*Folie! Chassez cet cochon*"<sup>1</sup>. Nevertheless, I was so charmed with my little companions that I continued in the curricule. At the second relai<sup>2</sup> Madame renewed her remonstrances. I agreed to assert my rights. I took the seat in the diligence by the side of Madame D. The Flemman came to claim his place. "*Monsieur, si vous y avez plus de droit que moi je vous le cederai, si non, non*"<sup>3</sup>. The coachman was called and desired me to go to the curricule. I refused, and asked him to look at his register. The Flemman, seeing that I was not very docile, retired to the curricule. During this stage one of the little girls tumbled out of the curricule, jumped up, laughing, and got in again, without having sustained the slightest injury. I took two breakfasts of coffee, *bro.*, and butter this morning, which cost me about 25 sous each. At Bergen-op-Zoom<sup>4</sup> (how I hate garrisoned towns!) the hostess refused to give us anything, lest it might delay the diligence. Had like to have gone off with two of the Captain's children, and without father or mother. At Williamstadt the Captain and his family remained. The Flemman and two others we had left at Bergen-op-Zoom, so that the last stage Madame D. and I were *tête-à-tête* and she appeared coy and difficult. Madame D. is about 25, the wife

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<sup>1</sup> "But enter, I pray you. Take your seat." "Madame, I dislike these altercations." "Nonsense! Turn out this (*ce*) pig."

<sup>2</sup> For French *relais* or English relay.

<sup>3</sup> "Sir, if you have more right to it than I, I shall yield it to you (*je vous la céderai*); if not, no."

<sup>4</sup> Literally, Bergen on Zoom. The town of Bergen lies at the confluence of the Zoom and Oosterschelde rivers.



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of a *c. d. noble*<sup>1</sup>, who enjoys a place of some consequence under the present government. She may be described in one line—the very image of Caroline Senat, (and from the same quarter, Gascon<sup>2</sup>), perhaps two inches taller than Caroline promised to be. The hair, the complexion, the eyes, the form, the physiognomy, the wit. From Williamstadt the ferry is about three miles. Then across two islands, about four leagues; a third ferry landed us at Rotterdam. On landing the *Directeur des Diligences*<sup>3</sup>, who was on the wharf to receive us, told us a carriage would be ready in five minutes; but that, if we preferred to pass the night at Rotterdam, another carriage would go at 7 in the morning. I referred it to Madame to decide. After a little hesitation, she resolved to stay. The *Directeur* showed us into the tavern; but as not a person in the house could speak either French or English, we determined to go to one for which I had a written recommendation from De Veer. Went to Mr. Annakie's. He expressed great regret that he could not receive us, but he had not a single vacant bed. He recommended to us another, to which we drove and were received. The sign, a boar's head, supported by two cupids in bas relief. We were shown into a very large, elegant room, with two beds, one at each end. I, like a booby, said: "*Il faut une autre chambre*"<sup>4</sup>. There was no other. Looked at

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<sup>1</sup> For *ci-devant noble*. In the time of the French Revolution *un ci-devant* with or without the word *noble*, meant one of the aristocracy who had been stripped of his property and titles.

<sup>2</sup> Probably for Gascony.

<sup>3</sup> Superintendent of diligences or stage-coaches.

<sup>4</sup> "Another room must be had."



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Madame to see what was to be done. "This will do." Supper in our room.

*Hiatus valde deflendus*<sup>1</sup>.

Had breakfast at 6. Was sitting in the parlor below reading a newspaper. Received a smart click on the head. It was Madame. "*Mais vous etes la tout tranquille. Vous laissez tous vos hardes pele mele. Voila votre parapluie. Vous ne pensez a rien. Vous etes come un enfant. Le diligence va partir et vous ne faites rien*"<sup>2</sup>. Ordered a coach, and drove to the diligence office and off. Last evening there being yet an hour of sun, we walked through the town (Rotterdam), which is about as large as New York was when you were married! It is very beautiful, neat, well-built, everywhere rows of trees on each side, canals of running water, and in different places large basins, for the reception of vessels of all sizes.

	Francs.	Sous.
Bill at Rotterdam . . . . .	19	0
Coach hire twice . . . . .	7	0
<i>Doms.</i> . . . . .	3	10
Paid for map and travelling book . . . . .	4	10
	<hr/> 34	<hr/> 0

We had an open curricule, there being no other passenger. Industry. High cultivation. Not a single house in ruins or denoting misery. The road lined with trees, and always, on one or both sides, a canal. Passed through two villages before arriving at Gouda<sup>3</sup>. One

<sup>1</sup> Latin. A gap exceedingly to be lamented.

<sup>2</sup> For "*Mais vous etes la tout tranquille. Vous laissez toutes vos hardes pêle-mêle. Voila votre parapluie. Vous ne pensez à rien. Vous etes comme un enfant. Le diligence va partir et vous ne faites rien.*" "But you are quite at your ease there. You leave all your clothes lying pell mell. There is your umbrella. You don't think of anything. You are like a child. The diligence is going to leave you and you are doing nothing."

<sup>3</sup> Gouda is now an important town of 22,000 inhabitants.

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of those villages ———, a small town of such neatness as you can form no idea of. You might sit down or lay down in any part of any street without danger of soiling your cloathes<sup>1</sup>. All paved with small yellow brick, set edgeways. At Gouda had time to visit the church remarkable for the painted glass windows. Bought for you the description, *q. v.*<sup>2</sup> I have inquired of all my acquaintance, but can get no account of *la Pucelle de Dortrecht*<sup>3</sup>, in whose honor is one of the windows. At 11 A. M. we embarked in the *Tracht Schuyt*<sup>4</sup>. Hired the after cabin for our use, 7 francs. There were in the common cabin about twenty passengers. We were drawn by one horse, who goes usually on a small trot, at the rate of nearly five miles an hour. The boat is extremely neat and well contrived. You will see by the map the towns through which we passed. Breakfast at Gouda, for two, 4 francs 10 sous. Wine, &c., to take on board, 5 francs 15 sous. A French gentleman, bearing a badge of knighthood or honor, asked to be received into our cabin, which I refused. Afterward Madame D. said it was more prudent to receive him. I invited him in her name and he came. The scenery is constantly varied by cultivation, and by the towns and villages through which we pass. Everywhere houses; all perfectly neat. Arrived at Amsterdam at 7, and went with Madame to the hotel to which she was directed. Were

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1 So in the MS.

2 For Latin *quod vide*. Which see.

3 The maid of Dordrecht.

4 For Dutch *trekschuit*. A boat drawn by horses along the canals; canal boat.

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again put into a room with two beds. I have never been able to teach *ma belle amie*<sup>1</sup> to say *Amsterdam*. She will have it *Misterdam*, or something near it.

Amsterdam, May 19, 1811. At 8 *soir.* to hunt a plan or map of the city. Madame accompanied me. Did not get a map, but got a hat and other things to the amount of 65 francs. At 10 called on Mr. Pluym. Received civilly. Talked of my business. He went with me to the house of Valkenaer, to see Vanderhoeval and M<sup>e</sup> Francois, whom saw. Was received with *accueil*<sup>2</sup>. Madame Francois asked me to dine to-day, which declined, being engaged with my *gascogne*<sup>3</sup> but agreed for to-morrow. Home. During my absence Madame had engaged a passage for herself to embark at 7 this morning. Got our dinner; a very good one. Paid our bill, 35 francs, and to *doms.*, 4; carriage, 5; sundries for the passage, 9. Put all our baggage in the coach, and, after seeing Madame on board, drove to my new lodgings, M. Van Ham, *marché au beurre*<sup>4</sup>. Found there Vanderhoeval waiting for me. Am much pleased with the good humor of my host and his children. In my walk with Madame to-day, went into two or three churches; all Protestant, and as simple as ours. Mr. Vanderhoeval and I took a stroll. Then called on Madame Francois, who walked with us till I was quite tired.

20. Called on Pluym at eight. He sent *commis*.<sup>5</sup>

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1 My handsome lady friend.

2 Welcome.

3 For *Gasconne*. Lady of Gascony.

4 For *marché au beurre*, butter-market, or *marchand au beurre*, butter-merchant.

5 Clerk. Possibly for *commissionnaire*. Porter.

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with me to Zilver, successor of Nakuys, but the papers of which I was in search have, since the death of Nakuys, been deposited in some public office. To Valkenaer's, where took up V. D. H.<sup>1</sup>, and we strolled about the town till 3, when I came home to dress. At 5 to dine with Madame Francois. She is modest, sensible, moderately cheerful, polite, a good form, and interesting countenance. We were quite at ease, it being understood that I am in confidence. Off at 8. *Renc.*, 12 francs. Things are dear here. Home at 9.

21. To Pluym's at 9; out. Then to Vanderhoeval's, and we walked to Zilver's, who recommended me to call on Studniski<sup>2</sup> and Van Henkelom for the information I required. We strolled about the town and drank gin and stared at strange things. At 6 to Pluym's, where dined *en fam.* Roast beef with various vegetables; among them green peas which had grown in the open air. Asparagus has been for some days in abundance. Remember that we are north of the 52d degree of latitude. Mr. Vanderhoeval and Madame Francois came after dinner, and then two young ladies; one of them very handsome, but speaking only *hollandois*<sup>3</sup>. Off at 1½ p. 8.

22. To Pluym's at 8. Note, he is distant ½ league. I breakfast at 7. Passed ½ hour talking of Holland Company affair. Then to Valkenaer's. Took Vanderhoeval with me to Studniski and Van Henkelom's. After waiting ¼ hour, one came who announced himself as Mr. Van Henkelom. Without

<sup>1</sup> Vanderhoeval, previously mentioned.

<sup>2</sup> For Jan Stadnitski, one of the proprietors of the Holland Land Company. See note 3, page 13.

<sup>3</sup> For *hollandais*. Dutch.

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giving him my name, I showed him one of the Holland Company *oblig.*<sup>1</sup>, and as a proprietor claimed the right of being informed, &c. Asked him several questions. He could reply to nothing without consulting the trustees, and to-morrow being holiday, it might be several days before he could have their advice. He begged my questions in writing, which was what I wished. Left him my address. Strolled with Vanderhoeval two or three hours. We parted, and I took my host to show me to the Plantatic<sup>2</sup>; a charming quarter. All houses and gardens of amusement. Sent off my host and went to the bath, where, after bathing an hour, took coffee by way of dinner. Bath, 3 francs; towels, 6 sous; coffee, 2 francs 2 sous; *dom.*, 12 sous; total, 6 francs. A stuyver<sup>3</sup> is a little more than 2 sous of France, and you pay here in stuyvers as much as of sous in Paris. By way of deception they say 30 sous, meaning stuyvers, about 63 sous of France. Home at 7. In our walk to-day, Vanderhoeval took me to see some ladies of his acquaintance. Seltzer water is the only cheap thing. I drink a bottle a day, 6 sous, meaning 13 sous of France. This P. M. sent messenger with a note, *q. v.*, enclosing my queries to Van Henkelom. This being Gampy's birthday, I celebrate it *tout seul*<sup>4</sup> and drink to his health in a whole bottle.

23. At 8 to Pluym's. He had convened last evening a few of the Holland Company proprietors,

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<sup>1</sup> For *obligations*. Bonds.

<sup>2</sup> Burr means *Plantaadje*, the meaning of which is plantation. A part of this quarter is occupied by the botanical and zoological gardens.

<sup>3</sup> Dutch for stiver.

<sup>4</sup> All alone.

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who were discontented with the administration of the trustees and directors. I then related my interview with Van Henkelom. To Valkenaer's. Took up V. D. H., and we strolled. Went into the Persian church. The only Persians were the three performers, magnificently dressed, that is, all over gilt and embroidered. They were singing very loud and in the most horrible discord. If God be fond of music, he would not be propitiated by this. The three actors had their faces turned to the altar, where were burning seven tall wax candles. Called at a rendezvous of Americans. Saw only Captain Combes, a New England man, whose vessel has been confiscated and bought in, and yet he cannot get leave to depart. Dined at home on *br.* and *cas.*<sup>1</sup> and a bottle of wine had of my host. The 12-sous wine of Paris is here at 3 francs, which is unreasonable, the transportation being not more than 6 sous the bottle. This is high holiday. All the churches open. The street amusement is *dancing*, jumping the rope, at which they are wonderfully expert.

24. Took my host to hunt American vessels. There is not one except Combes's, who will be obliged to sell his ship and get home as he can. To Van Henkelom's. A reception the most *sec et froid*<sup>2</sup>. "Sir, I can't answer you anything." I did, however, get from him the number of *actions*<sup>3</sup> which have been bought in (*amortisé*<sup>4</sup>), a very important fact for me. Then to

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<sup>1</sup> For *bröd* and *Käse* or *cassonade*.

<sup>2</sup> Dry and cold.

<sup>3</sup> Shares of stock.

<sup>4</sup> For *amorties*. Redeemed.



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Pluym's. Talked over our Holland Company matter an hour. Yesterday deposited with him 7000 francs to lay out in Holland Company *actions*. To Valke-naer's. Met at the door Mr. Pluym, Madame Francois, and Mr. Vanderhoeval; with the two latter walked a little way. Then took a stroll to hunt a dinner. Though there are many hundreds of eating-houses here, could not find one, at least one which suited me. Came home. Took my host for pilot and got a good dinner of fish and potatoes, with a bottle of common wine, 6 francs 12 sous and 8 sous to *dom*. More than double what I should have paid in Paris. Home. At 7 V. D. H. and Madame Francois called at my lodgings and we walked together till 8. On the way, V. D. H. took us a circuit to show me a *musico*<sup>1</sup>, which confused me a good deal, but Madame did not seem to take it amis<sup>2</sup>. Home at 9 and took tea. At 11 going to *couche*.

Embarked at Amsterdam for Hadywycke<sup>3</sup> at 8 P. M., Monday, May 27, 1811. The passage is about fifty miles. Wind ahead. Hired a very pretty cabin, with large stateroom and two large beds, neatly furnished, for 56 stuyons, about 6 francs. Ceded a bed to a respectable old man. Arrived at Hadiwycke at 6 A. M. Tuesday morning. Paid for sundries on board the packet, 6 francs. Got breakfast, and at 8 was in the diligence; a Dutch wagon without springs.

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<sup>1</sup> The name *musico* is given in Belgium and Holland to certain kinds of concert restaurants where the lower classes and the sailors go to drink and smoke and listen to the music. Voltaire says: "It must be confessed that an enchanted isle of which Venus is the goddess and where nymphs caress sailors after a long voyage is more like an Amsterdam *musico* than like something more decorous."

<sup>2</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>3</sup> The true spelling is Harderwyk.



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Five *habitans*<sup>1</sup>, fellow passengers. From Hardiwyke, very gently ascending through sand  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour; then an open barren plain. No trees, nor house, nor cultivation. Two hours from Hardiwyke, the chateau of Westerfelt, and three or four houses in the vicinity. Then one hour of barren heath to the village Elspitt. Neat, comfortable houses and gardens. Then one hour barren heath to a few scattered houses. Assailed by hosts of beggar children. Barren plain  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to the plantations about the Palace of Loo<sup>2</sup>, formerly the favorite hunting-ground of the Prince of Orange; afterward of King Joseph; now the property of the Emperor, but uninhabited, except servants. These extend more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. The palace, a square brick building; nothing striking. Observe that the plain descends in the rear of the palace southwestward. About 2 miles of naked heath brought us to the village of Appeldoorn<sup>3</sup>. Many handsome houses and gardens, and hence to Deventer, about three hours, continued culture and good-looking gardens, having the air of ease and comfort. Approaching Deventer you ride on the bank made to keep out the Issel<sup>4</sup>. This, being raised ten or fifteen feet, gives a fine view of extensive plains under fine culture. Pass a wooden bridge, built on boats anchored in the river. A fortified town without the wall. A park of large trees, perhaps fifty acres. The conscripts

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<sup>1</sup> For *habitants*. Inhabitants.

<sup>2</sup> Near Appeldoorn is the royal chateau called Het Loo. It was the favourite residence of William I. and William III. and is now one of the residences of the Queen of Holland.

<sup>3</sup> For Apeldoorn.

<sup>4</sup> The Dutch name of the river is IJssel.

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were in squads, training. A very handsome promenade. The Cathedral is one of the largest; I think more than 400 feet long.

28. My direct route is through Osnaburg<sup>1</sup>. No diligence, or public conveyance of any kind, goes hence until Friday P. M. A dire dilemma. Post horses cost about 6 francs the German mile. Had serious thoughts of abandoning the journey and returning to Amsterdam. This morning have found that the courier (the *poste aux lettres*)<sup>2</sup> goes to-day by Lingens Bremen, about twenty-five miles out of my way, and in an open chair (curricule); have resolved to take this course, and we go all night. My hostess (*a la Lune*)<sup>3</sup> is the kindest soul; has taken as much trouble to provide me the means of getting off as if it were her interest. Have walked through the market; *strawberries*. Among two hundred women not one comely; but two handsome in this house. At the village at Het Loo<sup>4</sup>, also, two gardenesses, well dressed, very tall, very fair, very comely. The Cathedral bells chime every  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour and a grand chime every hour, besides occasional ones. A perpetual gingle<sup>5</sup>.

Lingen, May 30, 1811. Left Deventer at 11 with the courier, in a cart drawn by two horses. On the way took up two more passengers. Paid 26 francs for a passage to Lingen, nineteen leagues.

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<sup>1</sup> This city in the province of Hanover is now generally known as Osnabrück.

<sup>2</sup> The mail stage.

<sup>3</sup> For *à la Lune*. At the sign of the moon.

<sup>4</sup> Het Loo is not only the name of the royal château but also of the village near it.

<sup>5</sup> So in the MS.

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Arrived here at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 2 in the morning. Were three hours coming the last three leagues. Rain, tempest of wind, very dark. Overset; bruised my arm, but not materially. On the way learnt the vexatious fact, which the very polite postmaster, or his *commis*.<sup>1</sup> at Deventer, had concealed from me, *viz.*, that the mail goes forward from this place on horseback, so that I am left here to provide ways and means, having come about eight leagues out of the way. Fortunately, my host proved to be a most complaisant, good-natured man *a la* ———<sup>2</sup>.

Osnaburg, Bohmte<sup>3</sup>, May 31, 1811. Left Osnaburg in post extra, *i. e.*, a phaeton and two horses. You cannot have less than two horses. Bill at Osnaburg, *a l'Empereur*<sup>4</sup>, tea in evening and coffee morning, 34 gooden groschen<sup>5</sup>. Hilly to Ostercappel; then a plain to Bohmte (where this is written), a town on a side hill, in a hilly, cultivated country. Arrived at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 12. The distance paid for is three miles, or six leagues, being in fact about four leagues; a *chaussee*<sup>6</sup>; very rough. Slept half the way. This is the best place in Osnaburg. We can enter Hannovre<sup>7</sup> through the Osnaburg territory. On the roadside crosses with inscriptions. Also inscriptions on most of the houses. At Osnaburg the women handsome. *Bel bras*<sup>8</sup>. Fair.

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<sup>1</sup> Clerk.

<sup>2</sup> For *à la* ———. After the ——— fashion.

<sup>3</sup> Bohmte is a village near Osnabrück.

<sup>4</sup> For *à l'Empereur*. At the Hotel Emperor.

<sup>5</sup> For high German *gute-Groschen*.

<sup>6</sup> For *chaussée*. A paved road.

<sup>7</sup> French for Hanover.

<sup>8</sup> For *beaux bras*. Handsome arms.

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The *paysannes*<sup>1</sup>. Red petticoats; of all ages; the large hat or cap, with broad, flowing border.

	Gooden Groschen.
Paid for horses, three miles ( <i>dit</i> <sup>2</sup> ) - - - - -	60
for carriage - - - - -	18
<i>Postillion, droit</i> , 15; <i>ext</i> <sup>3</sup> r <sup>3</sup> , 5 - - - - -	20
Changes <sup>4</sup> - - - - -	4
<i>Snaps</i> <sup>5</sup> - - - - -	1

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A gooden groschen is not quite 4 sous.

At Lemfurde<sup>6</sup>, called four leagues, in fact about six miles, paid for horse and carriage 52 groschen. The *wackmeister*<sup>7</sup>, a fellow who is supposed to look on while the horses are harnessing, 4 g.<sup>8</sup> To Lemfurde the country is *champaign*<sup>9</sup>, and the greater part through a barren. Had a distant view of the lake<sup>10</sup>, which is about five miles long and two wide, abounding in fish, as is said. From Lemfurde to Dieppolz<sup>11</sup>, four leagues. The country still flat, but of a totally different character. The whole way cultivated. We pass within a mile of the lake; on the other (west) side of which the land appears a little higher. One long, narrow, ill-paved street; a long canal of stagnant water; but on the other side of that canal is a large house, gardens, park, walks, &c. Formerly George

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1 Peasant women.  
2 Said to be.  
3 Meaning that the postilion had a right (*droit*) to 15 and he paid him 5 extra.  
4 Perhaps for changing of money.  
5 For schnapps. A Dutch drink.  
6 For Lemförde-Dielingen.  
7 Literally the master-watchman.  
8 Meant by Burr for gooden groschen, *i. e.*, gute-Groschen. See Glossary.  
9 Meaning broad, open, level country.  
10 The lake known as Dümmer-See, to the west of Lemförde-Dielingen.  
11 For Diepholz.

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III., now General Bertrand<sup>1</sup>, by gift of the Emperor. At present occupied by *le juge de Paix*<sup>2</sup>. Here, Diepholtz<sup>3</sup>, had tea.

Suligen<sup>4</sup>, June 1, 1811. Arrived at ½ p. 1 this morning. Little Rudolph got up and knew me, but would not let him wake any of the family, having occasion for nothing but rest. Lay on a sofa<sup>5</sup>, not undressing, but got little sleep. The post-boys began with their horns. Then (about 3) came into my room some travelers to search for things they had left. Gave up the business of sleeping and got up at 8. A most kind reception from all the family, which is still composed exactly as when I was here eighteen months ago. The 2 daughter<sup>6</sup> had grown much, and is very beautiful. My friend D. is established at Gothenburg in commerce. At Dieppholtz<sup>3</sup> paid for horses and carriage, 91 gooden groschen; *wachmeister*, 4; the *postil. fr.*<sup>7</sup>, 15; tea, 7; total, 117. And now, after all the fatigue, the mental doubts and vexation—the *expense*, find what might have known, what in fact, did know—that I had no business here or at Breme<sup>8</sup>; shall nevertheless go to Breme, and thence heavily to Amsterdam, and thence to Paris, and thence to Bordeaux, and thence to thee. Did not much notice the

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<sup>1</sup> General Bertrand, who was Count Henri Gratien, was one of Napoleon's favourite marshals. He and Duroc were the Emperor's *maréchaux du palais*, Marshals of the Palace. The traveler who visits the tomb of Napoleon at the Hôtel des Invalides will find at the entrance to the crypt where lie the Emperor's ashes, two sarcophagi which bear the names Duroc and Bertrand. The latter accompanied Napoleon in all his campaigns, followed him to Elba and St. Helena, and lived long enough to escort his ashes when they were solemnly transferred from St. Helena to their present resting place in Paris in 1840. Bertrand died in 1844.

<sup>2</sup> The Justice of the Peace.

<sup>3</sup> For Diepholz.

<sup>4</sup> For Sulingen.

<sup>5</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>6</sup> Meaning the second daughter.

<sup>7</sup> Probably for *postillon français*. French postilion.

<sup>8</sup> For Brème. French for Bremen.

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country from Diepolz<sup>1</sup> to this. The first part seemed a barren; the whole plain. Paid my postilion, who drove at the rate of about six leagues in six hours, 25. Now let us see what this tour has cost. We'll put the whole for you in francs and sous<sup>2</sup>.

Groosander, June 8, 1811. Arrived here at 8 this morning, and underwent an examination of baggage at a *bureau de douane*<sup>3</sup>, this being (before the union of this with France) the frontier. We passed the line of Oldenburg about a league back, and are now in E. Friezeland<sup>4</sup>. We left the city of Oldenburg at 10 last night. Ten hours steadily employed in making eight short leagues in tolerable roads. Sandy, as usual, but not quite so deep. Our vehicle is the same kind of open, coarse wagon. A little this side Oldenburg we took in a smart, pretty Frieze<sup>5</sup> girl; *chère amie*<sup>6</sup>, as would appear, of our *cond'r*<sup>7</sup>, perhaps of all the sex. The tender kisses she gave were quite provoking. I had a quantity of straw put into my part of the wagon, and slept pretty well from 2 to 7. On waking found a fertile, well-cultivated country, with a due portion of trees. All perfectly level, though we must have passed a hill in coming from the waters of the Weser to those of the Ems. I may as well now tell you that I left Bremen at 9 o'clock yesterday morning in a very coarse, open wagon, and arrived at Oldenburg, at 8 in the evening.

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<sup>1</sup> For Diepholz.

<sup>2</sup> This, however, Burr failed to do.

<sup>3</sup> Custom-house office.

<sup>4</sup> For East Friesland.

<sup>5</sup> For Friese. Friesian.

<sup>6</sup> For *chère amie*. Dear lady friend.

<sup>7</sup> For *conducteur*. Conductor.

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We were four. A Frenchman, settled at Oldenburg, the only one with whom I could speak. At one long league (three miles) from Bremen we leave the territories of that city and enter those of Oldenburg. Thus far the road is paved, but very roughly. Then a heavy sand, and the country generally has a barren appearance. At one league this side Oldenburg we came upon a small river, which forms its port; a branch of the Weser. This league is over a wet, low meadow, which extends south and southwest as far as the eye can reach. Oldenburg is pretty and neat. The houses generally small and low. At every window, flowers. The palace I did not see. The walks and gardens in the town are like those of Hanover. The fine weather continues without interruption. Green pease and strawberries have been eaten at Oldenburg for more than a week. My complaint increases and becomes very painful. Have therefore determined to give up Ernden and Madame D. and hasten to Amsterdam where medical aid can be had.

Schantze<sup>1</sup>, June 9, 1811. We are detained four hours at Groosander, waiting the convenience of a clerk in the postoffice at Leer, for which place he proposed to take passage with us. By this delay we arrived here at midnight instead of 8 in the evening. No, it was at Nassel or Issel<sup>2</sup>, or some such name, that we were so long detained. Two or three leagues this side Groosander, another *douannier*<sup>3</sup> and inspection of baggage. Met there a French lieutenant of

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<sup>1</sup> There is now a village there known as Nieuwe Schanz.

<sup>2</sup> Probably for Ijssel or Yssel.

<sup>3</sup> For *douanier*. Custom-house officer.



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*douanne*<sup>1</sup>, who knew intimately Mr. D., the husband of my friend Madame D., and speaks of him in terms of the warmest eulogy and strong attachment; but I shall never know him. From Yssel to Leer, three leagues. Here the post-office clerk and the other passengers stopped. The remaining four leagues I came on alone, of which I was glad; for, though he speaks French freely, and is, I believe, a Frenchman, he did not say a word to me, and even replied to questions, which once or twice I put to him, in a manner nearly rude. My disorder increased to such a degree that I was in the utmost misery. Several times I feared to faint from pain. It occurred to me that, in such an event, my companions would probably have thrown me out into the high-road as a useless encumbrance, and taken possession of my trunk as fair prize. To increase my distress, the road from Yssel is all the way a hard *chaussee* (turnpike). The pavement in Leer (like our street pavements) was worse, and I thought it would never end. It appeared to me that Leer must be longer than London; but, on reflection, this cannot be true. I would, however, ascribe to it from 800 to 1000 houses. The street in which I was so tortured cannot be less than a mile in length. At 12 we reached Schantze. (Note: These places, Hazel, Schantze, are not on any map. I write them as they are pronounced, and are, doubtless, very far from the true names.) We waked up the family, got a dish of tea and a pail of water, and went to bed at 2. Rose

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<sup>1</sup> For *douane*. Custom-house or duty.

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at 5, having slept little; not a person in the house speaking a word of French or English. The landlord not up. Got breakfast. Hired for 3 francs the roof (the back cabin is so called) to myself; a comfortable little room, about six feet by ten, with four windows and cushioned seats. Took out my inkstand to write to you; lay down on the cushioned bench to repose. Got asleep, and slept sound for three hours, *i. e.*, till we arrived at Winschoten, three and a half leagues. Here we take another *trackschout*<sup>1</sup>, and I had to pay for the cabin (the roof) 13 francs, an imposition which, if I had had my wit, I might have escaped. Slept again till Shudbrouk<sup>2</sup>, about two hours. Being detained here for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour till a gate (lock) in the canal should be opened, went on shore and had full opportunity to see the singular Frieze<sup>3</sup> dress. A white cap close to the head, and coming down on the forehead nearly to the eyebrows. To the crown of this is attached a piece of gauze or muslin, according to the taste, of about  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard long; set on very full all round, and flowing loose. Instead of ear-rings, a piece of metal, silver, gold, tin, brass, or lead, about an inch in diameter, sometimes larger, is placed on the temple, generally in a line with the eye, and brought near to the corner of the eye on each side. These ornaments are generally in a form approaching that of a shell, but very much varied; ornamented sometimes with pearls and stones, with pendants. I could not imagine

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<sup>1</sup> For *trekschuit*. Tow-boat.

<sup>2</sup> For Zuidbroek.

<sup>3</sup> So in the MS.

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how these things were made to keep their places. At length saw two at their doors with the metal ornament, but without the cap. A piece of metal about an inch broad goes from each temple round the back of the head, and is made elastic, so as to compress the temples near the eyes. To the ends of these are fixed the ornaments. This headdress is said to have continued without change from the remotest period of which any account is preserved in tradition or history. The rest of the dress is equally peculiar. A *long short-gown*, reaching about a foot below the hips; a sort of apron, going nearly round the person, but open a few inches behind, to show the skirts of the short-gown. This apron is of blue or black, and some I saw of silk, but invariably the upper part, about six or eight inches, of calico, stamped with various colors. From 5 years old to 90, the cap, the temple-ornaments, the short-gown and apron are universal. The men of all orders have very sharp-toed shoes, such as our bucks<sup>1</sup> used to wear ten or fifteen years ago. At about two leagues more pass through Sappmere<sup>2</sup>. Here many vessels in the canal, some of more than 100 tons.

Trachschuy<sup>3</sup>, near Groningen, June 9, 1811. This morning the sun rose bright and in  $\frac{1}{4}$  was covered by a black cloud; at 6 it thundered and at 7 set in to rain, which continued till 12. You must know, Madame, that this is a very great *fete*<sup>4</sup>, *le*

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<sup>1</sup> The word buck here means a dashing fellow, a young blood, a dandy.

<sup>2</sup> For Sappemeer, now Hoogezand-Sappemeer.

<sup>3</sup> For *trekschuit*. Tow-boat.

<sup>4</sup> For *fête*. Holiday.

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*batême*<sup>1</sup> du roi de Rome<sup>2</sup>, celebrated throughout the empire by feasts, balls, illuminations, &c. It is, of course, that the weather be good on all H. M.'s feasts<sup>3</sup>; the storm of this morning was unexpected, but it was only to lay the dust and purify the air. Now at 2 P. M. the sun has come out and there is prospect of a fine evening. I am tolerably free from pain in this tranquil vehicle, but still greatly distressed and alarmed about my disorder. I never will be the victim of any slow painful disorder. We have on board about a dozen passengers of both sexes, apparently peasants and burghers. I believe every one has come in turn, opened my door softly a little ways, and taken a peep in. At about one league more pass through the village of Schemedaugh; not one of these places except Winschoten is on my map. Passing through another village at this moment, we stopped a few minutes. Two women came down to stare at us; one of the lowest class, the other above it. They had both the cap and temple ornaments and the wire, as before described. The better dressed had on a smart black sable hat with feather; calico short-gown, pale blue cloth petticoat striped with green, the apron dark blue cloth, the upper part about five inches, a redish calico, but different from the short-gown. The other, coarsely dressed, had apron of common coarse gray

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<sup>1</sup> For *baptême*. Baptism.

<sup>2</sup> François Charles Joseph Napoléon Bonaparte, Duc de Reichstadt, described by the Bonapartists as Napoleon II., was the son of the first Napoleon by Marie Louise of Austria. He was born at Paris, March 20, 1811. His father was almost beside himself with joy at the birth of this son, and to the crowd which pressed into his apartments on hearing the news the Emperor cried: "*C'est un roi de Rome*," "It is a King of Rome." The infant prince was baptised on the 9th of June, 1811, in the cathedral of Notre Dame by Cardinal Fesch. This is the day mentioned by Burr.

<sup>3</sup> His Majesty's feasts.

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cloth, the upper part of blue check. Two pretty young girls came also. One had the appendage to the cap of lace about eight inches long. This appendage is made to come much over the face. Also came a *gens d'armes*<sup>1</sup> (known by their dress), of whom there are perhaps about thirty or forty thousand scattered over the empire. They have an authority approaching to that of our constables. He addressed me. "*Mon'r, d'ou venez-vous comme ça?*" "*Je viens de Breme.*" "*Est ce que vous avez un passeport?*" "*Oui*"<sup>2</sup>. And I showed it. He perused it and returned it without reply, but he stared well and talked of me to some of the passengers in Dutch. But a visitor comes in.

Gottingen<sup>3</sup>, June 10, 1811. While I was writing to you yesterday, came into my cabin one of the passengers who spoke a little French; he was followed by another; both seated themselves without ceremony. Then a third was coming in. I addressed him in English, but with an air of inquiry which he could not mistake, and he paused at the door. I desired my interpreter to ask him what he wanted. The man replied to him that he wished to come in and sit down, as the place was much more comfortable than the other. I bid the interpreter tell him that it was for that reason I had hired it, and paid for it so much money to have it to myself; but the man came in, placed himself in a corner, and in two minutes was

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<sup>1</sup> Now written *gendarme* in the singular and *gendarmes* in the plural.

<sup>2</sup> For "*Monsieur, d'ou venez-vous comme ça?*" "*Je viens de Brême.*" "*Est-ce que vous avez un passeport?*" "*Oui.*" "*Sir, where do you come from like that?*" "*I come from Bremen.*" "*Have you a passport?*" "*Yes.*"

<sup>3</sup> Meaning undoubtedly Groningen, the capital of the province of the same name in North-east Holland.

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snoring lustily. The first began to ask me many stupid questions about America, for he had learned my name from the *gens d'armes*, and then would repeat in Holland to the other. They lighted their pipes, and I left them the cabin to themselves and did not again go in. They were as much at their ease as if they had been proprietors. We landed in Gottingen<sup>1</sup> at 5. The tower, turret, like a church steeple, but for what use know not, is lofty, and makes a handsome appearance. The city might, I should conjecture, contain 20,000 inhabitants<sup>2</sup>. All brick houses, one or two story, the parapet lined with large trees. Canals intersecting the town at right angles. The place of embarkation for Strobos being on the other side of the town, without the gate, distant nearly  $\frac{1}{2}$  league, I preferred to go directly thither, to be ready to depart at 4 in the morning. Got a boy to carry my trunk for eight stivers, about 16 cents. He most impudently tried to extort from me 8 more. The master of the *trachtschuyt*<sup>3</sup>, too, notwithstanding the enormous sum I had paid for the cabin, demanded for the freight of my trunk, which I peremptorily refused. I got a decent room at the tavern on this side; had dinner and tea, a clean bed; three gigantic, good-natured servant girls were very attentive, and greatly pleased to receive 5 stivers each. The walk of  $\frac{1}{2}$  league over a rough pavement gave me great pain and did me injury. Nevertheless, I walked and stood a good deal in the street to see what was passing. This being Sunday,

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<sup>1</sup> For Groningen.

<sup>2</sup> It now has over 64,000 inhabitants.

<sup>3</sup> For *trekschuit*.



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and also the feast of the King of Rome, every one is dressed and abroad. The temple ornament, of which I forgot to learn the name, is universal here. I saw only one exception; but I have not well described it, nor can I. Will buy one for you, and dress you *à la frieze*<sup>1</sup>. At each end of the metal band which encircles the back of the head is a plate as big as your little hand. To this are fastened the ornaments of various form and size, sometimes coming onto the cheek bone. The maids of the house permitted me to examine theirs. My host invited me to go with him to the city to see the illumination; but I was in too much pain. *Couche* at 12. Rose  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 3. Took coffee and embarked for Strobos, five leagues. Paid for the cabin (the roof, the *calhuyt*<sup>2</sup>) 28 stivers. When I speak of leagues here, the *bure gaans*<sup>3</sup>, the hours going of *trachtschuyt* is meant; this is, I think, something more than three English miles. Slept the whole way to Strobos, where arrived at 9 and got breakfast; tea. Was asked, and fool enough to pay, 6 guilders, 12 francs 10 sous, for the *calhuyt*<sup>4</sup>, and intended to write you some pages; but the passengers interrupted me so rudely that I wrote not a line. All the time on deck, admiring the rich cultivation and excessive population. At Dookum<sup>5</sup>, a smart town (city), determined not to hire the cabin, but to take my chance with the herd. Paid 18 stivers for the four leagues to Leewarden<sup>6</sup>, the

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<sup>1</sup> For *à la frise*. After the Frisian fashion.

<sup>2</sup> For Dutch *cajuit*. Cabin.

<sup>3</sup> Bad Dutch for *het uur te gaan*. The hour of departure.

<sup>4</sup> For *cajuit*. Cabin.

<sup>5</sup> For Dokkum.

<sup>6</sup> For Leeuwarden.



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capital of West Friezland<sup>1</sup>. Has several churches and a theatre. A very good-tempered Frieze *belle*<sup>2</sup> was passenger. She was in full costume of the country. Not only a splendid golden *oorgzat*<sup>3</sup>, but ear-rings and large pendants of the same; also a gold necklace set with stones. The cap as before described. First, the hair is all concealed under a black silk cap, sitting very close to the head; then the *oorgzat*, over which is a pink riband<sup>4</sup> (fillet) to keep it steady; then the cap, of which the headpiece is worked muslin; the part pendant, gauze, about one foot long, bordered all round with a lace of three inches broad. She told me that her headdress cost 250 guilders, about 520 francs. The pendant part of the cap covers each side of the face, and may serve as a veil, admitting of much coquettish management. One may take a single place in the *calhuyt*, which has no fixed price, but is about 3 stuyvers<sup>5</sup> per league. The common cabin about 2 st'rs<sup>5</sup>. At Leewarden<sup>6</sup> was a great holiday, the *suite*<sup>7</sup> of yesterday. There were thousands of people in the fields just within the *remparts*<sup>8</sup>. Among other amusements, horse-races, at which the dignitaries of your sporting-club would laugh. It is a trotting race, the distance about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile. The *belles* were dressed and walking on the border of the *fosse*<sup>9</sup>. Met several very pretty and graceful forms. The ramparts or parapet

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<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> A very good-tempered Friesian beauty.

<sup>3</sup> For *oorijzer*. Ear-iron.

<sup>4</sup> Archaic for ribbon.

<sup>5</sup> For stivers.

<sup>6</sup> For Leeuwarden.

<sup>7</sup> Continuation.

<sup>8</sup> French for ramparts.

<sup>9</sup> For *fossé*. Moat.

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is lined with double rows of large trees, and being elevated about ten feet above the common level, forms a beautiful walk and affords extensive views. On the outside of the *fosse*, where we were obliged to walk about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile to reach the place of embarkation for Harlingen, also double rows of trees, but not yet full grown. Embarked at 5; the boat very full, being about thirty passengers. Paid again 19 stuyvers for a single place. Five stuyvers to two boys who brought over my trunk and sack from the last landing. Arrived at Harlingen at 10, being yet broad daylight. On this last passage, a well-dressed young man addressed me in French, and after some conversation, "*Mais n'est ce pas que vous parlez anglais?*" "*Oui, Monsieur, un peu*"<sup>1</sup>. "Well, then, let us talk English." He is English or Irish, and established at Amsterdam as professor of ———, I know not what branch of science; Thomas Coles. At Harlingen we had tea by way of supper, good rooms, and clean, comfortable beds. *Couche* at 12. Rose 5. Slept not an hour, having drank too much tea. Several French officers are quartered in this house. The *cap. com't*<sup>2</sup> amused us by relations of his disputes with the mayor and burgo-masters. Paid for supper, breakfast, and bed, about 3 francs 5 sous; very moderate. Embarked (with my Professor, who is an amusing companion) at 9. Intended to have taken the *calhuylt*, as there is probability of being out all night, but it was already taken

<sup>1</sup> For "*Mais n'est-ce pas que vous parlez anglais?*" "*Oui, Monsieur, un peu.*" "But you speak English, don't you?" "Yes, sir, a little."

<sup>2</sup> This may stand for English Captain Commandant, or, and perhaps more probably, for French *Capitaine Commandant*, Captain Commanding.

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by an elderly lady. In the common cabin, which is about ten feet square, we have twelve passengers. A pretty, well-dressed girl was of our party, but the old lady had received her in the *calhuyt*. Our cabin admits of sitting up, but not of standing. It is impossible to be more uncomfortable. All round is a narrow bench, not covered, bare board, and in the middle fixed a small table, which, by stretching, you can just reach from the benches. No chairs, so that the table cannot be used for writing. Everyone has his little store of provisions. The Professor and I had only bread, milk and brandy. We got cheese of the Captain, but his butter is stale. Wind ahead. Have been out all night, and now, at 10 A. M. of Wednesday, the 12th June, in sight of Amsterdam, these three pages are written. Our supper and breakfast, tea, bread and cheese, no sugar; fortunately, I had a little. The Professor is on good terms with the proprietors of the *calhuyt*, and had a good bed. I had also engaged a bed before embarking; but the Captain thought proper to give it to one of his countrymen, and so I consoled myself on the narrow bench. Never cross the Zuider Zee<sup>1</sup>, nor ever get into a *trachtschuyt*, without engaging the *calbuyt*<sup>2</sup>, and, as in the *trachtschuyt*, there is neither latch nor bolt to the *calhuyt*, I advise you to go to the expense of a hook or button to fasten yourself in, or rather to shut your neighbors out. In the packet-boats they are neat and well fitted. In the common cabin of the packet-boat and

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<sup>1</sup> Zuider Zee literally means South Sea, as opposed to North Sea.

<sup>2</sup> Burr clings fondly to the misspelling of these two words, *trekschuit* and *cajuit*.

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of the *trachtschuyt*, you always find two articles of furniture to us unknown—a *feer potche*<sup>1</sup> and a *spue potche*<sup>2</sup>. A number are always smoking vile tobacco, and using the *spue potche* (spitting cup); but at tea, either morning or evening, all smoke perpetually while they sip their tea. Imagine the odor of the atmosphere, with a dozen people in a cabin ten feet square and five feet high!

June 12, 1811, on board packet-boat from Harlingen to Amsterdam. Last evening, about 9, we passed near the town of Enkhausen, on the coast of N. Holland, formerly wealthy and prosperous, principally by the herring fishery, now in decay. You will wonder that a town well built of brick and stone can be in ruin in the course of fifteen years. It is thus explained. When their fishery and commerce were destroyed, the more wealthy, deprived of all resources, were obliged to sell their fine houses; but there were no purchasers. At length arose a new profession, that of demolisher (*sloopers*)<sup>3</sup>; they buy houses, you may suppose at what price, in order to *demolish* (*sloopen*)<sup>4</sup>, them, and to transport the brick, timber, iron, and glass elsewhere for sale. This unfortunate town has furnished much employ to this new trade. While we were embarking at Harlingen two *gens d'armes* came to the boatside and examined the passengers, but asked no questions. I have not been required to show my passport since leaving Oldenburg, except by the

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1 Does Burr mean Dutch *vuurpotje*, little fire-pot?

2 For *spuwpotje*. Literally, little spitting-pot.

3 Burr deserves credit. Here is one Dutch noun that he has spelled correctly.

4 The spelling is also correct here. The word is pronounced with a long o sound.

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*gens d'armes* on Monday. The wind has been light and direct ahead the whole way. My friend Neptune has, for the first time, forgotten me; or perhaps he don't trouble himself with what passes on a millpond like this. We have seldom found more than eight or ten feet water. They have no lead, but sound with a pole. Even the channel does not admit of vessels drawing more than eleven feet. Such is the *Zuider Zee*<sup>1</sup>. Large vessels are (formerly were) brought up to Amsterdam, being buoyed up by \* \* \* \*<sup>2</sup>, called, in English, camels. From Leer to Harlingen the land is generally from one to four feet above the water; in very few places any bank to repel inundation. In winter, the whole country is covered with water. Approaching the town, we have been twice brought to by vessels having custom-house officers on board. At 3 P. M. we are moored to the ———, about one hundred yards from the dock, and a boat comes off to take us on shore.

Amsterdam, June 12, 1811, at my old quarters, M. Van Ham. On landing, walked home, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  league; paid 6 stivers to a man who brought my trunk. Found my little room vacant and took possession. Wrote and sent notes to Pluym and to Vanderhoeval. The former reported to be sick abed. The latter called on me this evening. Got from him the name and address of a physician. Shall go early to bed, for am bruised to a jelly. At 12 last night got so much of one of the benches as enabled me to

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1 For *Zuider Zee*.

2 An undecipherable word.

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lay down, but not to stretch out, on the larboard side. Every time we tacked to go on the starboard tack, I rolled off onto the floor. This operation was repeated about once in  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour.

13. Received last evening a letter from L. Menard, in answer to one I wrote him from Sulingen. He could find no letters for me ; so the packet of your letters, which was sent to de Netzel, is finally lost. No letter from Denon in reply to that which I wrote him before leaving town. At 9 came in Captain Combes, of the ship *Vigilant*, to say that he had got permission to sail, and that if I chose to take passage, he would do all in his power to accommodate me. I forgot to say that the Captain had called during my absence, and had desired Van Ham to let him know of my return. Agreed to call on the Captain at 3 to see the ship. At 11 to Pluym's ; sick abed. To the doctor's ; out. To Vanderhoeval's, whom saw. At 5 P. M. to the doctor's again, and saw him ; gave a ducat<sup>1</sup>. He treats my complaint very lightly and as of no sort of consequence. He lies. I will be very sick. He gave me a recipe with which went to an apothecary's and got the stuff, but in truth during my thirty hours' passage on board that cursed packet my disorder so abated that the symptoms were scarcely visible, and of pain none. Nevertheless, I tell you that I am very ill and will take the advice of another physician. Went this morning to that same *sec. genl. de police*<sup>2</sup>. He received me a little better than before

<sup>1</sup> The ducat was worth nearly 2 dollars in Holland.

<sup>2</sup> For *secrétaire général de la police*. General Secretary of the Police.



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and said nothing more about turning me out of town.

14. Do you know, my T., that this overture of Captain Combes is a most interesting circumstance? A ship of near 400 tons, in fine order, sails well, and the Captain, as he sais', anxious to serve me. Sais he has often kept awake whole nights about me, though he had never seen me. Will fit up a cabin to my own caprice, and appears to think he can never do enough. Now my party<sup>2</sup> is taken, I hasten to Paris. What need I to go to Paris? Indeed, I can't exactly tell you; but a thousand nothings, of which, probably, the most important are to buy Gampy some beautiful marbles, and you some silk stockings, and father a pail to water his horses on the road. A pail that you may put in your pocket. All these will cost perhaps 7 or 8 louis, and the journey will cost at least 12. But, then, there is your watch which I have ordered, and one for Gampy, if I can squeeze out the money; and some books, and some garden-seeds. I think all these matters would be left to the hazard of being badly executed or omitted, but two articles are a little difficult. First, to get my passport changed from Bordeaux to Amsterdam. Second, to get another operation of Fonzi, which he has promised. Called again on Pluym. Still abed. Got from his partner the address of a notary whom he recommended for my affair with the Holland Company, Messrs. Fabrius and De Man. Called on them and opened my busi-

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1 So in the MS.

2 Burr is probably making use here of a French idiom, *prendre parti*, which means, literally, to take party or part or side and, more freely, to make up one's mind. Burr means, therefore, "My mind's made up." Party stands for *parti*.



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ness. They both speak English. De Man is very handsome, and has an intelligent countenance. Handed him a copy of my note to Studniski of 22d May, and another which I wrote last night to Studniski and Van Eegin. My coachman dumb and lost his way, and as I could not speak Dutch we had some trouble to get home again. At 5 called on Vanderhoeval and sat an hour. Took from him a letter of introduction to his friend, a physician, at Delft, a wonderfully wise man, beats Hyppocrate<sup>1</sup> and Boorhaave<sup>2</sup> all hollow. If he don't find me very ill we'll quarrel. Received a note from De Man, that he had met and conversed with one of the partners, Studniski, who assured him that I should have answers to *all* my queries to-morrow. This is a most wonderful change. I employed Messrs. Fabrius and De Man merely to call on the Studniskis, &c., and to certify formally that they refused to answer. So resolve to stay to-morrow. At 5 this afternoon to V. D. H., and then to a limner<sup>3</sup>, where was to meet *la belle* Nannette<sup>4</sup>; as she did not come at the minute agreed, I came off. Home, and took coffee for dinner. Wrote letters to Denon and to Vanderlyn, both in French. Forgot to tell you that the Vigilant cannot be ready to sail before the 15th July. At 7 called on Pluym; he was *out*. Requested a rendezvous to-morrow morning.

15. Waited at home till 12 before I had

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<sup>1</sup> Hippocrates was a famous Greek physician (460-377 B. C.), who has been called "the father of medicine."

<sup>2</sup> Hermann Boerhaave (1668-1738) was a celebrated Dutch physician, professor of botany, medicine, and chemistry at Leyden, 1801-29.

<sup>3</sup> Archaic for artist or delineator, especially painter of portraits.

<sup>4</sup> Handsome Nannette.

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message from Pluym. Went at 1 and saw him. Received my money, except 2,000 francs, which left in his hands. Then to Fabrius and De Man's. Saw De Man; he had seen Van Henkelom, who requested that I would wait till next week, and I should certainly receive answers; which I refused, and left the affair with De Man. To Captain Combes, who offers to do everything for my accommodation. I had enjoined secrecy as to my going; but he sais<sup>1</sup> that his mate and three of his sailors knew me the moment I came into the ship. Home. Mitje<sup>2</sup> has got me a nice little dinner. *La. p.* Thérèse<sup>3</sup> made me four night caps, and I gave her a ducat, about 13 shillings New York money. Paid my bill to Van Ham——, and for coach-hire 9 florins.

16. Mitje and Thérèse were up at 5. Got my breakfast. Left all my baggage, with my keys, in care of Thérèse. Took only my little sack and umbrella. At ½ p. 6 a hack took me to the Port de Haarlem<sup>4</sup>, and at 8 we were under weigh. Now, as we had no anchors, we could not be under weigh, but we were off. At about one hour came in sight of the Haarlem Lake<sup>5</sup>. At 1½ hours, change boat, there being an *eclure*<sup>6</sup> in sight of Haarlem Cathedral and the dunes, like a range of little mountains. Paid for passage 12 stivers; for cushion to sit on, 2 stivers; for carrying

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<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> The termination *je* in Dutch is a diminutive with about the same force as *y* and *ie* in Johnny and Willie.

<sup>3</sup> For *la petite* Thérèse. Little Theresa.

<sup>4</sup> In Dutch, *Haarlemmer Poort*. Haarlem Gate.

<sup>5</sup> The *Haarlemmer Polder*, a large tract of low land reclaimed to cultivation, has now taken the place of what used to be known as the *Haarlemmer Meer* or Lake. It was drained in 1840-53. This land now supports a population of 16,000.

<sup>6</sup> For *écluse*. Lock, sluice.

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my sack across the town to the place of embarkation, 10 stivers. Will continue under 17th June, 1811, having no more paper. Haarlem is like all the Dutch towns—neat. It is well built. Much ornamented with trees and open squares. *Very quiet*. Has, as is said, formerly, 60,000 inhabitants, now 16,000<sup>1</sup>. The wood (Bowery<sup>2</sup>) without the town on the side of Leyden; the rows of trees; the view of the dunes; the neat, well-built houses, denoting wealth and ease (*olim*)<sup>3</sup>, render this part of the way quite picturesque. The *calhuyt* was taken. I was just as well in the common cabin and on deck. There were many women on board, several very pretty; fine arms, fair skins, good complexions, and sound teeth are characteristics of the sex in this country. From Haarlem to Leyde<sup>4</sup> is four hours. On the way a shower, but cleared off. On landing at Leyde, got my sack and coat transported for 1 stiver, and could have had it for half, though the distance is much greater than that for which I paid 10 stivers at Haarlem. Always make a bargain. The dunes are sandhills supposed to have been thrown up by the ocean, against which they serve as a barrier. Some of them appear at least one hundred feet high. They extend about a league in width; a barren, dead sand. On the other side is the ocean. You pass through a small part of them on the way to Leyde. From Leyde to Delft is still beautiful, by the cultivations. The trees, the excellent

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<sup>1</sup> In 1894 the population of Haarlem was 56,803.

<sup>2</sup> In Dutch the word *bouwerij* means farm or plantation.

<sup>3</sup> Latin. Once upon a time.

<sup>4</sup> French for Leyden.

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houses, and the beautiful pavilions which border the canal. A gentleman with a French wife and a boy of 13 proposed to associate with me, to take post-horses from Rotterdam to Anvers, to which I agreed; but on my arrival ———

Delft, June 16, 1811, Sunday. Arrived at ½ p. 5. The punctuality is most perfect. Called on Dr. Stipriaan; he was abroad and would not be home till 9. Resolved to stay. At his house met two of his children, a girl and boy about 14 and 13, but very handsome<sup>1</sup> and fine, intelligent countenances, both speaking French. Came on to the tavern Walterbos. Got my tea, having on the way swallowed a large glass of milk, which gave me a little headache, but the tea has chased it off and now am sitting at my window smoking my pipe and staring at the *Delfiennes*<sup>2</sup>, of whom I see many very pretty, good, cheerful laughing faces.

June 17, 1811. On board *trachtschuyt*<sup>3</sup> from Delft to Rotterdam. My good host Walterbos has lent me pen and ink (with which this is written), to be returned to *trachtschuyt*. There is so much confidence in the skippers of these *trachtschuyt* that the innkeeper will give you breakfast with the table furniture on board, &c. Sailing in the *trachtschuyt*, every time you change your vessel comes a little fellow with his cap and whip, and asks you to please remember *the postilion*. The pavilions, country houses, barns, and

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<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> The Delft ladies.

<sup>3</sup> For Dutch *trekschuit*. Tow-boat.

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shaded walks; the various forms given to trees, canopies, parapets, obelisks, pyramids, &c., are worthy of notice. Qu.<sup>1</sup>: Of what nation are the people who sit on the roof, their feet and legs hanging down into the cabin, where are a number of ladies? Who stand in the door, depriving those within of light, of prospect, and of air? Who talk of trifles, of nothings, but always of themselves, with voice loud and important; if several of the ladies sleeping, no matter?

Rotterdam, June 17, evening. After writing the preceding, went to sleep and slept till our arrival. Paid 6 stivers for carrying my sack to the tavern, Le Maréchal Turenne<sup>2</sup>, which they say is the *taxe*<sup>3</sup> for carrying one pound or 100 anywhere within the city. Went immediately to the *bureau des diligences*<sup>4</sup> and took my place for Anvers, about nineteen leagues. This is to be land traveling. Paid 12 florins 4 stivers, equal to 25 francs, and lost 2 francs in change of a ½ doubloon. Stepped into a shop to buy a pair of gloves. A beautiful brunette, resembling Madame Gilbert. She was speaking Holland to a customer, and answered me in French. If I mistake not, Madame, you can speak a little English. She was English. Staid ½ hour, and then home. Laid on the bed; refused dinner; slept till 5. Had tea, and then to Madame Foster's, where sat an hour, and engaged to call on my return. Then walked an hour through the town, and along the Meuse (in Dutch,

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<sup>1</sup> For query.

<sup>2</sup> The tavern was named for Field Marshal Turenne, the celebrated French general of the time of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV.

<sup>3</sup> Tax, price.

<sup>4</sup> Stage-coach office.

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*Maase*)<sup>1</sup>. It is beautiful, it is magnificent. Ships of any burden can come up to the town, and into the canals and basins. The streets are *now* about ten feet above the water. In many high floods of the Rhine the water has covered many of the streets. The canals appear, generally, one hundred feet wide. Rows of very large trees and sidewalks paved with yellow brick. I have seen no city so finely accommodated for trade. Its position, too. Look at your map, master Gampy. It had once more than 60,000 inhabitants; how many now have not learned. On returning to my lodgings, the servant brought a paper ruled in columns, with printed heads, which the traveler is required to fill up. Your name, occupation, place of birth, whence and where going, &c. This is universal, wherever you lodge at night. I have procured one of these papers, and will fold it in this. The diligence goes at 5; have ordered my breakfast at 4; and now, at 11, shall smoke my pipe and go to bed. The gentleman who was so desirous of traveling with me called to arrange, but I had already taken my passage, at which I was quite *desoléed*<sup>2</sup>, and so was he; for we would have saved 25 francs. At 9 this evening, as I was on my way to the *com. la police*<sup>3</sup> which my host thought necessary, the little son of Dr. S. came running after to say that his father had gone to my lodgings. Returned, and we met and went to his house. Passed an hour with him; a sensible, amiable man. I hap-

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<sup>1</sup> Should be *Maas* in Dutch.

<sup>2</sup> A hybrid perfect participle from the French verb *désoler*, to make disconsolate.

<sup>3</sup> For *commissaire de la police*. Police commissioner.



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pened to recollect that he was the inventor of a machine for determining the depth of the ocean at places beyond sounding. He explained with pleasure, and showed me a model. I praised his children, another little boy and girl, all three beautiful. He has a son of 20 at Leyden, and a daughter married. These two by a first wife, whose picture he drew from his bosom and showed me. A fine face. We agreed to meet at 10 to-morrow morning. My host is exceedingly like our good Dr. Browne, and speaks French. His daughter also, a fine, plump, healthy, round-faced girl of 18. Had a good bed, and slept till 6 from 12, but very illy<sup>1</sup>, my headache having returned. Walked half an hour in this fine town, richly built, and formerly 44,000 inhabitants, to buy a pair of gloves; but saw not a shop but of soap and candles, tobacco, and bread. It is said there are now but 10,000 inhabitants, and that 5000 of them are on charge. Formerly forty-eight breweries, now two; 6,000 persons employed in manufactures of Fayence (the ware we call delph<sup>2</sup>), now 100, &c. At 10 called on Dr. S.; saw the big and the little boy. Gave to one a pretty *crayon*<sup>3</sup>, to the other bonbons. The doctor came and walked with me to show their academy, founded by the bounty of a lady who died fifty years ago. The philosophical apparatus; an air-pump, on a new construction; model of machine by Montgolfier<sup>4</sup> for *jet d'eaux*<sup>5</sup>. He gave me a copy of

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<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> Archaic for delft or delf ware.

<sup>3</sup> Pencil.

<sup>4</sup> There were two Montgolfiers; Jacques Etienne (1745-1799) and Joseph Michel (1740-1810). They were both mechanicians and inventors of repute. Together they invented the form of air balloon known as the montgolfier. Both were corresponding members of the French Academy.

<sup>5</sup> A *jet d'eau* is a waterspout.



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his *memoire*<sup>1</sup> explaining the bathometer. Off at 11, and on board *trachtschuyt* in the *calhuyt*. Have paid 10 stivers for my passage to Rotterdam, two and a half leagues. A fine, clear, brilliant summer's day, and not warm.

Antwerp (Anvers<sup>2</sup>), June 18, 1811. Arrived here at 9 this evening, having been sixteen hours coming about forty-five miles, the distance from Rotterdam to this place, not halting either to breakfast or dine, and relays of excellent horses about every eight miles. The passage across the Meuse is about  $\frac{1}{2}$  league, which is made in a small skiff. The tide rises here about five feet. The water fresh. Then over an island or islands, three leagues, crossing on the way two small ferries in scows drawn by ropes. Passing several villages. The country in high cultivation; perfectly flat. Riding often on the dyke (bank), which gives a view of the surrounding country. The three leagues bring you to the little village Buitensluys opposite Williamstadt. The passage over the Hollandsche Deip<sup>3</sup>, a large bay here formed, is about four miles, made also in a small skiff. At this vile little village of Buitensluys, surrounded by beggars; an idiot female, a most shocking object, and several monsters and deformities. Here is a rigid *douanne*<sup>4</sup>. Our trunks and sacks were rummaged to the bottom. Even the little bundles in my sack were opened. On

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1 For *mémoire*. Memorial.

2 French for Antwerp.

3 For Hollandsche Diep, an arm of the sea, near the city of Dordrecht, which was formed in the year 1421 by a destructive inundation which destroyed no fewer than seventy-two market towns and villages, and drowned upward of 100,000 persons.

4 For *douane*. Custom-house.

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landing at Williamstadt, the same examination was repeated. From Williamstadt to Bergen-op-Zoom, famous by many sieges, must be about seven or eight leagues. We stopped at a village of ———, about half way, where got hastily a *tartine* (piece of bread and butter) and a cutlet and beer. Bergen-op-Zoom is so covered by its fortifications that on approaching you see nothing but trees and one or two spires. On coming out the carriage we were again examined by the *douanniers*<sup>1</sup>, but no delay or opening of trunks. The town seems to be on high land, as its name imports, and on going out you see small hills on the left like dunes. On the right a large sheet of water, a sort of bay. Looking S. W. seems like the ocean, the water forming the horizon. An officer who was in the carriage said all that space was formerly covered with villages and under cultivation, but, by the rupture of some dyck<sup>2</sup>, had been regained by the water. He showed us an old map which verified the fact. From this place to Anvers there is scarce a tree, though the land is in pasture or cultivation; but the other part of the road, hence to Rotterdam, the road lined with trees; sometimes three, four, and even six rows. We rode to-day in a sort of phaeton, with two or three benches. The back seat only has any support or leaning place. I was in front, and was greatly fatigued, the carriage being hard. From Bergen-op-Zoom we were eleven, and had two carriages, and I had a back seat; but I might have died before any one would

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<sup>1</sup> For *douanniers*. Custom-house officials.

<sup>2</sup> So in the MS.

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have offered a back seat. It was occupied by two young men. We had difficulty here to find bed, the town being very full. A gentleman and wife from Bruxelles<sup>1</sup> were in the carriage from Bergen-op-Zoom, and we made some acquaintance. He and I went to the police to get our *passeports viséd*, without which you cannot get out of town. Took my tea in the evening, and went to bed at 11 quite out of order. No appetite, and in pain all day. A sort of dull head, too.

Bruxelles, June 19, 1811. Had a bad night's rest, *i. e.*, little or none. The house was very noisy till 2 o'clock, and at 4 I was up. Off at 5; the carriage extremely convenient and well hung. Had a back seat and went to sleep. At two leagues from Bruxelles, my companion waked me, and said I must view the country for the rest of the way, as there was nothing in Europe more beautiful. He was right. We rode the whole day along the canal; pass the palace of ——— *Luc*<sup>2</sup>, and continually elegant houses, parks, and other improvements. At Malines got very hastily two dishes of very bad coffee, for which paid a florin. My headach<sup>3</sup> has pursued me all day without intermission, and my infernal piles has returned. Resolved to hasten on to Paris, and back to Amsterdam, and on board the Vigilant, even if it were certain that I should die on the passage and be

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<sup>1</sup> French for Brussels.

<sup>2</sup> Burr's *Luc* is undoubtedly for Laeken, now the northwest suburb of Brussels and the usual residence of the royal family. There is the royal château which was erected by Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen when Austrian Stadtholder of the Netherlands in 1782-84. From 1802 until 1804 this château was in the possession of Napoleon I., and it was here that he dated his declaration of war against Russia in 1812.

<sup>3</sup> So in the MS.

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thrown overboard. Weary of Europe. Walked to see the Park. There is nothing in Paris equal to it. The richness and variety of the shops and stores surprised me. They have no need to go to Paris for pretty things. What pity that I have not 50 guineas to buy you lace here. Oh! what a quantity you would have! Bought only a map of the city and another of the Austrian Netherlands<sup>1</sup>. Lay down and slept an hour. Had a bowl of soup and slept again; and now have had my tea and have written you this whole sheet, and am obliged to begin another; and, lest you and Gampy should scold me for using paper of different sizes, have cut down a quarto sheet to this. The fare from hence to Paris is 60 francs. You go day and night; that is, are two days and one night on the road, or two days and two nights, forget which; but we stop not, except to make a hasty meal. I have got No. 3, which entitles me to a corner. Shall write you nothing till I arrive and get settled in Paris. Have given up my old quarters and made no provision. There is a play to-night, and I should have been very glad to have gone, that I might have told you something about it; but must lay quiet and nurse myself. *Adieu, mes enf.*<sup>2</sup>. No, it is two days and two nights; about fifty-five hours to go one hundred and fifty miles! At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 11 to-day were guillotined in this city three women and four men. A very calm observer of the ceremony told me it lasted

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<sup>1</sup> The name Austrian Netherlands was given to the Spanish Netherlands after their cession to Austria in 1713-14. The territory corresponded nearly to the present Belgium.

<sup>2</sup> For *adieu, mes enfants*. Good-by, my children.

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just sixteen and a half minutes. That the first executed were the women; of whom one, a beautiful girl of 22. The crime alleged, assassination and robbery. I did not go to see the show, but the account of it made me sick. Mons. Latour du Pin<sup>1</sup>, who was with his wife in the United States, and at R. Hill<sup>2</sup>, is prefect of this department, and settled here with his wife. I did not announce myself, having so little reason to expect civilities from my French-American acquaintance.

Paris, June 22, 1811. Arrived at 8 this morning, having been just fifty hours on the road. The distance, however, instead of sixty leagues, as I told you, is estimated at seventy-two leagues, or 175 or 180 English miles. Our route was through Mons, Valenciennes, Peronne, Roije. See the map. I forgot to tell you, that you may compare seasons: When I passed through Groningen and Friesland, 8th, 9th, and 10th of June, they were in hay harvest; cherries and pears have been common for ten days. On my way from Anvers to Bruxelles, 19th of June, they were harvesting rye. The ———, of which they make oil, was already cut when I passed through Holland. The weather since I left Paris has been uniformly fine; not a rainy day. Now and then a shower, and frequently at night. Not a fog or mist in all the Low Countries, so proverbial for fogs. Ob-

<sup>1</sup> Frédéric Séraphin, Marquis de la Tour du Pin Gouvernet (1758–1837), was a French politician. About 1790 he became French minister plenipotentiary at The Hague. Not long afterward, he was recalled. For a time he lived in retreat in France and then came to the United States, where he obtained some land and cleared it. Later he returned to Europe and lived in England until the French Directory was overthrown, in November, 1799. Under the Empire he was appointed Prefect of Amiens, and later of Brussels.

<sup>2</sup> For Richmond Hill, Burr's former residence near New York.

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serve, however, that such a season is not in the recollection of any man living, nor one so forward by three weeks. My bill at Bruxelles was 3 francs 14 sous ; the expense of the journey thence to Paris as follows :

	Francs.
Fare of diligence - - - - -	60
To the <i>conducteur</i> , 5 ; to <i>postilions</i> , 2 sous each, 3. (This is of good will but has grown into right.)	8
Four times tea and coffee - - - - -	4
One supper - - - - -	3
<i>Doms.</i> and beggars - - - - -	3
Total - - - - -	<hr/> 78

My traveling companions were a decent young Dutchman ; a young Dutch-Frenchman who sought my acquaintance, proposing himself to return to Amsterdam in ten days ; an Englishman or Irishman, formerly in the French King's service ; *le* General Chevalier Jerningham, who concealed from me for twenty-four hours that he could talk English ; a French West India planter, who had been taken and carried into England as a prisoner, was detained eighteen months, got exchanged on his arrival in France, made prisoner on this side, and confined six months, this is his account, that of his travels is truly wonderful ; an old gentleman and wife, about 75. Their friendship and tenderness to each other pleased me much. They got in at Mons. There being no room inside, the old gentleman was obliged to go outside, to the great distress of the wife ; but presently the young Dutchman gave up his place, for which the



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married couple were sufficiently grateful. The details would amuse you, but these we always reserve for chat. Through Piccardy<sup>1</sup> we saw scarcely any but ruined houses, indicating woe. The torment of the beggars was distressing and unceasing. Throwing in roses was a pretty way of calling our attention. The first day and night had a distressing headach<sup>1</sup> and much pain from my disorder. The second, a bleeding at the nose relieved the headache, and I arrived in tolerable order. But 11 o'clock, *mes enfans*<sup>2</sup>; I must quit you to-night, and to-morrow will try to get a better pen. Have got a platina pen, but rather stiff. My Dutch-Frenchman proves to be a Portuguese, settled at Amsterdam, and of respectable connections. We went together from the diligence office to take lodgings at a hotel known to him, but it was full and could take neither of us. We separated. He gave 6 sous to the boy who had brought our sacks. I asked the fellow for how much he would go with us to Rue St. Augustine. What I pleased. Offered 15 sous. He demanded 30, having no doubt but I would give anything, as no porter was to be had at that hour. He was mistaken. I consigned him over to all the devils, took my sack on my own shoulders, and engaged the first hack I met. It was well I did so, for we ran about more than two hours before I could get any sort of room, so full is Paris by reason of the *fêtes* for the *Roi de Rome*<sup>3</sup>. At length got a room, about in the style of that I had left, and am actually

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<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> For *mes enfants*. My children.

<sup>3</sup> See note 2, page 165.



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at Hotel de Normandie<sup>1</sup>, Rue des Boucheries, St. Honore<sup>2</sup>, No. 3, where I should be very glad of the honor of a visit from you. Got a bad breakfast from a coffee-house, and went forth in *cab.*, not being able to walk without pain, and fearing to do me harm. To Denon's, who received me very kindly and promised to ask the Duc for an audience for me; to Madame Paschaud's; she had left town yesterday. To Vanderlyn's; the rascal has totally neglected your enamelled watch, and the picture is not yet finished by the enameller. To Pelough's, my old quarters; the family is broke<sup>3</sup> up. Madame P. gone with her sister, Mr. P.<sup>4</sup> going to the country, the house let to other tenants. Jul. and Mir.<sup>5</sup> were very glad to see me. To Fonzi's, who is in bad health. Note: He loves the table. Home, and got a bowl of soup for my dinner from the *restaurateur*, but so execrable that I could not eat it. Wished a dish of tea, but in the whole hotel there is not a tea-kettle, nor any machine for heating water. Vanderlyn came in. Sent him out to buy tea and sugar, and sent to the coffee-house for a *thé*<sup>6</sup> to get the hot water. Paid 42 sous.

23. Slept till 7, and am refreshed, but the walking of yesterday did me no good. Went to Fonzi's to breakfast. Thence to see Albertina, who is always *belle*; quarrelled with her friend. To Blauw's, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. To Pelough's, to get my cooking and eating

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<sup>1</sup> For Hôtel de Normandie.

<sup>2</sup> This may mean at the corner of the Rue des Boucheries and Rue de St.-Honoré, or it may mean, possibly, the Rue des Boucheries at the Marché St. Honoré. (St. Honoré Market.)

<sup>3</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>4</sup> Madame Pichard and Monsieur Pichard.

<sup>5</sup> Julie and Miranda, two servants in the house.

<sup>6</sup> A pot or dish of tea.

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tools ; got none ; all out. To Madame Fenwick's, who received me like a friend. Asked me to call and dine at 5, when she would have something to propose to me ; agreed. To Bonnet's, to see about your watch ; out ; left note. To your hosier ; your stockings are done, but not quite to my mind. Home ; on the way got a new hat, having worn the old one, which I left in Amsterdam, fifteen months. Paid 24 francs, and 2 francs for an oiled cover to my cap ; a leathern jockey cap, in which I travel ; much the mode over all the Continent. At 5 to Fenwick's. I met M. Layons, formerly *militaire*<sup>1</sup>, and wearing the cross of honor ; now *neg'n*<sup>2</sup>, settled in Illyria, with some valuable immunities in commerce ; a man of education and talents, of frank, unassuming manners ; am much pleased with him. But that you may know the extent of my discretion and *sagesse*<sup>3</sup>, I must tell you that to relieve me from some of the evils of my journey, I took medicine in the morning, intending to have staid at home and drank slops. At Fenwick's I was obliged to eat a little and drink a little, both very bad. Then the weather threatened rain ; the evening was chilly ; I was thinly clad, and had no *surtout*. Again, the number of carriages was so immense that, though we had tickets of admission from the commanding general, there must be a great deal of walking, which is most pernicious. Nevertheless, at ½ p. 7 we got into the chariot. Passing *les Champs Elysees*, "*Voila*,"

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1 A military man.

2 For *negociant*, Merchant.

3 Wisdom.

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sais Fenwick, "*la maison ou on fait les meilleurs glaces ; allez, M. L., commandez des glaces*"<sup>1</sup>. The carriage stopped ; Mr. L. went and brought us ice-creams. I swallowed a whole one, and we drank water after. Going on, I felt a strange numbness at my stomach, which brought to my mind the fate of my friend General G., who, having taken a dose of medicine, some time after drank a glass of cold water, and in an hour was dead. It seemed to me that I was about to follow his example ; and, being in good company, and feeling no pain, there could not be a more charming occasion for an exit. I became very gay, and F. said I was never *si aimable*<sup>2</sup>. The affair, however, took a very different course, and I was obliged "to do as people do in France." The sky was clouded, but no rain. The night was perfectly adapted to exhibit fireworks and illuminations to advantage. The romantic position of St. Cloud afforded the opportunity of varying the exhibitions. They were beautiful and magnificent. After the fireworks were done, Mr. L. proposed that he and I should walk along the river and about the palace, to see the various illuminations. F. recommended this ; we saw her in the carriage, and she went off ; we were to take our chance for a hack. Mr. L., not being well acquainted with the ground, and the confusion produced by the variety of light, led us astray, and when we reached the river found ourselves  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile above the bridge. It now began to

<sup>1</sup> For Passing *les Champs Elysées*, "*Voilà,*" says Fenwick, "*la maison où l'on fait les meilleurs glaces ; allez, Monsieur L., commander des glaces.*" "There's the house where they make the best ices ; go, Mr. L., and order ices."

<sup>2</sup> So amiable.

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rain hard ; we had no *surtouts* or umbrellas. When we reached the bridge, there was nothing to be seen which we had not before seen from a better point of view. We, therefore, took shelter in the first house we could get in ; but the crowd was so immense that even this was difficult. At length we had room to stand up under cover. Mr. L. then went out to hunt a carriage. All were engaged. He went in another direction, and, after an hour, returned without success. He was not to be discouraged. Out he went again. A guinea was asked for a seat to town, about six or seven miles ; and then you must be crammed in with six or eight drenched people. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 1 he returned with a carriage ; at what price I know not, for he would not let me interfere. During the two or three hours that Mr. L. was coach-hunting, I amused myself in the crowd. It is supposed that there were at least 60,000 women on foot. The rain continued without intermission till sunrise. The women had a gown and chemise only. They generally drew the gown over their heads, to protect their bonnets and caps, artificial flowers, &c., and raised the chemise up to the knees to keep it from the mud. A lady thus caparisoned was walking just before me, her chemise adhering to the skin, and rendered transparent by the wet ; a gentleman near her and behind me said, "*Madame, on voit distinctement tous les traits de votre visage, qui est tres beau*"<sup>1</sup> (it, was, indeed, very large). But Lord ! How she did blackguard him ! There were

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<sup>1</sup> "Madame, one may see distinctly all the features of your face, which is very beautiful."

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constant sallies of this kind, which the distressed women always took very ill. We arrived in town between 3 and 4, broad daylight. There were five lines of carriages abreast, generally walking, and often stopping for fifteen or twenty minutes; so that we were nearly three hours on the way. The way was yet full of pedestrians, and there were many thousands behind us. The time was by no means tedious. My friend was not sleepy, and we were (I believe) mutually amused. It is supposed that there were out upward of 250,000 people and five or six thousand carriages, *cabs.* included. I heard the cost and loss of the female spectators estimated as follows. If there was another *fête* to-morrow at the same distance, they would all be out again :

	Francs.
50,000 pairs of shoes (they will always be well <i>chausséed</i> <sup>1</sup> ), at 2 francs 10 sous - - -	150,000
Hats, caps, ribbons, artificial flowers, gauzes, &c., ruined or deteriorated, 20 francs each - - - - -	1,000,000
Washing, &c., 200,000 pieces, the cost of fuel and soap only, at 3 sous each - - - -	30,000
Contingencies - - - - -	20,000
One million two hundred thousand francs -	1,200,000

24. In this sketch of the *fête* of St. Cloud I have not told you a fiftieth part of the incidents and spectacles, which, if written, would amuse you. Enough, however, to show how impossible it would be for me to undertake to write you details. I should do nothing else. It is necessary, therefore, to confine

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<sup>1</sup> A hybrid perfect participle from the French verb *chausser*, to put on (boots, shoes, stockings).

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myself to the single article of the places where I have been and the persons I have seen. And again and again, I pray you to recollect that this is not a journal to read, but mere notes from which to talk or to speak, like a lawyer. It is my brief, from which I shall make you and Gampillo many and many a speech<sup>1</sup>. Rose at 8, having slept very little. The lodgers were continually entering with great noise. Mr. De Veer called just as I got up, and sat an hour. A young Hollander, of extraordinary talents and energy of character. Had another *fol.* Mir.<sup>2</sup> came in at 7 and staid an hour. This was at least unnecessary. Called on Denon; out. On Fonzi; very ill abed.

25. Bonnet called at 10 to talk about your watch. He was in such a hurry that he had not time to sit down. Being a great talker, though very amusing, he sat till 1½ p. 12, and till I told him I was engaged and must go out. To Denon's, *who* had seen the Duc, *who* will give me audience *incessamment*<sup>3</sup>, which may come in three weeks. D. advises me to write to him and told me what to write. Walked over to Vanderlyn, *who* was busy with his beautiful models, *who* consented that I should *assister au seance*<sup>4</sup>. At 3 took Vanderlyn to the enameller's. He will make a horrid thing, and I fear you will be little pleased, except with my endeavors to please you. Made arrangement with *la mod.*<sup>5</sup> to call and *poser*<sup>6</sup> (this is the

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<sup>1</sup> But Burr was destined never to see either daughter or grandson.

<sup>2</sup> One of the servants previously mentioned.

<sup>3</sup> Immediately.

<sup>4</sup> For *assister à la séance*. Be present at the sitting.

<sup>5</sup> For *le modèle*. The noun *modèle* is masculine. It might, however, be considered as an adjective and written *la femme modèle*.

<sup>6</sup> To pose.



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phrase) at my room. *Fol.* Dinner with Vanderlyn at a *restaurateur's*. Made a very bad dinner on things which, if differently dressed, that is, *tout simple*<sup>1</sup> and not dressed at all, I should have feasted. Drank no wine. In the evening to Fonzi's; he is something better. Wants nothing but an emetic, and to be put on short allowance for a month. Found Blauw's card on coming in.

26. M. Layons called early and sat an hour. He has been urging me to make a tour through Italy and Illyria, and set no bounds to the kindnesses and facilities which he offers; and when I may wish to depart has a ship at my command to take me to Malta or Gibraltar, where may always be had passages to the United States. He is so zealous that he has engaged Fenwick to join in solicitations; but her good sense sees too justly to approve of a waste of time so alluring. I have promised Mr. L. that, a few years hence, I will make this tour with you and Gampillo. It was this day, and not yesterday, ———. No, wrong again; it was yesterday, so let that stand. Wrote Duke Bassano demanding audience. Last night slept very ill. A burning heat and headache, not megrim. Had locked my door to prevent intrusion. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7 a violent and repeated knocking. Got up in rage to repel the insolence. It was the valet of Fenwick, who was at the door in her carriage waiting to speak to me. A summons to breakfast at 11 with Layons, the General commanding theartil-

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<sup>1</sup> Quite simple, plain.



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lery, and another. Said I would go. To prepare for the occasion, took a dish of coffee. Vomited it up in five minutes. Tried a dish of tea; the same result. Then a glass of water, with *eau de Cologne*<sup>1</sup> and sugar; this was followed by vomiting and violent reachings<sup>2</sup>. Then lay down. At 12 a little pain in the head, and the stomach quiet. Dressed and went to Fenwick's; but the party was gone. Madame engaged me to dine to-morrow. Walked about to do errands, but quite ill. Vanderlyn called and made similar complaints. Have no doubt but the green beans we had yesterday for dinner, and of which I ate the greater part, had been cooked in a copper to brighten the color, and like enough had stood in the vessel twenty-four hours and then warmed over for us.

27. Slept perfectly well last night. The copper has passed off. Called on Bonnet this morning, and in spite of all I could do, he kept me nearly an hour talking. Bought me a silver repeater for 7 louis. Fear I shall not be able to buy a watch for my dear little boy. To Layons; rudeness of la *portiere*<sup>3</sup>; he was out. To Mr. G.'s, where an hour. A wonderfully analytic head. To Fonzi's two hours. Home. To Denon's, to get tickets for the grand review to-morrow; out. To Naner; out. Met him on my return, and went home with him. He said he had come from my house. Note: He has been cool last three months, but is now in trouble, and thought I

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<sup>1</sup> *Eau de Cologne* was formerly supposed to have marvelous properties and to be able to cure all diseases.

<sup>2</sup> Archaic for retchings.

<sup>3</sup> For la *portière*. The portress.

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could be useful. Shall most cheerfully<sup>1</sup> use my endeavors. Some errands, and then home. At 5 to Fenwick's to dine. *Y le General* and a *cousin gascon*<sup>2</sup> who has been to Mexico, to Louisiana, to Cuba, and had seen and known a thousand things which I neither knew, nor had seen, nor had heard. Was much surprised to hear of a nation of anthropophagi<sup>3</sup> within 200 miles of New Orleans, who every year devoured whole crews of American seamen, who, through ignorance, put into St. Bernard's Bay<sup>4</sup>. Madame took a *promenade*<sup>5</sup> with the General on horseback. Saw her mounted, and then came home. Crede called in the evening. I wrote you till bedtime about the St. Cloud's day. Have done nothing for my disorder, but in spite of all my irregularities, it is passing off. Alas! more *fol*. *La mod*.<sup>6</sup> came and passed two hours; 8 francs. Fie, M. Gamp!

28. At 7 this morning came in Mir. These frequent visits seem to have no motive of interest, but merely for the love of God. Note: Madame Gardell, the celebrated opera dancer, is *tres devote*<sup>7</sup>. After dancing and showing her ——— for half an hour, she immediately says her prayers. Then another turn on the stage, and thus the account is kept and balanced. *La belle*<sup>8</sup> Recammier is also devote; but ah, with her, religion is lovely. Gods, what proselytes she would

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<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> The General and a Gascon cousin.

<sup>3</sup> Literally, man-eaters.

<sup>4</sup> Bay St. Bernard is on the southern coast of Louisiana.

<sup>5</sup> A *promenade* in French may be on foot, in a carriage, or on horseback.

<sup>6</sup> For *le modile*, previously mentioned.

<sup>7</sup> For *tres devote*. Very devout.

<sup>8</sup> The handsome Récamier. Jeanne Francoise Julie Adélaïde Bernard, Madame Récamier, (1777-1849), was famous for her wit and beauty.

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make if she would turn apostle and preach! Pray, Madame, ought the business of religion to be wholly in the hands of women, as preachers and teachers? Madame R. is an angel of benevolence. De Veer came in at 9. At 11 to Denon's. He was closeted with the Minister, and invisible. Wrote in his audience-chamber a note and sent it in. He came out. Got two tickets for the review. Wished for four, for F. and her friend, but was too late. Called at Crede's; out. At Paschaud's; with surprise, with joy, with rapture, received your two letters of January and March, 1811. The bad things you relate are not half as bad as you think. I will set them right. You give me more information and light than you supposed; yes, I hasten to your relief and comfort. Alas! poor A. B. R.<sup>1</sup>, he loved us sincerely. Gam-pillo's letters are all lost. A greater loss to me than the works of Menander or Tacitus<sup>2</sup>. My dear T.<sup>3</sup>, how well you write! Pos.<sup>4</sup> you must write a book. I have got the subject, but have no time to talk of this now. To Fenwick's. Gave her the two tickets for her and Layons, whom met there, for certain reasons, refusing myself to be of the party. But F. has ordered me to call on her Sunday morning at ½ p. 7. After Layons went out, she said something had affected me; she was right. I told her of A. B. Reeves, and made his eulogy. She mingled a tear with mine. To Fonzi's; he is better. Engaged to

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1 A. B. Reeves.

2 Menander was a celebrated Athenian comic poet of the years 342-291 B. C., and Tacitus, who lived in the years 55-117 A. D., was a famous Roman historian and noted legal orator.

3 For Theodosia.

4 For positively.

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eat soup with him to-day. Home for two hours, which passed in writing this and the preceding; for now I have caught you up, I may tell you a secret, viz., that I have been behind hand ever since my return, having written you nothing since last Sunday till yesterday and to-day, and will try hard to keep up, but fear not, for I have got many things to see for you, and some to buy, 6-penny things only; and then to run after the Ministers and the police-officers about my passport, for I tremble every hour lest something should transpire to detain me. Have been to Fonzi's to dine. Madame was there, having come in from the country; but we were, contrary to late habits, (for she thinks I don't like her), extremely amiable to each other. I have promised to go and pass Wednesday next in the country with her. Fonzi's goodness and patience are not exhausted by fifteen months of vexation and importunity; he anticipates (this cursed platina pen is too stiff; see what devilish scrawls it makes), and proposes to do all I could desire. Home at 7. Vanderlyn came in to report what he had been doing, for I am obliged to scold him (how much better you would do this!) to keep him at work, in order that he may go with me. If he does not go to U. S. he will go to jail here within a year. And now please to let me read again your letter and a very interesting one received at the same time from E. B.<sup>1</sup> How they came I do not [know]; but since their landing, through the French post-office, and unopened,

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<sup>1</sup> Eric Bollman.

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which give me pleasure, as it shows they have come to a better way of thinking of me. *Bon soir.*

29. Passed the whole day at Fonzi's. Dined with him at a *table d'hôte*; *très bien*. He paid. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7. Had just undressed, and had sat down to write to you, when in came Vanderlyn, and staid till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 11. He is to call on me at 2. We are to take an early dinner, to call on F. at 4, and thence to the Louvre, from the windows of which we are to see the review, which is to be very magnificent, and now must prepare to work. Paid porter's bill, one week, 6 francs. Landlord's ditto, fifteen days, being one week in advance, 22 francs.

30. Extremely grave, with a face wrapped in pudding—a pudding of bread, brandy, and pepper. Rose at 6. At 8 to F.'s. She renounced the sight of the review, and puts me in the hands of the Chevalier, and returned me the tickets of admission. Thence to Denon's to excuse myself from dining with him. It was quite unnecessary, for he had forgotten it, and was just going to the country to pass the day; so kept my apology for the next occasion. Home to breakfast. To Fonzi's and of several errands, but home at 2 to receive the Chevalier, who was punctual. Went to a *restaurateur's au P. R.*<sup>1</sup>, which you observe *n'est que deux pas de mon logi*<sup>2</sup>. (Note: *Deux pas* means any distance less than  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile unless in the case of a porter or *commissionnaire*.) Had a great dinner, of which except the *potage*<sup>3</sup> I scarcely tasted, and

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<sup>1</sup> To a restaurant at the Palais Royal.

<sup>2</sup> Is only two steps from my dwelling. (*Logis*.)

<sup>3</sup> Porridge.

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excellent wine. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4 to F.'s, who engaged me to pass the evening and sup with half a dozen or more of the *militaires*<sup>1</sup>. At 5 to the Louvre, but we should never have reached it without his ribbon and star, for we were at least twenty times stopped by centinels<sup>2</sup>, the troops being already paraded in the square through which we had to pass. Got in, and then another embarrassment. Every window was occupied. But his star and his eloquence relieved us again, and the —— (*chose*<sup>3</sup>) gave us a nice little *cabinet*<sup>4</sup> with a window to ourselves, in the best possible position. But this window would not open, which obstructed the light, and, besides, we wanted air. He called the —— again, but there was no remedy; the window was not made to open. What pity! I observed that if we should brake<sup>5</sup> one of those immense large panes, it would be only an accident, for which we could pay, and then we should have air and prospect. He seized a billet of wood and *enfoncèd*<sup>6</sup> the pane. It made a great noise, and the glass fell down among the *mil.*<sup>7</sup>; but the thing was done, and we enjoyed the benefit. There were about 5 or 6,000 horse, and 7 or 8,000 foot. My dear Gampillo, to answer all your questions about dress, there are ten pictures, which you may examine at your leisure. At the moment H. M.<sup>8</sup> appeared, came on, contrary to

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1 Military men.

2 So in the MS.

3 The —— something or other.

4 Room.

5 So in the MS.

6 A hybrid verb from the French verb *enfoncer*, to drive in.

7 For *militaires*. Soldiers.

8 His Majesty.

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all custom, a smart shower of rain, which lasted a full hour, and his Majesty and his suite, and the troops, must have been wet to the skin. After some of the regiments had passed the review and gone off, the artillery, and about thirty-two pieces, drawn each by four horses, and followed by 135 carriages and wagons, with furnaces<sup>1</sup>, &c., entered at one side, passed near the arcade of the Thuilleries<sup>2</sup> where H. M. then stood, and out at the other side. The whole exhibition was magnificent and imposing. After the review, 8 o'clock, which was not yet sunset, we came off. I apologized for the window, and gave the Mr. Gallow-*nez*, (*chose*)<sup>3</sup> a piece of ———<sup>4</sup>, with which he seemed happy. I imagine the glass will be charged to H. M.'s account. The chevalier led me *au* P. R., after strolling an hour, in a *café*<sup>5</sup> into a cellar, which I will describe as well as I can. We took ice-creams. There was music and a ventriloquist. We agreed to neglect Madame F. At ½ p. 10 I got home. The Chevalier would see me to my quarters, and sat half an hour. I had been for two hours in torment with a toothache, and by this time a swelling. The pudding has already (12 o'clock) relieved the pain, but much fear that the face will not be in condition to exhibit to-morrow. Found on coming in a very satisfactory letter from Fabrius and De Man about the Holland

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<sup>1</sup> Meaning fires carried along to be used in touching off the cannon.

<sup>2</sup> For *Les Tuileries*.

<sup>3</sup> Or something like that.

<sup>4</sup> The thing given is omitted in the MS., but Davis, in his reprint, calmly inserts the word gold.

<sup>5</sup> For *café*.



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Company affairs. Mem.: Left my new umbrella at that confounded ventriloquist's and am sure shall never see it again.

Paris, July 1, 1811. Slept perfectly sound till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8, and then waked by the entrance of Mir., whom, for this time, I wished to the devil. Went through the forms, however. To my great joy, the swelling and pain are both entirely gone. Bonnet came in and sat two hours; he is extremely amusing. Agreed to walk with him this evening. At 12 to F.'s, who did scold me at round rate for not coming to sup last evening, and really told me things that made me regret. I laid it all to the Chevalier, and said nothing of the toothache. To the Chevalier's, whom met at his door. Went in and sat two hours. We were led to talk of X affairs<sup>1</sup>, of which everybody who knows me has heard. I do believe that, if we had known each other fifteen months ago, I should have done something in that business. But now I am resolved that nothing shall deter me from joining you this autumn. He engaged me to dine with him, and proposed to call on me at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4. Thence to Fonzi's, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. To d'Alberg's; out. To Denon's. He had company to breakfast, and they were just setting down to table (4 o'clock), so I did not go up, but left my name. To Crede's, and then home. The Chevalier was already waiting in my room, and also Jul. The latter I dismissed as soon as possible. The Chevalier had brought a carriage, and said that, as I was indis-

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<sup>1</sup> Mexican affairs.

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posed, he had thought a ride would do me good. We rode an hour through *les Champs Elysees*, &c., then to dinner at Naudet's *au P. R.*, where we had a *cabinet*. Yesterday we dined, as is the custom here, in the public room, where are twenty or thirty or more small tables. The Chevalier renewed, with great interest, the subject of X. He has a great many good ideas, some new ones. But don't be alarmed, *mes enfans*<sup>1</sup>, I tell you I will embark for the United States. But why had I not known the Chev. eighteen months ago!! I regretted much my appointment with Bonnet, but came home to observe it. The Chevalier came with me and sat till Bonnet came. After dinner an hour with Bonnet. We went *au P. R.*, where, after strolling an hour, we took ice-creams at the *Caff  de or du Fay*<sup>2</sup>. Strolled again. Went for five minutes into a famous gambling-house. Many stars and ribbons<sup>3</sup>. When the number of the house is transparent, *i. e.*, on a box wherein is a lamp, it is the signal of a gambling-house. I contemplated with pity the anxious faces. My guide proposed to take me to the "*pin-ceau bal*"<sup>4</sup>, which opens every night at ½ p. 11, and lasts till a late hour in the morning. But I declined, and came home at 11. To P. Royal, built by Orleans<sup>5</sup>; has never been finished according to the original design. It is ———, but we will describe it the first

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<sup>1</sup> For *mes enfans*. My children.

<sup>2</sup> Probably for *le Caf  de la F e*. The Fairy's Coffee-house.

<sup>3</sup> These insignia indicated membership in the Legion of Honour. This was an order of merit, instituted by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1802, when he was First Consul, and was intended as a recognition of civil and military services. It now includes five classes, grand crosses, grand officers, commanders, officers, and chevaliers or knights.

<sup>4</sup> Probably Burr's French for artists' ball, common in the Latin Quarter.

<sup>5</sup> The statement is not quite true. See note 2, page 411, volume 1.

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evening we have nothing else to do at Greenville. My umbrella is lost ; lost 32 francs. Paid for our ice-creams 3 francs.

2. A dish of strong coffee, which I drank with the Chevalier kept me awake till 5. At 6 came in Ju. Notwithstanding my drowsiness, I was really glad to see her, and received her most cordially. But, alas ! little did I imagine the object of the visit. The good and gentle Ju. let forth a volley of invective and with a voice that made the whole hotel ring. It was impossible to interrupt this harangue or to reply to it. It lasted a full half hour and was received with silent resignation. Jul. departed in a rage. All this on account of the visits of Mir. I did not before know that we were on such terms. It was in vain to try to sleep. The declamation had really disturbed me. I regret exceedingly the folly of J. and that so good a creature should be unhappy. Got up and made my breakfast, and went forth. To Fonzi's for a few minutes. Then took *cab.* and went over to Vanderlyn's on an errand. On my return called on Denon. He had seen the Duc., who excused himself on account of extraordinary occupation (which is really true), and asked Denon if he thought my affair was pressing. *Par dieu*<sup>1</sup>, I shall satisfy him on that head by a letter. Home at 11 to meet De Veer. He had called at ½ p. 10 and gone off. This is as *unpunctual* as if he had called at 12, for 11 was his own appointment. Went to his lodgings ; out ; left note, which

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<sup>1</sup> By God !

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had written in case of not finding him. Home. The Chev. came in, sat an hour, and engaged me to dine, that we might have a talk. De Veer came in and sat some time, being kept by the hardest shower I have seen in Europe, with heavy thunder. *La modele*<sup>1</sup> (not the same) with a note from Vanderlyn. Thence to Fonzi's; nothing done. He is just such a careless fellow as Dr. Br. To d'Alberg's; out. To Crede's. Home. Found the Chev. waiting in my room. We dined again in a *cabinet* at Naudet's. The dinner was very good, but I had no appetite, and everything I eat does me harm. Pos.<sup>2</sup> I will starve it out. After dinner we called on F., who received us in bed, being quite indisposed. Sat an hour debating various comical things. Wish you could have been present. Agreed that French women are of cold blood, and have love only in the head. Hence never carried away by passion, but always by calculation; hence, (as they said), their extra power. Home at 9, and at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10 was going to bed when Vanderlyn came in. He has always something to tell me about his *ch. am.*<sup>3</sup>, who is one of the most beautiful women I have seen, and who loves him most ardently, and not, I think, from "the head." J.<sup>4</sup> is very calm. Now you have discovered that all this is written to-morrow.

3. Was waked at 7 by a woman who brought me a pound of coffee burnt according to my instructions. Slept an hour and a half longer. Copied some

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<sup>1</sup> For *le modèle* or *la femme modèle*. The model.

<sup>2</sup> For positively.

<sup>3</sup> For *chère amie*. Dear lady friend.

<sup>4</sup> For Julie.

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queries relating to the Holland Company. Wrote letter to Duc Bassano, *q. v.* De Veer, who was to have called at 11, came at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 12. Got him to mend my letter. He has procured me a rendezvous with *le Sénateur*<sup>1</sup> Comte Schemmelpennink<sup>2</sup> for Friday next. He is one of the trustees of the Holland Company management. At 2 to Fonzi's; nothing done. Met there Madame Fonzi with whom I had engaged to dine to-day in the country. Got that put off till to-morrow, for I had just received summons from F. to meet the Chevalier at her house. Came round by the *passage panorama*<sup>3</sup> to buy a *bonbonniere*<sup>4</sup> for *la mod.*<sup>5</sup>, 15 sous. Home. Took *cab.* To d'Alberg's; out. To Duc de Bassano's; left my letter and went into *le Bureau des Passeports Etrangères*<sup>6</sup>. *Le chef*<sup>7</sup> received me civilly, as in this department I have always found. He promised to communicate my affair to the Duc on Friday, and begged me to call on Saturday. Thinks I will meet with no delay or *embarras*. To Vanderlyn's, where the beautiful D. C.<sup>8</sup>, who has deigned to pose for the head, neck, and arms, all which, and I suspect a great deal more, are very fine. If D. C. don't pose for the whole, John's a booby. To Crede's; out. Paid *cab.* man 3 francs 10 sous. To F.'s, where met Chev. Had more comical confab. The Chev. came home with me after we had walked

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<sup>1</sup> For *le sénateur*. The senator.

<sup>2</sup> For Rutger J. Schemmelpennick, one of the original proprietors of the Holland Land Company. See note 3, page 13.

<sup>3</sup> The Panorama Arcade.

<sup>4</sup> For *bonbonnière*. Sugarplum box.

<sup>5</sup> For *la modèle* or *le modèle*.

<sup>6</sup> The office of foreign (*étrangères*) passports.

<sup>7</sup> The chief.

<sup>8</sup> For de Castro?

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an hour in the Trulleries<sup>1</sup>. He sat another hour with me, and so good-night.

4. It was past 1 when I left you last night. Slept till 9. After breakfast, wrote Fabrius and De Man, and copied several papers for them. At 12 came in Crede, and sat an hour. He is full of trouble. *Sor.* at 2 along the Boulevard to buy Moreri, ten volumes, folio, Bayle's works, and Dictionary, eight volumes, folio, elegantly bound, and very large volumes. You will see ruin in such a purchase. Hold a little, Madame! I can buy them at 8 sous a pound. Yes, *a pound*; but have not bought. Hope to get them for 7. To Madame D. C.'s, where an hour. Thence to Fonzi's, and with him to dine at his *campagne*<sup>2</sup>. We rode to the —— and thence on foot about  $\frac{1}{2}$  league, all the way up, up, up —— called Belle Vue<sup>3</sup>. The view would, indeed, be fine if one had ever a clear sky. After dinner played at shuttlecock. Walked home, about a league. Found Bonnet had called, and the Chev. twice. Vanderlyn came in and sat an hour, and now, at 11, must prepare for *coucher*<sup>4</sup>, having given orders to be got up at 6.

5. Rose at 6, and *sor.* at 8 to Bonnet's. My silver repeater is ready. Bon. was in a great hurry, just going out; but talked an hour. To the Chevalier's; out. Left note that I would call again at 4. Home. De Veer came in and took me out to a

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<sup>1</sup> For *les Tuileries*.

<sup>2</sup> Country house.

<sup>3</sup> Meaning fine view.

<sup>4</sup> Literally, to go to bed.

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coffee-house, where we breakfasted and I read newspapers. Home, and then to Schemmelpennick's. Had heard of him many years ago as ambassador to England, and knew that he was now *sénateur* and blind. Supposed he must be at least an *octogénaire*<sup>1</sup>. He is a handsome man, and would pass for 45; very chearful<sup>2</sup> and well bred. From the appearance of his eyes you would not suspect he was blind. Passed  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour talking of Holland Company affairs, and agreed to call again. Home. *Le chev.* came in and sat  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. How unfortunate that I did not know him fifteen months ago! He goes to-morrow. To Fonzi's, where till 4. Home. De Veer had called twice during my absence. Called on him and left note, acknowledging the loss of a dinner (a silly wager), and offering to pay him to-day. Home, and made myself tea, which with *br.* and *cas.* was *din.* Bonnet came in at 7, and soon after De Veer. As Bonnet had been in Dutch service and speaks the language, they became acquainted. De Veer sat till 9, and Bonnet till 11. His stories are generally very good and well told. Remind me to tell you that between the Governor, De Veer, and his secretary, Van Aanen, about a certificate of baptism. Wrote last night and this morning to Fabrius and De Man.

6. Rose at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4. Copied some papers for Schemmelpennick, and wrote him a note to accompany them, which sent by a *commissionaire*. At 9 to Crede's, and with him to Vauquelin's, to learn about wood

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<sup>1</sup> Octogenarian.

<sup>2</sup> So in the MS.



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vinegar; out. To Denon's. He will see Duc Basano to-day for me. Gave me very civil note to Mr. Lammonnier, *administrateur de la manufacture des Gobelins*<sup>1</sup>. To a coffee-house in Rue du Bac where had rendezvous with De Veer, and there met him. Walked home with me. To Fonzi's an hour and then home. Found a note from F. commanding me to dinner, and for the play to-night. *Repon*. "oui"<sup>2</sup>. De Veer came in with him to go to the Gobelins<sup>3</sup>. He had given rendezvous to three other of his countrymen to meet us there, and to profit of my note from Denon. We all met there. One of them had served with Bonnet in Curacoa<sup>4</sup>, and was delighted to hear he was in town. The degree of perfection to which tapestry (if such it may be called) is brought in this manufactory, is matter of admiration and astonishment. The establishment belongs to the government, and works only for H. M.<sup>5</sup> A piece, not of the largest size, of which I enquired, had been four years in hand, and it was expected would be finished in two or three years more. I will explain to you and Gampillo the mode in some of our long evenings. Home at 5 and to F.'s to dine. We were *t.-a-t.*; but the Chevalier came in while we were dining. He leaves town this night. Madame and I went to the

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<sup>1</sup> Manager of the Gobelin (tapestry) manufactory.

<sup>2</sup> For *Réponse* "oui." Answer "yes."

<sup>3</sup> This celebrated manufactory is generally known as les Gobelins. It was founded by Jean Gobelin, who established in 1450 a dye-works on the banks of the little river Bièvre, which flows through this quarter. His successor added to the dye-works a tapestry manufactory which acquired such a reputation that Colbert, Minister of Finance under Louis XIV., purchased it and continued the manufacture of tapestry on the part of the government. Later the value of these tapestries was still further enhanced by stopping their sale entirely and using the products of the manufactory solely for government purposes.

<sup>4</sup> Curaçao is an island of the Dutch West Indies, in the Caribbean sea, north of Venezuela.

<sup>5</sup> His Majesty.

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Francois<sup>1</sup> to hear Talma and Duchenis<sup>2</sup> in "Manlius." We heard Talma, but Valeria was played by ———, something having prevented M<sup>lle</sup> Duc<sup>2</sup>. We sat near M<sup>lle</sup> de Lille, a very famous opera dancer. The price of the orchestra seats is 6 francs 12 sous. From the theatre to the Chevalier's; out. Walked  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. *Folk.*; pros. only; 5 francs 10 sous. Dwarf. Bah! Called again on the Chev.; out. Home and to bed at 12. The Chev. called just after 12, but my light being out, did not come up.

7. Slept till 8 and rose very stupid. At 10 came in the Chev. and passed  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. His carriage was then waiting for him. We took leave, but shall not forget each other. Then De Veer and a young Hollander, for a few minutes. At 11 to Bonnet's. Found him very happy with the friend to whom I gave his address yesterday. To F.'s to breakfast. To Denon's; out. Strolled and bought you two pictures of H. M., which I thought more like than any other, and some small engravings; for the whole, 6 francs. Home. A grievous headache had been coming on, and was by this time very troublesome. To Fonzi's. Gaudoin had gone out, and Fonzi was sick. Passed 2 hours rummaging among my papers, which left in his cage when I went to Holland. Vanderlyn came in and at 5 walked home with me. He then went out to dine, and I made fire. The last three or four days very chilly weather. Drank hot vinegar punch. At 7 Vanderlyn came in and we

<sup>1</sup> Meaning the Théâtre Français.

<sup>2</sup> For M<sup>lle</sup>. Duchenois, the celebrated actress who often played with Talma.

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walked till 9, and he sat with me till 10. My headache no better, and at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 11 am going to try the effect of sleep.

8. Rose at 8. Still some headache and no appetite. Took tea and a small piece of bread. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10 to Denon's. He had seen the Duc, who apologized as before, and sais he will see me "*le premier jour*"<sup>1</sup>. Denon advises me to write again, and tells me what. He made me present of his "*Voyage en Egypte*"<sup>2</sup>. To Bonnet's, from whom I had a note this morning, telling me he was sick. We had consultation about your watch, which I perceive will ruin me; and to enhance the evil, have got another whim in my head which will add several louis to the cost, *i. e.*, to enamel the other side the picture of F.<sup>3</sup> At 12 to Fonzi's. Instead of doing our work, we passed two hours in ridiculous philosophical experiments—the important object of which is, a new mode of making fire (*allumettes*<sup>4</sup>). To the bookseller's about Moreri, which am determined to buy; out. To Duc d'Alberg's; out. To Mr. Menutzi's, who tells me that Madame R. is in exactly the same state of indecision. Walked to Vanderlyn's and was fatigued *quia ignotus*<sup>5</sup>. Took Vanderlyn in *cab.* to the enammeller's<sup>6</sup> to consult about *wasting* more money. He agrees to assist me to his utmost in such laudable dispositions. Thence home. Found a note from F. to dine at 5. It

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<sup>1</sup> Literally, the first day; hence, at the first opportunity.

<sup>2</sup> "Journey in Egypt."

<sup>3</sup> For Madame Fenwick.

<sup>4</sup> Matches.

<sup>5</sup> Very bad Latin. Literally, "Was fatigued because (or wherefore) unknown," *i. e.*, "I was fatigued, but I did not know why."

<sup>6</sup> So in the MS.

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was now within a quarter. Being within two minutes' walk, went and asked to delay the dinner a half hour; agreed. Improved the time to do some errands. To F.'s to dine. *T* but not for dinner, the secretary of the high court of prizes. Ate only soup. Got her picture and acknowledged the purpose; assented. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7. After smoking my pipe, to Bonnet's to get the watch-case. He is sick, but not too sick to talk. Showed me a beautiful watch, which I itched to buy for Gam'lo', but fear for the gold. My dear little Gam'lo, your Juno of a mother has ruined me. To De Veer's; out; left note. He was to have called on me at 9 this morning, but came at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10. A sort of dysentery has pursued me ever since the poisoned feast with Vanderlyn. Have already written my letter to the Duc; did it at F.'s, who helped me.

9. After leaving you last night, I wrote Captain Combes, *q. v.*, being stilograph. Couch  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 12. Lay sleepless till 4 (effect of the tea), and rose at 8. De Veer came in at 10, and sat an hour. Drank my coffee, but ate little, the headache having returned. At 12 to the post-office, to put my letter for Combes. Met Bonnet, who walked with me. Home. To Hahn's; got your ring-watch. To Fonzi's an hour; did nothing but talk. To hunt dictionaries for you. Bought Moreri, ten volumes; Richelet, three volumes; Colmel, three volumes; Martiniere's, six volumes. In all, twenty-two great folio volumes, for

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1 For Gampillo, Theodosia's son.

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## *Private Journal of Aaron Burr.*

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84 francs; about \$16. To the *Bureau des Passports Etrangeres, au Ministre des Relations Exterieures*<sup>1</sup> (Duc Bassano's). The *chef de cet departement*<sup>2</sup> told me he had mentioned my affair to the Duc, who said he would see me "*au premier jour*"<sup>3</sup> and would answer me personally. Left with his *Suisse*<sup>4</sup> the note written last evening. Don't at all like this. Why not grant my *passeport*<sup>5</sup> and see me at his leisure, or not see me, as he pleased? To Badolet's to get the case of your watch to enamel head. Tired, for this cursed disease weakens me. Took *cab.* and to the enameller's to give him the watch-case. Having rode<sup>6</sup> an hour, was set down on the Pont Notre Dame<sup>7</sup>. Walked up St. Martin's to the Boulevard, and on till a store where I had seen a good edition of Bayle, but did not buy. To the hosier's, and home at 1/2 p. 6. Made fire and coffee, not having dined nor having any appetite. Just as my coffee was made came in Vanderlyn, and then Doolittle and Madame B. Was greatly pleased and astonished at his visit. Madame sat till past 9, and was driven off by the arrival of De Veer, who sat till 11. From D'lit.<sup>8</sup> I learn that every American vessel which has sailed from France the last four months has been taken, and that everything is confiscated, save a small allowance of cloathes<sup>9</sup>. My books,

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<sup>1</sup> For *Bureau des Passeports Étrangers, au Ministre des Relations Extérieures*. Foreign passport office, to the (*chez le*) Minister of Foreign Relations.

<sup>2</sup> The chief of that department. (*Ce département.*)

<sup>3</sup> At the first day or opportunity.

<sup>4</sup> Swiss guard or porter.

<sup>5</sup> Burr is divided between the spelling *passeport*, which is French, and passport, which is English.

<sup>6</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>7</sup> This bridge leads from the island upon which the Notre Dame cathedral is situated to the right bank of the Seine.

<sup>8</sup> Meaning Doolittle.

<sup>9</sup> So in the MS.

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therefore, may as well be burnt; for to sell them, unless by the pound, would be impracticable. The watches, too, may as well be given away. I regret now the additional expense. All the little things, too, which I have bought, all, all must be left. But the most serious part of the business is the delay of my passport. It augurs ill. Sixteen days have elapsed since my return from Amsterdam! Dull, dull prospect. Learn, also, that the messenger for the frigate John Adams goes off to-morrow, and I have not written you a line; fear I shall not now be able to get a letter on board, for this must be done circuitously. But my *passeport*—my *passeport*! F. told me yesterday that she had a presentiment that if I did not go forthwith, I should never go. Kiss Gamlo. and *bon soir*. You will dream of me to-night.

10. Rose at 7, and ate my breakfast with great appetite, for the first time these ten or twelve days. At 10 came in De Veer to take breakfast with me, but I had breakfasted, and was going another way; agreed to meet him at one *au caffè au coin de Bacq & Lille*<sup>1</sup>. To Denon's; he had come home at 2 in the morning, and was yet asleep. Wrote him note and left it with his valet, who is as civil as his master. To the *caffè*, where met De Veer, and passed ½ hour in reading the gazettes. To d'Alberg's; he was abed; but the valet, knowing he was awake, announced me, and I was received. Sat near an hour at his bedside. Talked to him of Crede's affair and of my own. He

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<sup>1</sup> For *au caffè au coin de Rue du Bac et Rue de Lille*. At the restaurant at the corner of Bac and Lille streets.



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also engages to push Bassano for me. He has rendered Crede an important service. To F.'s; out. Home, which is now within two minutes' walk of F. Thence to Fonzi's; took with me pen, ink, and paper, to write to you. Made a *chi*.<sup>1</sup>, and wrote what I think, for once, will please you, except the dire *embarras*<sup>2</sup> about your books and pretty things. Wrote also H. G., and was going to Vanderlyn to get him to take the letters to his friend, who is *sub rosa*<sup>3</sup> mine, but shy. At that moment in comes Vanderlyn and we took a *cab*. and went near that friend, and Vanderlyn gave the letters. To-morrow I shall make duplicate. Your letter took me four hours, and I'll swear there are no errors; and, if you can't read it, it must be owing to the thickness of your skull. Why did I not teach Gam'lo<sup>4</sup> to read such things? He would not have boggled so, and forgot No. 20<sup>5</sup>. Vanderlyn and I took dinner at the little *chaumiere*<sup>6</sup>. The dinner and *cab*. hire 5 francs. On my way home bought two books which will amuse you, for 5 sous each. Have read one through, only seventy pages, about Malta. Home at 8. De Veer came in at 10 and sat ½ hour. Last evening Madame B. hurt her hand in descending my vile little staircase. Wrote her a pretty note of inquiry and apology this morning. But now, Madame, open your ears and eyes, and

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<sup>1</sup> *Chi*. is possibly an abbreviation for the French word *chicane*. This word was defined by Cotgrove in 1611 as follows: "To wrangle or pettifog it; to spoyle or perplex a cause with craftie or litigious pleading; also to write a verie fast hand."

<sup>2</sup> Perplexity.

<sup>3</sup> Among the Egyptians the rose was the emblem of Harpocrates, the god of silence. Hence *sub rosa* means literally under the rose, *i. e.*, in strict confidence.

<sup>4</sup> For Gampillo.

<sup>5</sup> Names were indicated by numbers in the cipher which Burr and his daughter used.

<sup>6</sup> For *chaumière*. Thatched cottage.



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thump your thick skull. On coming in this evening, find a most friendly note from Denon. He had seen the Duc, who sais he will positively see me very soon, and that he will forthwith give orders to the *chef de cet département*<sup>1</sup> about my passport! Heighho for the United States! My dinner, which was temperate, disagrees with me, and I have been taking coffee, which has done me no good. Must come back to rice.

Wednesday (am much disposed to think it is Thursday), 11. Slept well and rose at 7. At 9 to F.'s; out. Then away to the Boulevard du Temple (see the map) to get some plays, of which I had left a list with a bookseller, who promised to get them all for me. He had forgotten the commission and lost the list; fortunately, I had a copy. These are the best of the plays published during the Revolution, to show you the scenic temper of that day. To Fonzi's, and there till 2. Home to meet Vanderlyn, who was to call at 3. He had been, and gone an hour before his time. De Veer came in, and then Vanderlyn. Went with De Veer to P. R.<sup>2</sup> to a bookselleress of his acquaintance, who undertook to get the plays, and also nineteen volumes of novels of De Veer's recommendation. Home, and dined on rice and milk, which I make myself. To Crede's (who had called and left card to-day); out. To near Luxembourg<sup>3</sup> to get an umbrella which some one, unknown, left in my

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1 For *chef de ce département*. Head of that department.

2 For Palais Royal.

3 Meaning the Luxembourg Palace and Garden.

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room a fortnight ago, and which has, therefore, become my property by prescription. Paid for mending it, 3 francs. Round by Rue Arbre to look at a "*fourneau economique*"<sup>1</sup>, newly invented, and much vaunted. It is inferior to what has been more than twenty years in use with us. Home at ½ p. 7. Fairepeu<sup>2</sup> came in to invite me to see B. at a neighboring coffee-house. Went and passed an hour. Home at 10. De Veer came in and sat ½ hour, and now must write something for B. Not a word of or from Bassano to-day. Forgot to tell you that I made a very long course this P. M. to see Mr. Appert, and to examine his mode of preserving all esculent substances, even milk, eggs, and fruit, in their natural state, without alteration, for years, and without the addition of salt or any other substance. Found that his manufactory is four leagues from town. Will go there and see it, that I may teach you.

12. It is, indeed, Friday. You must find out the error. Rose at 8 with a bad cold, acquired I know not how. To Fonzi's at 10 and till 12, then took *cab.* and went to the *bureau des passeports, chez le min. des relat. exter.*<sup>3</sup> The *chef* told me that he had no orders from the Duc to grant me *passeport*; but if I would wait he would try to see him and mention it (being in the same *hotel*)<sup>4</sup>. He went, but could not see the Duc. I told the *chef* of Denon's note and the Duc's

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<sup>1</sup> For *fourneau économique*. Economical stove.

<sup>2</sup> *Faire-peu* means do little. Undoubtedly Burr means this for the man Doolittle, of whom he recently spoke.

<sup>3</sup> For *Bureau des passeports chez le ministre des Relations Extérieures*. Passport office at the Foreign Minister's.

<sup>4</sup> For *hôtel*. This does not always mean a hotel, but often simply a large house.

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promise. What does he mean by promising so often and doing nothing? On to Vanderlyn, to give a letter which I had written for his friend (was up till 2 last night writing that letter). Thence back to Fonzi's, and there till 3, doing nothing but reading Chateaubriand's "Itin. to Jerusalem"<sup>1</sup>, which believe I shall buy for you. Home. Crede came in by appointment. Then back to Fonzi's, but he had gone out to dine. Met Vanderlyn, and we went together and dined at a *restaurant's*, 3 francs and 10 sous each. Home at 7. Came in Bonnet at 8 and sat till 11. Vanderlyn from 8 to 9. His friend came back, but hearing I had company, did not come in. This morning run over from Fonzi's to see Schemmelpenninck, being directly opposite. He was not up, though  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10, and the hour he had himself named the time. We, you and I, have had a great desire to know how the political changes of this country for the last twenty years have affected their theatres and dramatic works. After much trouble I made out, principally by the aid of Barère, a list of the best tragedies and comedies during that period, amounting to thirty-five. Of these I had obtained six at a very cheap rate, and De Veer added to my list nineteen volumes of novels, and told me of ———; indeed, took me to a bookselleress *au* P. R.<sup>2</sup>, who, he said, would furnish the whole at the cheapest possible rate. Gave her the list, and this afternoon called to see if she had executed the

<sup>1</sup> The French title was "*Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem et de Jérusalem à Paris.*" "Itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem and from Jerusalem to Paris." It appeared at Paris in 1811 in three volumes octavo.

<sup>2</sup> For *au* Palais Royal. At the Palais Royal.

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commission. She had, in fact, and presented me a bill amounting to 11 francs more than the sum for which I had been offered the whole in another shop; but there was no remedy, nor other consolation than that of cursing heartily De Veer and his *amie*<sup>1</sup>. Bonnet, among other stories, told me one of Millman (the rich banker who shot himself in London a few years ago) and his wife; and another of the Foundling Hospital in Geneva, which I will repeat to you and Gamp'lo.

13. Rather a *triste*<sup>2</sup> day, for I have advanced nothing, and begin again to be in despair about my passport; but let us go on chronologically. *Couche* at 12, for Bonnet kept me engaged till past 11, and then writing to you, for you have no mercy on me—you and Gamp'lo. Come, Gamp, tell us where you have been. What have you been doing all this long, hot day? No matter how fatigued or how sick, no peace till I tell something. I shall quit you in a rage one of these days, and not say another word till *in prop. per.*<sup>3</sup> Rose at 4. Got breakfast, and was out at 7. To De Veer's, who was just getting up. He scolded and cursed most heartily for suffering myself to be cheated by his P. R.<sup>4</sup> woman in the books. To F.'s; she is always up at 6. Engaged to dine with her. To Fonzi's, where till 11, doing little. Then to Bassano's to see the *chef*. He had not seen the Duc and had no orders about my passport. Showed him Denon's note, and told him what

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<sup>1</sup> Lady friend.

<sup>2</sup> Sad.

<sup>3</sup> Latin. *In propria persona*. In person.

<sup>4</sup> For Palais Royal.

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the Duc had said to me personally. All he could do was to express his regret and surprise. There must be some cursed thing in the way, and which I shall never discover. Back to Fonzi's, quite overcome with the heat and fatigue; for this dysentery<sup>1</sup>, which still pursues me, has weakened me. Sat in a *fauteuil*<sup>2</sup> and slept an hour. There being a draught of air on me, increased my cold. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4, and at 5 to F.'s, where ate soup and nothing else, having no appetite; eschorted her *au Francois*<sup>3</sup>, where we parted. Went two or three errands, and home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7. Shall go early to bed if no one comes. For the last fortnight I have not eaten a mouthful of fruit, though the streets and markets are full, and very cheap; nor of *Phillibonke*<sup>4</sup>, nor more than three ounces meat, nor drank a glass of wine. All these things disagree with me. *Cof. blanc*<sup>5</sup>, tea and rice are the only articles that go well. Just as I was getting into bed,  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10, comes in Vanderlyn. He begins again to talk about going with me.

14. No progress. Nothing done. Nothing even attempted. F. advices me to write still stronger letters to the Duc, but if those I have written have not been read, others are unnecessary. Slept from 11 till 8. Waked so stuffed with cold that I could scarcely breathe. When *la portiere*<sup>6</sup> came in to bring me milk, discovered that I could not utter an audible

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1 So in the MS. For dysentery.

2 Arm-chair.

3 For *au Théâtre Français*.

4 Again his favorite Swedish dish, *silbunke*.

5 For *café blanc*.

6 For *la portière*. The portress.

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sound; at least, an articulate one. *Sor.* at 10, to Fonzi's, where Gaud. worked for me till 3, doing very little. I amused myself reading Chateaubriand, "*Itinéraire to Jerusalem*"<sup>1</sup>, and in pondering on my affairs. Resolve to get another passport from Russell, if he will give me one, and try my luck once more through the beaten channel. But if this should succeed, there is little room to hope that I shall be ready in time for Combes. Home at 3. Have made myself *coffe blanc*<sup>2</sup> for dinner, and have taken it, and now, at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4, am writing this. For on coming in find a note from F., enclosing ticket for the opera, of which I shall profit to take leave. Shall not, probably, return before 12, when it would be too late to write you, and then such hurlebeloo!<sup>3</sup> Home from the opera at 12. Was in the box two hours alone; but in the adjoining was again Madame de Lille, who was very civil in answering all my inquiries. She is also pleasant in conversation. At  $\frac{1}{4}$  past 9 came in F., with three gentlemen and one of his Majesty's pages. The pieces performed were "*Iphigène en Aulide*"<sup>4</sup> and "*Le Dansomamie*"<sup>5</sup>, a pantomime. The grand opera, particularly the chanting in dialogue, fatigues me mortally. I have no taste for French music. To relieve it, we had three fine scenes and some dancing. The "*Danso-*

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1 For "*Itinéraire à Jérusalem*."

2 For *café blanc*.

3 For hullabaloo or hurlyburly.

4 For "*Iphigène en Aulide*." Iphigenia in Aulis, a town of ancient Greece. Euripides wrote a tragedy on this theme about 406 B. C. Upon this were founded several French dramas having the same title; one by Rotrou in 1640, one by Racine in 1674; and a lyric tragedy in 1774 for which the celebrated German composer, Gluck, wrote the music, this being one of his principal masterpieces. Burr probably refers to this last production, for he speaks of the "grand opera."

5 For "*La Dansomanie*." "The Dancing Mania."

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*manie*" amused me much. I bought both pieces. You observe that I buy all the pieces which I see performed. Sometimes make scratches or notes in them to assist *our* memories when we shall talk them over.

15. Rose before 6, and at 8 was at Crede's, to engage him to go to Russell's about my passport, which he cheerfully undertook. Then to Fonzi's, but so many people came that I did nothing but read Chateaubriand. Crede came in to report. He had called on Russell, but could not see him, being much occupied in despatching the messenger, whose horses were at the door. This is the messenger who has got your letter, about which I had so much solicitude. Left Fonzi's at 3. To the bookseller of whom I bought lately all those huge folio dictionaries. I had paid but had taken no receipt, and both Fonzi and Vanderlyn were sure I would never see books or money. He had sent the books this morning to Vanderlyn's, where I ordered them. Home, to see if anything good or bad for me. Nothing. To Fonzi's again (but on the way took a *bouillon*, 12 sous). All busy. Nothing to be done to-day. To Dubois, away Rue de Ponceau, who has the "*roulage*"<sup>1</sup> — transportation of heavy baggage to Amsterdam. My books alone will cost at least 4 louis. It is 18 francs the hundred weight. Home. Bought Gampy a pretty seal, on which I will have his initials engraved. Bought you also six pretty stones

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<sup>1</sup> Wagon-office; carriage of merchandise.



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for seals or rings. All, 10 francs. Home and made *cof. blanc* for dinner. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 6 *au* Francois<sup>1</sup>. "Hamlet" *imité de l'Anglois*<sup>2</sup>, and "*Le Coutun*." Both pieces were extremely well supported. Talma is really sometimes great, and M<sup>lle</sup> Duchenois has much merit. But we will read the pieces together. I laughed a great deal at the comedy, and cried a little at the tragedy. De Lille did not come. But I was near some of the same corps, who are all social. A place in the orchestra costs 6 francs 12 sous. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  11. It is now  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 12 and I must be up at 6 to-morrow, that I may be at Russell's at 8, for I have resolved to go in person.

16. At 8 to Fonzi's. Then to Russell's. The secretary who does the business had not come in. To Fonzi's. All too busy to be spoken to. Over the river to Crede's, to get him to go again for me to Russell's, a mode which I preferred, there being at Russell's several persons in waiting when I was there. Went on an errand, and then to Fonzi's again. There till near 3. The work has advanced a good deal. Finished Chateaubriand's "*Itinéraire*". Home to meet Crede, who was to call between 3 and 4. On the way took a *bouillon*, 12 sous. Crede came in. He had been to Russell's office, and saw Le Ray, his secretary, who promised to do the thing in an hour. Crede, not being able to go at that time, sent his son, to whom Russell said, in the most peremptory manner, that he *would not*, and he forbid his secretary to do

<sup>1</sup> For *au Théâtre Français*.

<sup>2</sup> Probably for *imité de l'anglais*. Imitated or copied from the English.

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anything in the business. Thus this just hope is gone. On coming in to-day, received a message from the *prefecture de police*<sup>1</sup>, saying that I was not *en règle*<sup>2</sup>, requiring me to send my passport forthwith, and to present myself at the prefecture to-morrow, with some menacing words. Sent my passport by the porter. So far written at 4 P. M.; am now going to F.'s by appointment. She asked me to dine, which I refused. Went to Fenwick's at 5 and staid to dinner, *i. e.*, to see Fenwick dine, for I ate nothing. Home at 7. Vanderlyn came in, and we took a walk on the Boulevard. The dust was suffocating. I will describe to you the amusement of the Boulevard promenade another time—that is, *viv. voc.*<sup>3</sup> Called on Fonzi, and he proposed a walk *au Palais Royal*. We strolled an hour and took ice-creams. Fonzi explained to me a great many things, and a curious new vocabulary. The appropriation of one of the walks or alleys in the Palais Royal gardens, &c. Home at ½ p. 10. Found a very formal note from De Veer, enclosing a letter which had come to his care from Holland. Omitted to tell you that at 10 this morning called on Denon. He was abed, but received me. Told him my story; the Duc's silence; delay of passport. He took up the matter with the most friendly zeal. Proposed that I should write him a letter, stating these matters. Wrote accordingly, at his bedside and with his aid, and left it. He will show it to the Duc

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<sup>1</sup> For *préfecture de la police*. The police prefect's office.

<sup>2</sup> For *en règle*. In due form.

<sup>3</sup> For Latin *viva voce*. By the living voice; orally.

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to-night, and make me a report to-morrow. So you see that all hope is not yet gone.

17. To Bonnet's at 9. To Denon's at 10. He had seen the Duc, who replied that he found great embarrassment in *originating* a passport in his office for a foreigner to return to his country. It will be wholly without "*precedent*"<sup>1</sup>—*est ce que B. trouveroit de l'inconvenient que je commanderois moi un passeport pour lui de M. Russell*"<sup>2</sup>. I replied at once that I would hazard all the inconveniences, and would be greatly obliged to his Excellency if he would forthwith make the application. Monsieur Denon, in my presence and under my dictation, wrote the Duc my assent to the measure. In fact, this mode is extremely disagreeable to me, for I perceive the use that will be made of it in the United States. To Fonzi's, where till 3; poor good soul, he is in the utmost distress. Thence to *prefecture de police*, where, after an hour's delay and great difficulty, got my old passport to return to the United States. To Vanderlyn's, where he was with his model. He quitted work, and we took dinner at a *restaurateur's*. Then took him with me to the enameller's, to see about your watch. The copy of F.'s picture is nearly done. Am to have it Monday morning. Then to Notre Dame, St. Denis, and the Boulevard to Fonzi's. At least a league. He was out. Home, very tired. On coming in, a letter from F.<sup>3</sup>, containing a most unexpected and extraordinary

<sup>1</sup> For "*président*," Same meaning as in English.

<sup>2</sup> For "*Est-ce que Monsieur B. trouverait de l'inconvenient que je commandasse, moi, un passeport pour lui de Monsieur Russell.*" "Would Mr. Burr have any objection to my asking Mr. Russell for a passport for him?"

<sup>3</sup> The abbreviation which Burr uses for Madame Fenwick.

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request, but no way disagreeable. Shall assent. Also another letter, from Captain Combes. A deadly blow. He will sail from the Texel on the 23d. No hope of getting my passport before that day, and to Amsterdam is five days' journey, going day and night. My dear T.<sup>1</sup>, I am afflicted, sadly afflicted, to lose his ship. The only American ship now in Europe which will go as a cartel<sup>2</sup>, and thus be secure from capture. The finest and largest American ship in Europe. The captain friendly to me. He fitted me up a room according to my instructions. To lose all this is sad indeed.

18. A day of great exertion, and, it is believed, of some effect. Rose at 6; but let me first tell you that, after we parted last night, I wrote a long letter to Denon for him to show to Bassano (because, you see, I can write much more freely to him than to the Duc, and then am much more sure that the Duc will receive and read it), telling all the benefits, (but see the copy). Wrote also a reply to the request of F., for the affair is of such moment that it must be all in writing. At 9 to F.'s to leave my note; then took *cab.* for sake of despatch, and to Duc d'Alberg's. He had walked out. Home to get Captain Combes's letter. To Denon's, to whom told my story and received my letter, being in the most barbarous Anglo-French. He approved; said the Duc should have it in an hour; and gave me hopes that it would

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<sup>1</sup> Meaning Theodosia.

<sup>2</sup> A cartel is a written agreement between governments (especially when belligerent) and commonly concerning the exchange of prisoners of war. A vessel going as a cartel flies a flag of truce.

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produce some effect. To Fonzi's, where did a little, and then to d'Alberg's again; found him, and told him my tale. He thought my success altogether improbable. To the *prefecture de la police*. Saw Mr. Leger, told him my address for an immediate passport. He sent me down to ———, who is, I believe, secretary of this department; he said I must forthwith apply by petition to the Duc Rovigo, but could form no conjecture about the time an answer might be expected. To F.'s, who engaged me to dine, and to the play this evening. To Fonzi's, where dismissed my *cab.*, having rode<sup>1</sup> at least twenty miles; paid 5 francs. At Fonzi's till 3, Gabriel working and I writing my letter to Rovigo. It is necessary, on such occasions, to state the details of your motives and your business. I added—nonsense, see the letter of two pages. Sent *commissionnaire*. Bought you Treveaux<sup>2</sup>, six, and Bayle, four volumes in folio, in good condition, for 50 francs. Home at 4. A letter was handed to me. A letter from Denon, enclosing one from Duke Bassano, saying that he would see about the thing instantly, and hoped I would have the passport<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning the work known as *la Dictionnaire de Trévoux*. The Trévoux Dictionary. It was brought out anew in 1771 in eight volumes folio.

<sup>3</sup> This correspondence is of the greatest interest. The letters are as follows:

Denon to Burr, Paris, July 18, 1811: "Enclosed, my dear Colonel, is the letter from the Duke; you will perceive by it that your business is in train. If you call on me to-morrow, we will consider what is to be done at the police. A thousand times your friend."

The Duke of Bassano to Denon, Paris, July 18, 1811: "The person through whom I could have communicated to Mr. Russell that he should not have refused a new passport to Mr. Burr, was in the country. I wrote to her yesterday to return. She arrived at the moment that your note was received. I shall have the passport in the course of the day, and shall forward it immediately to the Duke [Rovigo], and I am convinced that you will receive it to-morrow, to transmit to Mr. Burr."

Commenting on this, Burr's biographer, Davis, says: "Thus affairs were managed in France. The rightful claims of an American citizen for a passport were spurned for months by the patriotic Mr. Russell. But the French minister (Bassano) knew the influence which would control the American chargé (Russell) and, therefore, Madame ——— was desired to come to Paris. Her presence in a few hours changed the stern decree of this *pure patriot*, and the passport was instantly granted."

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to-morrow evening. This was to me matter of very great surprise, need I add, of pleasure. Went to Fenwick's to tell my unexpected progress and hopes, and then home, and have written you all this, and now I go to dine. Vanderlyn has just come in, which is lucky, as I want him to do fifty errands, though I shall not feel great confidence till I have the thing in my hand. More wonders; instead of going to the play with F., came home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 6. Another note from Denon, enclosing another from the Duc Bassano. He has got the passport from Russell; has given his sanction, and has already passed it through the *bureau* of Rovigo. That *bureau* of delay and dismay! Now, indeed, I may hope. Now I feel as if I was embracing you and Gamp. Shall run over to F.'s and do a dozen errands to-night. But no more to you till I am on seaboard, unless a return. Have been running since 5 this morning. Have got my passport. Shall go to-morrow. Have your watch. Have bought you nothing, nor for my poor, dear little Gamp. Shall bring you nothing but myself. Have nobody to do anything for me, and shall regret a hundred *négligences*<sup>1</sup> the moment I am out of Paris. Shall set off at 4 P. M. to-morrow in a sort of *cab*. with the courier at my side, and thus without resting to Amsterdam. This will now go into my trunk, which am going to *begin* to pack, that it may be done. Adieu for a week.

Vaugh's, July 20, 1811. Have made eleven

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<sup>1</sup> For *négligences*. Points of neglect.



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leagues at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9. Good coffee for dinner and supper.

21. Ems. About 6 in the morning, having slept well. Here the famous chateau, now a state prison. Arrived at St. Quentin<sup>1</sup> at 11 o'clock. They are demolishing the fortifications, which must have cost many millions; but much less than will cost Anvers<sup>2</sup>, where about fifteen thousand men are at work daily. At Valenciennes at 8. Took a *bouillon gras*. At about two leagues before arriving at this place is the comical triangular monument in honor of Marshal Villars's<sup>3</sup> victory.

Malines, July 22, 1811. Arrived at 1. The turret of the Cathedral, a square, lofty Gothic tower, has a picturesque effect. Also the two steeples of the gate on the Brussels side.

Anvers, July 22. Arrived at 4 P. M. My courier, Paquin, got me a room for the night. The courier which goes hence to Amsterdam, being a smaller carriage, cannot take my baggage. All the diligences were full, but got a place outside in one of them, which has also agreed to take the whole of my baggage.

Anvers, July 28, 1811. Took my usual round to Lombards and the stage-offices to inquire for the sack, and with the usual success. At 10 to Bellemare's. He was just coming out to call on me, and, as evidence, drew from his pocket and gave me a bundle

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<sup>1</sup> A considerable town between Paris and Belgium.

<sup>2</sup> French name of Antwerp.

<sup>3</sup> Louis-Hector, Duke de Villars and Marshal of France, (1653-1734), was one of the favourite generals of Louis XIV.



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of segars. Passed an hour with him and Madame, and he then walked with me to my lodgings and sat an hour. He proposed to show me the *chantier*<sup>1</sup>, where strangers are seldom admitted. It is very extensive, and, when completed, will be a most magnificent establishment. Among the thousands who work here are about one thousand of the state prisoners in chains—those who were formerly condemned *aux galères*<sup>2</sup>. We went thence into the castle<sup>3</sup> which is their place of confinement. The *chef*<sup>4</sup> of this establishment took me through the various apartments of this immense prison. A great number, perhaps fifty or sixty, are condemned *aux doubles chaines*<sup>5</sup>. These are chained down to the spot where they lie, and can only move about four or five feet. All descriptions are mingled together; lawyers, notaries, officers, gentlemen, servants, laborers; most of them of diabolic countenance. The powers of the *chef* or keeper are very great; he can mitigate the punishment at discretion. Some who, by their good conduct or from accidental circumstances, are entitled to favor, wear, instead of the enormous chain round the ankle, only a slender ring, whose weight cannot be perceived. The prisoners are permitted to receive money from their friends, and to spend it as they please; so that, while one is half starving on the coarse bread of the institution, his

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<sup>1</sup> The word *chantier* means, literally, shed or shop and then dock-yard, stocks, etc. Burr may refer to the great works of the *Petit Bassin* (little harbour) and the *Grand Bassin* (large harbour), which Napoleon caused to be constructed from 1804 to 1813 at a cost of 13,000,000 francs, as a war harbour.

<sup>2</sup> To the galleys.

<sup>3</sup> The prisoners were probably confined in the ancient castle called *Steen*, formerly the seat of the Spanish Inquisition.

<sup>4</sup> Chief.

<sup>5</sup> To double chains. (*Chaines*.)

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neighbor is, perhaps, feasting on roast mutton. Out of twelve hundred of the criminals, two hundred are sick in the hospital. At the intervals of labor the prisoners are permitted to work for themselves, and to sell what they can make; of those we met on their way to the *chantier* to work, several offered to sell us small articles. Those *aux double chaines* are generally, if not all, condemned to this additional punishment for escapes or attempts to escape. They appeared to me to be better looking, better countenances, than the mass. They are in one large room; can converse without restraint, and read, write, or work, as they please.

Rotterdam, August 3, 1811. Left Anvers at 5 this morning, in diligence, with Madame Lasagnia, Italian opera-dancer, and four males of the same country and profession. Came through that infernal desert and bog Moerdycke<sup>1</sup>. Arrived at Rotterdam at 8. Your whip (which was left at Moerdycke with other loose articles) was nearly spoiled by the curiosity of the family. Have had tea in my room, and shall not go out, even to see *la* ———, who is *vis-à-vis*. How *sage*!

Amsterdam, August 5, 1811. Left Rotterdam, *la plus belle de tous les belles villes d'Holland*<sup>2</sup>, at 5. Arrived at Delft at 8. Immediately called on Van Stipriaan; but he had already been abroad three hours, and not expected till 11; so that I lost a day

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<sup>1</sup> From Moerdyck on the Hollandsche Diep, previously mentioned.

<sup>2</sup> For *la plus belle de toutes les belles villes de la Hollande*. The most beautiful of all the beautiful cities of Holland.

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by not coming on to Delft the night of our arrival at Rotterdam, as I ought to have done. My dancing companions went on to The Hague, where they are to exhibit. Madame L. promised to write to me from thence. Saw Van Stipriaan and his beautiful children at 11. The little boy of 3 years old, to whom I gave some bonbons two months ago, recollected me and jumped into my arms. Van S. insists that nothing ails me nor has ailed me; but he lies, and I will be sick. He gave me, however, a great deal of good advice in case anything should ever ail me. He is a learned, sensible, amiable man, of great goodness, frankness, and simplicity. Such a man in such a profession is a blessing to any country he may inhabit. The young Van Stipriaan would escort me to the *trachtschuyt*<sup>1</sup>. Found it would not go till 1. Employed the interval, first in taking coffee, and then in visiting one of the churches, where is the tomb of Hugo Grotius<sup>2</sup>, native of Delft; a plain and elegant monument. That of William the First<sup>3</sup> is magnificent, and in fine taste. The church is without other ornament, but of very handsome structure, and large. At 1 found myself in the *trachtschuyt*, with a French gentleman and his pretty wife, both very decent, and a tall, comely young woman, widow of a Flemish officer. Attached myself to the latter, who spoke

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<sup>1</sup> For *trekschuit*. Tow-boat.

<sup>2</sup> Hugo Grotius or de Groot (1583-1645) was a celebrated Dutch jurist, theologian, statesman, and poet. His great distinction is that he was the founder of the science of international law.

<sup>3</sup> William the First, Prince of Orange and Count of Nassau, surnamed "The Silent", was the founder of the Republic of the United Provinces. He has been called the Washington of Holland. After winning the independence of the Netherlands from Spain he was assassinated at Delft, July 10, 1584.

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French very fluently. Arrived at Harlaem<sup>1</sup> at 8. I left Harlaem at 6 this morning. *La veuve*<sup>2</sup> staid to see some friends, having formerly resided some time in that city. In the *trachtschuyt* met again the French couple. They complained bitterly of their fare and its dearness—very usual complaints of the French in Holland. They were more shy and cold than yesterday. Arrived at 12. Went immediately to Krutz's. Found there a bundle of clothes which had been left in Paris, and some small articles. Also, letters from Vanderlyn, from Bonnet, and a charming little note with present of an elegant perpetual pen<sup>3</sup> from Madame Z. Came on to Van Ham's, who had received my letter, and had provided me a room. The family all delighted to see me, and we had a deal of kissing. Got shaved and dressed, and went to hunt Captain Combes, and to see about the ship. He had gone on board to take the ship to the Texel<sup>4</sup>. Wrote note to De Man to advise him of my arrival. Then to deliver a letter from Bellemare to Fougier<sup>5</sup>, *com. de police*<sup>6</sup>. He received me with the utmost cordiality. He was formerly a planter in St. Domingo, and had been some time in the United States, where he had heard something of one A. Burr. Asked me to dine, which I declined.

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<sup>1</sup> For Haarlem.

<sup>2</sup> The widow.

<sup>3</sup> Knight's "Mechanical Dictionary" says: "The first metallic pens regularly introduced for sale were by Wise about 1803. They were made in barrel form, being adapted to slip on a stick, and under the name of perpetual pen were industriously distributed throughout the stationers' shops of London. The prejudice was strong against them, and up to 1835 or thereabouts quills maintained their full sway."

<sup>4</sup> Texel is an island in the North Sea belonging to Holland and separated from the mainland of North Holland by the strait called Marsdiep.

<sup>5</sup> Probably for Fougère or Fougère.

<sup>6</sup> For *commissaire de la police*. Police commissioner.

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6. A letter this morning from Lasagnia, inviting me to come and see her exhibit on Thursday. At 11 came in Fougieri to see what he could do for me, and to ask me to dine. Declined the dinner, but took him to introduce me to *le directeur general*<sup>1</sup>, for whom I had also a letter from Bellemare.

15. Gerritzi came in at 8 this morning with a letter from Captain Combes, requesting my influence to get him a passport to go to the United States with us. Being exceedingly solicitous to oblige the Captain in this particular, went immediately to find out in what *arrondissement*<sup>2</sup> she was, and who was the *commissionnaire*. It is the twelfth, and M. Coffin the *commissionnaire*. Then to my friend Fougieri's to get a letter to Coffin, which Fougieri gave cheerfully and in handsome terms. Back to Coffin's, but he was out. To the *secrétaire general de la police*<sup>3</sup>, M. Cagniard, who dined with me yesterday. He undertook to make the application to the Director-General for me; but, from the tenor of orders lately received, doubted my success. Called on the Captain and told him and Gerritzi of my doings. Drank coffee with him. Home, and then to Fougieri's to dine. After dinner we walked to see ———, who has the sick wife. Then strolled along the parapet, now partly demolished, to a botanic garden of a friend of Fougieri. Here parted at 7. Fearing that Cagniard's representations to the Director-General might not be sufficiently cogent, wrote him

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<sup>1</sup> Director-General. (*Général*.)

<sup>2</sup> France is divided into departments and each department is subdivided into *arrondissements* or districts.

<sup>3</sup> For *secrétaire général de la police*. General secretary of the police.

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(the Director-General) a letter this evening. He reads and speaks English. At 12, going to *couche*.

16. Have walked about five leagues to-day in endeavors to get my baggage through the custom-house, which I should never have accomplished without the zealous aid of a young man in that department named Marie. M. Cagniard wrote him a line in my behalf. If the affair had been his own, M. M. could not have manifested more zeal and activity. The expenses were only a few sous. At 5 we got all on board a boat bound to the Texel, and then I took my young friend to dine with me at Cotti's. We had an excellent dinner and two bottles wine; bill, 1 louis. My sack of Indian meal caused a deal of embarrassment, to export flour being prohibited.

17. At 9 to Pluym's to get my account. He was still too busy to make it; but very civilly handed me my hundred Napoleons, not having disposed of one of them. Note: I must owe him several hundred francs. To Fougier's to get him to write to his friend, the *commissionnaire*<sup>1</sup> at Helder<sup>2</sup>, to take care of my things. (But before going out this morning, Captain Combes came in. He is nearly crazy by the vexations and delays. He has run in debt, relying on the passage-money of fifty passengers, of whom only twelve or thirteen have paid anything. Some of those have sued him to get back their money. Agreed to see him at 4 this afternoon). From Fougier's came

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<sup>1</sup> For *commissonnaire de roulage*. Wagon-office keeper.

<sup>2</sup> The Helder is a fortified seaport on the mainland of North Holland, forty miles north of Amsterdam. It is now celebrated because of the stupendous dyke which defends it from the sea.



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round by the Captain's, but he was out. Home. At 4, back to the Captain's, where met a Mr. Henderson, said to be of Baltimore, but apparently Irish. He has permission to go in the Vigilant, and is the only one except Ahrens. After canvassing the subject, the Captain resolved to go off to-morrow morning; a resolution which I greatly approved. We went together and took passage in the packet-boat bound to Helder to-morrow. The Captain then went to make his preparations, and I home to make mine. At 7 this evening, in the midst of my hustle, came in the Captain to say that he could not go till Tuesday. Poor Gerritzi fainted on being told that the Captain would go to-morrow morning, and that she could not go. She lay some hours in convulsions, and I think will die.

30. Still headache. For forty-eight hours have swallowed nothing; but just now, 11 A. M., three lemons. Have called on the Captain. Nothing about sailing; but a letter from the mate says that the *douaniers*<sup>1</sup> on board refused to let my baggage be taken in, and that the skipper said he would leave it at Helder. Perhaps there to be rummaged and pillaged! Called twice on young Marie. He left word that I might call at 9 to-morrow morning. To Cagniard's. He promised to send me advice about my baggage. Wrote note to-day to De Villiers, asking an audience. At 6 this P. M. my headache went off, and I took a breakfast of tea, and for supper some rice boiled. A letter to-day from Vanderlyn, enclosing a

<sup>1</sup> Custom-house officials.



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very civil note from Turreau, the late Minister, asking to see me, and that he had much to tell me. Have a great mind to go right off to Paris in courier, and be back in eight days.

31. Rose at 5 to do nothing. At 8 called on the Captain. Then to Coffin's. He can give me no instructions about my baggage. To Fougieri's. He promised to write to his friend V. at Helder to take care of it; and he will write, for he is honest. To Cotti's where took coffee as usual, and played with the children, my daily amusement. Mr. C. made me a like visit this morning. Wrote last night a memorandum explanatory of the Akker's negotiation. Succeeded very well, which has consoled me a little, for I thought I had become torpid mentally. Called on Fabrius and De Man to confer with them on that subject; out. Home. Wrote them a note, and went and left it. Received reply this evening, giving me rendezvous to-morrow morning.

Amsterdam, September 1, 1811. Spent the night in flea-hunting. Had great luck. Killed five; but the friends and relations of the deceased revenged themselves on me most cruelly. From my head to my heels, there is not a square inch free of flea-marks. Rose at 9, much exhausted with the fatigue and suffering. At 11 to De Man's, where an hour. He was greatly edified by my note (memorandum), and wanted a copy, which I declined. I see that nothing effectual will be done. A long letter from Vanderlyn this morning. He will now get out of Paris. Wrote

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him and General Turreau by this mail. No answer from De Villiers. No answer from Denon. None from Bellemare. My money nearly gone; 30 louis only! Wrote this P. M. to Cagniard. Mr. D. and la Borgue came in at 4. Staid an hour and drank a bottle of wine. They proposed a party to-morrow, about which I now begin to hesitate; *ça coûte*<sup>1</sup>.

2. A note from the Director-General, giving me audience at 12 to-morrow. To the Captain; nothing new. No answer from Paris, nor from Bellemare, which most surprises me. Passed the evening with Cord. and his wife. Fabrius and De Man have persuaded me to let them try to effect an accommodation with the Holland Company. Consented with reluctance, arguing no good; but F. and D. are men of sense and candor, if candor there be.

3. A sad day! My audience has had the most unfortunate issue; from what cause I know not, but have everything to apprehend. Saw F. and D. this morning; they had opened the negotiation, but no answer. Am ruminating whether to write to the Director-General, or what to do, but can form no resolution. Now  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 12. Have been smoking an hour, and have formed my plans. Shall endeavor to-morrow (to-day) to seek explanation with the Director-General through some of those who see him most familiarly, and, when the way shall be thus prepared, shall write. But, before one step can thus be taken, I may be blown into air by his word or his frown.

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<sup>1</sup> For *Ça* or *cela coûte*. That costs.

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4. At 9 this morning called on Cagniard, and found him at home. He entered into the affair with great candor and sensibility. Indeed, he had already heard the story told in a manner the least favorable to me. He promised his good offices, which consoled me a good deal. Called on Fabrius and De Man. That affair will come to nothing. On Pluym; not home. Did not go to Fougieri's, determining not to say a word to him of my trouble, lest, by interfering, he might do himself mischief. Home, and found Fougieri in my room waiting for me. He had heard the story in bad colors, and came for an explanation, and to see what he could do for me; but, from what he related, there is, I fear, no hope of accommodation. He will confer with Cagniard.

5. Called on Cagniard, but could not find him. On Captain C., who appeared not quite so friendly as usual. Fear somebody has put the devil into him, too. To Fougieri's, and had a long talk. He proposes to see Cagniard, and also the Director-General, to-morrow, and, if he can find occasion, will renew the subject to the latter.

6. Early this morning wrote note to Fougieri, and sent by messenger (we are near two miles apart), advising him of some suggestions to be made to Cagniard. Received a most friendly reply. Strolled about town, doing trifling and useless errands, and spending money. At 4 came in Fougieri agreeable to promise. The affair is arranged. I am to see the Director-General, who has promised to receive me with

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his accustomed courtesy. Fougieri was a full hour in relating the story, which was, certainly, of the utmost interest. The zeal, intelligence, and delicacy which he has displayed throughout this affair merit my gratitude. We walked out, and he led me, without telling me why, to a tavern where was Pessonier, the secretary, with whom the misunderstanding commenced. We drank a glass of wine together and buried the hatchet.

7. Called on Fougieri to arrange about the time of seeing the Director-General; but as I had determined to go to Delft to see Van Stipriaan, we agreed to defer it till my return, which is to be on Tuesday. Saw Fab. and De Man—a few obstacles. No reply from Pluym. Called on Cagniard; out. The Captain called this evening while I was out. Wrote Bellemare to-day.

8. After writing you last evening walked out to see how the Kermess went on. Between 12 and 1 the streets were very full and the shops open. Our place, the square on which I live, is the grand resort; will endeavor to describe to you how the Hollanders amuse themselves. The Captain called this morning. My apprehensions were just. He demands of me 450 guilders immediately, or that he should break up the voyage and sell the ship; by which I understand that, if do not pay the 450, he will go off without me. Heretofore professed to be so proud to have me, and would not hear me talk of money. I have not  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the sum he demands, nor have I any hope of getting it. News came last night that not one of the Dutch

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passengers can get permission to embark. Called on Cagniard; out. On De Man. He has answer from the Holland Company gentlemen that they will hold no conference, nor have any intercourse with A. Burr. To Pluym's; out. About five miles' walk for naught. Staid at home the rest of the day. Dined on boiled rice, as for all the week past. In the evening called at Pluym's and Fougieri's again; neither at home. Another four miles' walk for naught. Mr. ——— proposed meeting at noon to-morrow. Declined on pretence of going to the country.

9. Rose at 5. To Cagniard's at 8, and found him; thanked him, &c.; but says Marie must help me about my baggage. To Pluym's. He cannot give me my account; says to-morrow or next day; but readily consented to give an order in favor of Vanderlyn for 100 francs. To Fougieri's. He will write this day to the Director-General, demanding audience for us (himself and me). To Fab. and De M.

12. We shall certainly—certainly! that's a word which should not be used here—yet it seems we shall go. I have paid the Captain 480 guilders, which is equal to about 50 louis. But how did I raise this? The reply contains a dreadful disclosure. I raised it by the sale of all my little *meubles*<sup>1</sup> and loose property. Among others, alas! my dear little Gamp's; it is shocking to relate, but what could I do? The Captain said it was impossible to get out of town without 500 guilders. He had tried every resource, and was

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<sup>1</sup> Literally, movables. Hence, furniture, personal effects.

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in despair. The money must be raised or the voyage given up. So, after turning it over, and looking at it, and opening it, and putting it to my ear like a baby, and kissing it, and begging you a thousand pardons out loud, your dear, little beautiful watch was—was sold. I do assure you—but you know how sorry I was. If my clothes had been saleable, they would have gone first, that's sure. But, heighho! when I get rich I will buy you a prettier one.

Helder, September 14, 1811. We left Amsterdam yesterday afternoon, and arrived here at 9 this morning. My baggage is all embarked. I have been on board the *Vigilant*, that ship which is to bear me to thee. We should have sailed this afternoon, but Mr. Henderson, my fellow-passenger, had not arrived. No doubt he will be here in the morning, and within an hour after his arrival we shall sail. I feel as if I were already on the way to you, and my heart beats with joy. Yet, alas! that country which I am so anxious to re-visit will perhaps reject me with horror. In the midst of these mingled emotions, a slight apprehension comes across my mind, lest, in this short interval, something should occur to retard or defeat our voyage. But I reason that off; for there is no real ground for doubt. I have done my best to induce the Captain to go this evening, leaving Mr. Henderson, for his negligence is inexcusable; and the Captain had once resolved to go, but hearing that Mr. Henderson had actually left Amsterdam this morning, determined to wait till to-morrow. The wind is favor-



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able, the weather is fine; what pity to lose an hour. Helder is about fifty-five miles from Amsterdam, at the entrance of the Zuyder Zee, on the south side, and on the seashore. My windows look over the ocean; that ocean which separates me from all that is dear. With what pleasure I did greet it after three years' absence. I am never weary of looking at it. There seems to be no obstacle between us, and I almost fancy I see you and Gampy, with the sheep about the door, and he "driving the great ram with a little stick." I forgot that the little island of Great Britain lies between us, and what is worse, their ships; there are now four of them in full sight not two leagues off. But as we have neither merchandise nor Frenchmen on board, I think they will let us go on. Now past 12, a beautiful clear night; no moon, but stars and the comet, which is a beautiful object. Since writing the preceding pages, I have been several hours at my window musing; gazing at the comet, the stars, and the ocean; lulled by the beating of the waves on the shore, not 100 paces from the place I sit. But what a long, long night this will be! The Captain swears that, whether Henderson come or not, we will sail to-morrow. But ah! with such wind and such weather, and free permission to go, twenty-four hours is an age!

15. My dear children, I am dying with vexation and impatience. Henderson has not come; and after wavering and wavering, and resolving and re-resolving, the Captain has determined to wait till morning; but he has pledged me his honor that he



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will go on board at 9 and make sail immediately. What a weary day this has been! Even the ocean could not attract my attention. I have done nothing but look up the road for Henderson. I have walked out on these sands, much like yours near Charleston, near two miles to meet him, but I did not meet him. The wind and the weather continue the same. Everything invites us to depart, and here we remain.

Amsterdam, September 16, 1811. It is no mistake in the date, my dear Theodosia; you need not stare so, and repeat over Amsterdam, Amsterdam, September 16, and then you look back to the last sheet, "Helder, September 15." It is really so; I am at Amsterdam. Our voyage is retarded for at least ten days, if not quite broken up. At the moment I was writing to you yesterday afternoon, an express from Amsterdam was announced. My blood chilled at the mention of an "express." Almost at the same moment came rushing into my room Blommestein, his face illumined with joy. He embraced me with cordiality, and handed me a letter from Cagniard, advising me that his Majesty's permission has just been received for all the Dutch and other European passengers to embark, and *hoped* we would *consent* to a short delay to allow them time to come down. There are about fifty of these passengers, which will give about 10,000 florins more to the Captain. He determined at once to go to Amsterdam, to receive his money and renew his stock of provisions. I thought it best to stick to him. Blommestein invited me to

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take a seat in his carriage, and at 8 last evening we were on our way *back*. We lodged at the Zande. Passed through Alkmaer<sup>1</sup> and Berwyck<sup>2</sup>, the latter a beautiful little town, and the only one I have seen in Holland which is free of stagnant water, there being no canals. Arrived here at 3. The Captain had a separate carriage with Madame Gerritzi and her sister, who had come to Helder to see us off. Blommestein says they are all ready, and will be on board on Wednesday; but I know better. We are stopped, I tell you, for ten days, if not forever. During ten days, how many political events may occur to retard anew or to defeat our voyage!

Amsterdam, September 19, 1811. I have been my usual round to-day. To the Captain's, to the lighter (a sort of packet boat), and to Cagniard's. The Captain said he was going this afternoon in the lighter, but I tell you again that the lighter will not go before Saturday or Sunday and the Captain certainly not before Monday. Now hear a little secret. M. Con. expressed a desire that we should wait a few days the arrival of four ladies and a gentleman, friends of his, who are expected from Paris to embark in the *Vigilant*. If he, Mr. C., wishes it, we shall stay if it be a month. I am resolved to go to-morrow morning with my \* \* \* \* by the *trachschuyt*<sup>4</sup>. We have been to-day greatly alarmed by the disappearance of Mr. Henderson. We have learned, however, that he is very

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<sup>1</sup> For Alkmaar, a considerable town in North Holland.

<sup>2</sup> For Benerwijk, a village south south-west of Alkmaar.

<sup>3</sup> An undecipherable word.

<sup>4</sup> For *trekschuit*. Tow-boat.

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safe in prison by order, it is said, of the police, but for what cause we are utterly ignorant. The weather continues beautiful and the wind fine.

On board the Vigilant, Yarmouth Roads, October 9, 1811. I came at 1 this morning and slept till 9. Had my coffee as usual in my cabin with J., Helder<sup>1</sup>. Our bread is still unexpended, and is much better than that which is got on shore. At 12 we got under weigh to go round the point into the harbor, but it was discovered that our ship drew too much water, and we came to anchor very near the place we had left. Then came on board three more custom-house officers, for the purpose of taking an inventory of the passengers, *i. e.*, description of their persons, their age, destination, &c., &c., &c. We all passed under the standard to ascertain the height; men and women; all above 14. This ceremony lasted till 6 o'clock, and then we had dinner, with rather more than the ordinary confusion, there being keener appetites and less room than usual, on account of the late hour and the addition of the custom-house officers to our number. *La V.* spelt hard for an invitation to my cabin; but J. had possession, and she shall maintain her privilege whoever else may pretend. She has just now gone to her berth. Fortunately, the weather is mild and clear, and the wind at W.; if it were E., we should suffer and be much exposed. Our Captain has been ashore to-day, but cannot get permission to go to London. We hope for replies to our letters to-morrow. We hope, also, to get into the harbor to-

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<sup>1</sup> Meaning with J. at the Helder.

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morrow; and, when there, it is said we may have the privilege of going on shore. No great privilege for one who has but 2 ducats for his whole fortune. Still the privilege is something, even if no use be made of it. The Captain swears that after to-morrow he will not give an ounce of provisions nor a drop of liquor to any passenger. They must go on shore or find themselves.

London, October 16, 1811. Left Yarmouth at 10 A. M. yesterday, and arrived at 7 this morning. Distance 114 miles. We were six inside (part of the way seven) and ten out. Great quarelling about places. Captain Johnson and Julie were of the party. The roads perfectly good; the *pasage riant*<sup>1</sup>. The villages neater than I had before seen in England. Perhaps, however, I see with different eyes, fresh from the decay and misery almost everywhere exhibited on the Continent. Wrote William Graves, who called immediately. Learn that I shall be pursued again by White<sup>2</sup> about those unfortunate books. So must change room and lodgings. Jul. wrote to her sister, who called and took her off. Randolph<sup>3</sup> called, and we went out together. To Reeves's<sup>4</sup>, who received me with his usual kindness. Assures me that I shall meet no trouble from the government. He gave me note to Mr. ———, under secretary of state, whom saw about Blommestein and others to get them on

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<sup>1</sup> For *le paysage était riant*. The landscape was smiling, cheerful.

<sup>2</sup> White was a bookseller to whom Burr had long owed money. See note 1, page 77, volume I.

<sup>3</sup> D. M. Randolph. See note 3, page 76, volume I.

<sup>4</sup> John Reeves, an official of the British Alien Office.

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shore. Delivered Sello's letter to his friend Henniman. Home. Lay down at 3 and slept two hours, being much fatigued by two nights' vigils. Tea at 6. Then called on Mrs. M. J. Goodwin. They all knew me, the wig *malgré*<sup>1</sup>. Graves has offered me a room at his house, which I shall accept till I can know when and how I am to move. Had just money enough to pay my expenses on the road and 2 shillings over. The ship Vigilant like to be detained for trial. The Louisa about to sail for Charleston. But how to pay and how to get my baggage in time are grave questions. Found a note from Koe in behalf of Bentham<sup>2</sup>, who is still at Barrow Green, saying they will be delighted to see me. Home at 9, and at 10 am going to bed.

London, November 22, 1811. *J. B. vint* at 10 *heure et nous allames ensemble chez Am. pour le presenter*<sup>3</sup>. He behaved so like a savage that Am. is firmly persuaded he is crazy and she has almost made me doubt. Note: Am. is certainly a little cracked herself. Recollect, however, a similar instance. Peggy's mother, who was a known maniac, was the first to discover the insanity of her daughter. We went, J. B., Am., and *moi chez J. B. faire les arrangements pour le portrait. Convenu de commencer le mardi prochain et de diner chez lui le meme jour.* Saw Am. *chez elle* and then *chez moi. Ayant eu beaucoup de fatigue*

<sup>1</sup> In spite of the wig.

<sup>2</sup> Jeremy Bentham, a distinguished English philosopher. See note 1, page 3, volume 1. Koe was his private secretary.

<sup>3</sup> For *J. B. vint à dix heures et nous allâmes ensemble chez Am. pour le présenter.* J. B. came at 10 o'clock and we went together to Am.'s in order to introduce him.

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et point de sommeil la nuit passé repos. sur le lit et dor.  
2 heures. An. vint me soigner ce qu' elle fit avec beau-  
coup de tendresse<sup>1</sup>. Note from Big.<sup>2</sup> and Jen. apolo-  
gizing for being out yesterday quand j'y allais suivant  
leur appointment<sup>3</sup>, (note: we are more than two miles  
apart), and inviting me to call at 6 this evening. Pas  
trop content<sup>4</sup> but went at 8. N'ayant pas un sou  
j'empruntai de R. quelques chilings pour payer un voiture  
n'étant pas en état de marcher<sup>5</sup>. They were both out,  
but me laissoient un billet disant qu' ils viendroient me  
chercher chez moi<sup>6</sup>. Hastened back. They had been  
and gone. At 10, however, they vinrent encore et nous  
causames jusqu' apres minuit<sup>7</sup>. M. l'Abbé M.<sup>8</sup> called  
this morning. Il est plein de zèle<sup>9</sup>.

23. So dark at 10 that I had candles to shave;  
the like for three days past. At 11 to Bartlett's,  
whom I met in the street on Thursday. They have  
all moved to town. Span looks as well as ever. Then  
to Madame T.'s. Sent up the name of Cast.<sup>10</sup> Mad-  
ame was so surprised and confounded at le peruke<sup>11</sup> and  
a visage pas attendu<sup>12</sup> (for Cast. is an int.<sup>13</sup> friend) that

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<sup>1</sup> We went, J., Am., and I, to make the arrangements for the portrait. Agreed to begin the next Tuesday and to dine (*dîner*) at his house the same (*même*) day. Saw Am. home and then home. Having had much fatigue and no sleep at all the previous night (*la nuit passée*), I lay down (*me reposai*) on the bed and slept (*dormis*) two hours. An. came to attend me, which she did with great tenderness.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning J. Biglow.

<sup>3</sup> When I went there according to their appointment.

<sup>4</sup> Didn't like it very well. Literally, not too glad.

<sup>5</sup> For n'ayant pas un sou j'empruntai de R. quelques schellings pour payer une voiture, n'étant pas en état de marcher. Not having a cent, I borrowed of R. a few shillings wherewith to pay for a carriage, not being in condition to walk.

<sup>6</sup> But they left me (*me laissèrent*) a note, saying that they would come (*viendraient*) to seek me at my house.

<sup>7</sup> They came again and we chatted (*causâmes*) until after (*après*) midnight.

<sup>8</sup> For Monsieur l'Abbé M.

<sup>9</sup> He is full of zeal. (*Zèle*.)

<sup>10</sup> For Castella.

<sup>11</sup> For *la perruque*; or does Burr mean peruke for the English word?

<sup>12</sup> An unexpected face.

<sup>13</sup> For intimate.



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she did not recollect me, but a confused idea of something, [so] that *tout ensemble elle presque évanouit* and I regretted the *tour*. *Mais M<sup>lle</sup> [me] reconnu sur le cham non obstante wig*. *M'engagea d'y diner demain avec mes amis. B. et Jen.*<sup>1</sup> Note: *Le Juge Thor. est ch. juge a Sierra Leona ou vont B. et J.*<sup>2</sup> *Alors marchois chez J. et Br. Y un heur. Chez Capt. Combes; out. Home a 6 heure abattu de fatigue ayant marche au moins 12 miles et din. sur porter et fromage*<sup>3</sup>. *Have ecrit a ma bonne amie An. et vais me coucher a 9 et ½*<sup>4</sup>. Being *sans sous emprunt. un pound de R.*<sup>5</sup>, being his last.

24. *M. b. a. An.*, hearing that *j'étais malade, venait me soigner, ce qu' on fit de bonne foi. A la fin la scene se changeat a sa cham., &c.*<sup>6</sup> *A X heures chez Graves*<sup>7</sup> and agreed to pass the evening and lodge there. *Saw en passant les G.*<sup>8</sup> At 4 *vint.*<sup>9</sup> *J. and G. and we went.*

29. *Dor till 9. Dejeu. 11*<sup>10</sup>. *Cours comme al ordinaire sans but et sans utilité*<sup>11</sup>. *Vendu mes batistes tous. paye ma jo. bot' se 5 l.*<sup>12</sup> *Rest. 3; et assez ça il*

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1 That taken all together, she almost fainted (*s'évanouit*), and I regretted the trick. But Mademoiselle recognized me at once (*sur le champ*), in spite of (*nonobstant*) the wig. She induced me to dine (*diner*) there to-morrow with my friends, B. and Jen.

2 Judge Thorpe is chief judge (*juge en chef*) at Sierra Leone where (*où*) B. and J. are going.

3 Then I walked (*marchai*) to the house of J. and B. Staid there an hour. To Captain Combes's; out. Home at 6 o'clock depressed by fatigue, having walked at least twelve miles and having dined on porter and cheese.

4 Have written to (*écrit à*) my good friend An. and am going to retire at ½ 9. (*À neuf heures et demie.*)

5 Being penniless (*sans un sou*), horrified (*empruntai*) a pound of R.

6 For *Ma belle amie An.*, hearing that *j'étais malade, vint me soigner, ce qu' on fit de bonne foi. A la fin la scène se changea à sa chambre*, etc. My handsome friend An., hearing that I was ill, came to take care of me, which was done in good faith. Finally the scene changed to her room, etc.

7 For *à dix heures chez Graves*. To Graves's at 10 o'clock.

8 In passing, saw the Godwins.

9 At 4 came J., etc. (*Vinrent.*)

10 Sleep (*Dor*) till 9. Breakfast (*Déjeune*) 11.

11 Run about as usual, (*comme à l'ordinaire*), without end and without profit.

12 For *J'ai vendu toutes mes batistes et payé à ma jolie hôtesse cinq livres sterling*. Sold all my cambrics and paid 5 pounds sterling to my pretty hostess.



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*faudroit vend. mes hardes*<sup>1</sup>. A 5 h. chez A. Curran et av. el. chez J. B. to dine. Reçu dans le g'd parloir. Tout le monde hab'l. Thé al 'atelier. A. Cur. bien spirituelle<sup>2</sup>. Off at 9. Prom. le parc till porter fumèes et aprez beaucoup d'embarras, sor a 10½<sup>3</sup>. Entrants chez moi une let. de J. Big. renewing the overtures. Si j'avais ici mes hardes qui sont a bord le Vigilant je ferois cet voyage aux Canaries, et a Sierra Leona. Quel demence! Meme si j'avais de quoi faire le voyage a Yarmouth j'y irai demain pour prendre mes hardes<sup>4</sup>.

30. Couche al'ordinaire et dors till 10<sup>5</sup>. Sor. 12 to see Combes about the Vigilant and get arg.<sup>6</sup> He will not pay a farthing after all his promises; would actually *faire proces contre lui* if not for the notor. and ridicul. *d'un proces pour 30 pounds*<sup>7</sup>. But had a further view in this 4 m. promenade, even to Wapping, viz., to Captain Eales and to engage him to send my baggage from Yarmouth. Captain Eales left town last night without notice to me! *Din. a mon. retour chez mon marchand de bierre ou j'ai toujours ma petite chambre, pipe et tabac. Coute ordinairement 16d. mais aujourd.*

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<sup>1</sup> There remain (*restent*) three [to be paid]; and that's enough to make it necessary to sell my clothes.

<sup>2</sup> For à cinq heures j'allai chez A. Curran et avec elle chez J. B. to dine. *Nous fûmes reçus dans le grand parloir. Tout le monde habillé. Thé à l'atelier.* A. Curran est bien spirituelle. At 5 o'clock went to A. Curran's and with her to J. B.'s to dine. We were received in the large parlour. Everybody dressed up. Tea in the studio. A. Curran is very intelligent.

<sup>3</sup> I walk in the park (*Je me promène dans le parc*) until the porter steams off and after (*après*) a good deal of embarrassment go out at ½ p. 10. (Burr makes the hybrid verb *fumèes* to suit his convenience, from the French verb *fumer*, to smoke, to pass off in fumes.)

<sup>4</sup> On coming home (*en entrant chez moi*) I find a letter from J. Big. renewing the overtures. If I had my clothes here which are on board the Vigilant (*à bord du Vigilant*) I would take that (*ce*) trip to the Canaries, and to Sierra Leone [meaning with his friends J. and B.]. What madness! (*Quelle demence*). Even (*même*) if I had the wherewithal to make the trip to Yarmouth, I would go there (*j'y irais*) to-morrow to get my clothes.

<sup>5</sup> Go to bed as usual (*à l'ordinaire*) and sleep till 10.

<sup>6</sup> For *de l'argent*. Money.

<sup>7</sup> Would actually bring suit (*procès*) against him if it were not for the notoriety and ridicule of a suit for 30 pounds.

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3 s.<sup>1</sup> Called this morning on Ju. Hug. and engaged *d'aller ce soir voir le Petit-or fabrique. Mais a retour de mon prom. de 8 m. abbatu de fatigue, so apres me thé coucherai de bon. heure.*<sup>2</sup>

London, December 1, 1811. *Couche a 11. La b. Am. came al' ordin. fumer avec. Mais couche seule. Pas dormir et lev. Made feu and fume'd till 3. Dor. till 9*<sup>3</sup>. At 12 *chez* Reeves to get advice about landing my books *sans*<sup>4</sup> duty and to ask a passport to leave country. To the first point he could say nothing; to the other, that I must address him a letter *laquelle il mettra sous les yeux du ministre, parceque, dit il, dans votre cas je n'ose faire la moindre demarche sans la consentement du ministre*<sup>5</sup>. *Chez A. C. whom rencontre'd at sa porte allant comme disait elle seulement pour echapper d'ellememe. Vraiment elle paraissait triste et abbattue et elle a bien de sujet. Resta une heure chez elle and then promene ensemble to God.'s. Y left A. C. and went on to Gra. pas pour le voir, sachant qu'il netoit pas chez lui, mas Sa. whom vû. Folie.*<sup>6</sup> Back to M. J. G. where

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1 For *Dinai à mon retour chez mon marchand de bière où j'ai toujours ma petite chambre, ma pipe et mon tabac. Cela coûte ordinairement seize pence, mais aujourd'hui trois schellings.* Dined on my return at my beer-merchant's, where I continue to have my little room, pipe, and tobacco. This costs ordinarily 16 pence, but to-day 3 shillings.

2 Engaged to go this evening to see the "*Petit-or*" (literally, little-gold) factory. But on coming back from my eight-mile walk (*promenade de huit miles*) I was out of spirits from fatigue, and so after my tea (*après mon thé*) I shall go to bed early. (*De bonne heure.*)

3 Go to bed at 11. Handsome Am. came as usual to smoke with me. But she goes to bed alone. I cannot sleep and get up (*je ne peux pas dormir et je me lève*), made fire and smoked (from French *fumer*, to smoke) till 3. Slept (*dormis*) till 9.

4 Without.

5 Which he will show to the Minister, for says he (*dit-il*), "In your case I do not dare to take the slightest step (*démarche*) without the consent of the Minister."

6 To A. Curran's, whom met (hybrid verb from *rencontrer*) at her door, going, as she said, only to escape from herself (*échapper à elle-même*). Truly, she seemed (*paraissait*) sad and dejected (*abbattue*) and she has good reason (*bien sujet*). Remain (*reste*) an hour (*une heure*) at her house, and then we walk (*nous nous promenons*) together to Godwin's. Left A. C. there and went on to Graves's; not in order to see him, knowing that he was not (*n'était pas*) at home, but (*mais*) in order to visit (*pour faire une visite à*) Sarah (?) whom saw (*vis*). Folly.

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dined and drank tea. *Entrai à 9. Ecrit une billet à Reeves on sujet de passeport which portera grand matin if can lever<sup>1</sup>.*

2. *Couche comme al'ordinaire mais sage. Lev. à X heures!* Got to Reeve's à 2. *Neanmoins je l'ai trouvé.* Promises a *reponse* in 48 h.<sup>2</sup> Note: *Contes du General Sarazin*<sup>3</sup>. He had the modesty to demand of this government £ ——— for a *memoire*<sup>4</sup> about the defence *du royaume*<sup>5</sup> which he voluntarily presented; further 50,000 pounds for property alleged to have been left in France; further a pension of 30,000 guineas *per an.*<sup>6</sup> to enable him to live *bonêtement*<sup>7</sup>. He has actually a pension of 600 pounds. Of John Augustus Bowles. To J. B. whom saw *quelques momens.* *Prié à din. Refusé.* To A. Cur.'s *ou la ½ h. Chez moi à 3.* Had meditated *vis'e à Bartlett and Thorpe et Cath. Mal. Mais dorme trop tard; trop tard aussi pour chercher inform'n du \* \* \* si interessante.* *Four perdu;* so to complete it *offre mes services [à] ma b. hotesse pour promener.* *Accepté and promene'd till 5. Din. av. elle. A 6 chez M. J. G.*

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<sup>1</sup> Back home at 9. (*Rentrai à neuf heures.*) Wrote (*écrivis*) a note to (*un billet à*) Reeves on the subject of a passport which I shall take early in the morning (*de grand matin*) if can get up.

<sup>2</sup> Go to bed as usual (*à l'ordinaire*) but sober. Get up at (*je me lève à*) 10 o'clock. Got to Reeves's at 2. Nevertheless (*néanmoins*) I found him. Promises an answer (*réponse*) in forty-eight hours.

<sup>3</sup> Stories of General Sarazin. Jean Sarazin (1770-1840) was a well-known French general and adventurer who, after serving his country in various positions of trust, became a Benedict Arnold. Having been appointed military commander of the department of the Scheldt and the Lys, he entered into secret relations with the English, to whom he sold himself for a million and a half of francs. He was to favor the disembarking of the English at Flushing. His treason was suddenly discovered and he was ordered to appear at the French camp at Boulogne. Instead of that, he embarked for England, where he, in time, brought suit against the English cabinet to recover the price of his treason.

<sup>4</sup> For *mémoire*. Memorial.

<sup>5</sup> Of the kingdom.

<sup>6</sup> For *per annum*.

<sup>7</sup> For *honnêtement*. Decently.

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ou rencont. A. C. et son ami Lovett, auteur de ———<sup>1</sup>  
Tous allames entendre une discours, en anglais. Lecture  
d'une philosophe nom. Coleridge, ami des God.'s. Il  
parlait une heure sans ordre ou suite ou connection.  
C'était une tissue des tentatives tres plats pour wit.  
Gampillo aura mieux fait ou je l'aurai assommé<sup>2</sup>. Paid  
5 shillings 6 pence.

3. Couche al' ordin. Promene a Wallbrook, ou  
rec. une let. de J. Bi. et Jen. which me tourna la tete<sup>3</sup>.  
It was three days old, for Gr. had lost my address and  
could not send it; but he might have brought it.  
Repondais que s'ils etoient encore a la rade, je viendrais  
les joindre et faire le voyage or if ils me donneraient un  
rendezvous a aucun port en G. B. je me mettrais en chemin  
le moment de recevoir leur avis. Note: J'avais 3 sh. et  
tous mes hardes et livres sont encore a Yarmouth<sup>4</sup>. You  
may judge how much occupation of mind I have,  
which is a bad state where one must be inert. Envoy-  
ais chercher D. M. R. pour m'aider a vendre ma montre,  
ma seule ressource. Je me suis excusez aupres de ma b.  
hot. pour ce soir<sup>5</sup>.

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<sup>1</sup> To J. B., whom saw a few moments. Begged me to dine. Refused. To A. Curran's, where (où) remained a half hour. Home at 3. Had meditated visit to Bartlett and Thorpe and Catherine Ma., but slept too late; too late, also, to look for information as to the so interesting (an undecipherable word). Day lost; so to complete it I offer (j'offre) my services to my handsome hostess to take a walk. Accepted and walked till 5. Dined with her. At 6 to M. J. G.'s where met (où rencontrai) A. Curran and her friend Lovett, author of ———.

<sup>2</sup> We all went (nous allâmes tous) to hear a discourse in English — lecture by a philosopher named Coleridge, friend of Godwin's. He spoke an hour without system or sequence or connection. It was a tissue of very flat (très plates) attempts at wit. Gampy would have (aurait) done better or I would have (aurais) knocked him on the head.

<sup>3</sup> Go to bed as usual. Take a walk to Wallbrook, where received a letter from J. B. and Jen. which turned my head.

<sup>4</sup> Answered (répondit) that if they were still in the roadstead I would come and join them and take the trip; or if they would give me a rendezvous at any port in Great Britain (*Grande Bretagne*) I would set out the moment I received their communication. Note: I had 3 shillings and all my clothes and books are still at Yarmouth.

<sup>5</sup> Sent for (envoyai chercher) D. M. R. to help me sell my watch, my only resource. I excused myself to my handsome hostess (je me suis excusé auprès de ma belle hôtesse) for this evening.

Tuesday 3 Dec. 1844 - London -

Couché à l'ordin. promène à Wallbrook.  
ou à une ltr. de J. B. G. Jew - which  
me l'aurait été - it was 3 days old for  
G. W. had lost my address & could not send it,  
but he might have brought it - cependant  
que s'ils choisisent encore à la Pade, je leur  
drais les poudres & faire le voyage, or  
if ils me donneraient une lettre pour  
à aucun port en G. B. je me mettrais  
en chemin le moment de leur voir leur  
amis - note - j'avais 3 sh. & tous mes  
hardes et livres sont encore à Harmouth -

You may judge how much occupation  
of mind I have, which is a bad state where  
one must be inert - enverrais chercher  
M<sup>re</sup>. pour m'aider à vendre ma montre,  
ma seule ressource - je me suis exécuté  
aupres de ma l<sup>re</sup> ltr. pour ce son -



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4. *Dor. tres peu. Ma b. hot. ne voudroit pas d'excuse. A X heure chez Gr. Point de lettre. Chez M'e Long amie et hotess de J. Bi. and D. J.; fem. de 50, plein d'esprit et de bonté. Elle avoit une let. daté hier. Ils étoient encore an rade<sup>1</sup> (Downs)<sup>2</sup>. Voila ma destiné accomplis! Je vais en Afrique. Quand te verrais je mes chers enfans<sup>3</sup>; but will wait for reply to my letter before going. D. M. R. has rien fait avec la montre; mais ma fait des belles promesses pour demain<sup>4</sup>. J'ai tout conté a J. B. qui est toujours le meme<sup>5</sup>.*

5. *Couch al'ordin. Point d'excuses!<sup>6</sup> A 9 envoya messenger a Gr. Il retourna a 11 sans lettre. D. M. R. n'a rien fait. Mais pour etre pret j'allais chez J. B. ou je ramassais les haillons que j'y avois laisses il y a 2 ans et ½ quand je quittai Londres, et je les fis transporté chez moi. Trouvais dans un tiroir un ecu que je donnais a la dom. de J. B.<sup>7</sup> Vu D. M. R. Rien fait, pas meme un essai. Chez Gr. et M'e L.; point de lettres ni de nouvelles. Din chez J. B. Mais si j'avois une lettre comment diable faire le voyage de 80 m. avec mes 2 shillings 6 pence? Chez moi a 9, abattu de fatigue.*

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1 Slept very little (*dormis très peu*). My handsome hostess would not take any excuse. (*Ma belle hôte ne voulait pas d'excuse.*) At 10 o'clock to Graves's. No letter at all. To Madame Long's, friend and hostess (*hôte*) of J. Biglow and D. J.; a woman (*femme*) of 50; full (*pleine*) of wit and goodness. She had a letter (*lettre*) dated (*datée*) yesterday. They were (*étaient*) still in the roadstead (*en rade*).

2 The Downs is the name of a roadstead near Dover on the coast of Kent, England, much used by shipping. It was so called because it was bordered by the North Downs in Kent.

3 Behold my destiny accomplished! (*Voilà ma destinée accomplie!*) I am going to Africa. When shall I see you, my dear children? (*Quand vous verrai-je, mes chers enfans!*)

4 D. M. Randolph has done nothing with the watch, but has made me (*m'a fait*) fine promises for to-morrow.

5 I have related everything to Jeremy Bentham, who is always the same. (*Même.*)

6 Go to bed as usual. (*Je me couche à l'ordinaire.*) No excuses at all!

7 At 9 sent messenger (*envoyai un messenger*) to Graves. He returned at 11 without letter. D. M. Randolph has done nothing. But in order to be (*être*) ready, I went (*allai*) to J. B.'s, where I gathered up (*où je ramassai*) the rags which I had left there (*que j'y avais laissés*) two and a half years ago when I left London, and I had them transported (*je les fis transporter*) to my quarters. Found in a drawer a crown which I gave to J. B.'s servant. (*Trouvai dans un tiroir un écu que je donnai à la domestique de J. B.*)



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*Le tems est devenu froid*<sup>1</sup>. Have seen the President's message<sup>2</sup>.

6. *Couche comme d'ord.* Lev. a 8. Prom. to Gr. et M<sup>e</sup> L. *Point de lettre ni de nouvelles*<sup>3</sup>. They must have sailed and now I regret the impossibility of my attendance. D. M. R. *a fait pire que rien au sujet de la montre*<sup>4</sup>, having unnecessarily told the whole story. *Il n'y pas de crime si grande a Londres que d'etre pauvre*<sup>5</sup>. *Retour*<sup>6</sup> by way of the God.'s, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  h. Vis.<sup>7</sup> to renew my acquaintance with Louis Duval, who is said to be making 5,000 *per an.*<sup>8</sup> as a conveyancer. He was *ci dev.*<sup>9</sup> civil. *Rec'd me comme ça.*<sup>10</sup> The mother is dead about six months since. To Foley Place *voir les Thorpes*, but being *epuise'd*, took *from. et beurre et porter en route*<sup>11</sup>; 6 pence. *Y  $\frac{1}{2}$  h.* Shocking tale of cruelty by Edward Fitzpatrick, a young man of 18, midshipman on board the Theus frigate to a negro boy Luke, committed to his care by *le Juge*<sup>12</sup> Thorpe to transport hither on board a prize ship commanded by E. Fitzpatrick. *Chez Bartlett ou on m'y recoit tou-*

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<sup>1</sup> Saw D. M. Randolph. Nothing done, not even an attempt. To Graves, and to Madame L.'s; absolutely no letters nor news. Dined at J. B.'s. But if I had a letter how in the devil could I make the eighty-mile trip with 2 shillings 6 pence? Home at 9 depressed with fatigue. The weather (*le tems*) has become cold.

<sup>2</sup> The third annual message of President James Madison dealing with the refusal of Great Britain to repeal its orders in council and remove the obstructions to her commerce with the United States.

<sup>3</sup> Go to bed as usual. Rise at 8. Walk (*Je me promène*) to Graves's and Madame L.'s. Absolutely no letter nor news.

<sup>4</sup> D. M. R. has done worse than nothing with regard to the watch.

<sup>5</sup> There is no crime in London so great (*grand*) as being (*être*) poor.

<sup>6</sup> Back; literally, return.

<sup>7</sup> For *visite*, or visit.

<sup>8</sup> For *per annum*.

<sup>9</sup> For *ci-devant*. Formerly.

<sup>10</sup> Received me in that way, that is, civilly.

<sup>11</sup> To Foley Place to see the Thorpes, but being exhausted (a hybrid verb from *épuiser*, to exhaust), took cheese (*fromage*) and butter and porter on the way. (Instead of *beurre*, butter, Burr may have meant *bière*, beer.)

<sup>12</sup> Judge.

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## Private Journal of Aaron Burr.

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jours avec la franchise et bonte Ecossais<sup>1</sup>. Chez moi a 4. Din. av. ma b. bot. Le soir une  $\frac{1}{2}$  h. chez Amelie<sup>2</sup>. D. M. R. came in and passed an hour. Mes fonds sont a 18 sous, et point de perspective de l'amelioration<sup>3</sup>. Recont. chez Bartlett un nomme Rose c. d. pay maitre gen. aux Iles<sup>4</sup>. A un interet dans le Yazoo purchase de 1,400,000 a's, comme il dit.<sup>5</sup> Je l'ai informé du jugement du cour sup. des E. U. en faveur de cet achete, ce que la bien rejoui<sup>6</sup>. Yet perhaps I may have been falsely informed. D. M. R. is my author.<sup>7</sup>

7. Couche a l'ordin., toujours de muse. Lev. a 9. Sor. à midi. Chez Jul. Hug.'n, qui va me raccomm' der mon ratelier lequel demande un orfevre adroit<sup>8</sup>. Cberchai Delhemant le dentist pour lui vendre quelque chose; pas trouvé<sup>9</sup>. To J. B.'s qui' m'a prié a diné<sup>10</sup>, which refused.

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1 To Bartlett's, where I am always received (*où l'on me reçoit toujours*) with Scotch candour and kindness. (*La franchise et la bonté écossaises.*)

2 For *Dinai avec ma belle hôtesse. Le soir une demi-heure chez Amelie.* Dined with my handsome hostess. In the evening [passed] a half-hour at Amelia's.

3 My funds are down to 18 sous and no prospect at all of amelioration.

4 Met (*rencontrai*) at Bartlett's a man named Rose, formerly (*ci-devant*) paymaster-general at the Islands. (Burr here uses a hybrid noun *paymaitre* for the French word *trésorier*.) He may refer to Isles Normandes or Channel Islands in the English Channel. In the time of Napoleon's continental system these islands, owned by England, had become the great *entrepôt* of contraband commerce with France, and the English government had there established vast storehouses for its fleets.

5 Has an interest (*intérêt*) in the Yazoo purchase of 1,400,000 shares (*actions*), as he says. In 1795 the state of Georgia sold to four companies for \$500,000 about 35,000,000 acres of land. There was strong evidence of corruption and the succeeding legislature repudiated the whole transaction. All acts authorizing the sale were repealed, the purchase money paid was ordered returned, and the records of the transaction were publicly burned. In 1802 Georgia ceded the land to the United States and the Federal government recommended that the claimants be compensated in land or money. No action was taken by Congress, however, and the claimants brought suit. The Supreme Court of the United States decided in 1810 that the original sale by the state must be sustained; that the allegation of corruption could not be entertained; that the purchasers from the land companies were innocent holders without notice, and that the repealing acts of the Georgia legislature could not divest them of the rights thus acquired. Consequently, in 1814, Congress appropriated \$5,000,000 to be raised by the sale of the lands to quiet and extinguish all the Yazoo claims.

6 I informed him as to the decision of the United States Supreme Court (*de la Cour Suprême des Etats-Unis*) in favour of the purchase (*cet achat*), which (*ce qui*) pleased him very much.

7 For authority.

8 Go to bed as usual, always having *muse*. Rise at 9. Go out at noon. To Jul. Hug.'n, who is going to mend for me my set of teeth (*qui va me raccommoder mon râtelier*) which calls for a skillful goldsmith. (*Orfèvre.*)

9 Sought out Delhemant, the dentist, (*dentiste*), in order to sell him something; did not find (him).

10 To Jeremy Bentham's, who asked me to dine. (*Diner.*)

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Round by W. M. Bridge to Birchin Lane *chez* Madame Lo.<sup>1</sup> *Chez* Gra. ; *point de lettres ni nouvelles*<sup>2</sup>. It is certain that they are gone and I am left to my regrets and starvation. *Din. a ma bierre-maison* ; 16 pence. *Voilà 2 sous de reste*<sup>3</sup>. Have resolved to offer all my books—your books, I should say—to some bookseller. The books are at Yarmouth, but I have the list here. Called on M. J. G., who asked me to dine to-morrow to meet Am'a<sup>4</sup> and a Madame Fenwick ; *mais* M. J. G. *ayant dit quelque chose qui m'a deplu, refusé net*.<sup>5</sup>

8. Had left my list of books with J. B. Called for it this morning. He cannot find it. May set it down as lost. Reading over Fonzi's pamphlet, it occurred to me that my knowledge of his art might be turned to good account here<sup>6</sup>. Went off to see Delhemant, the most celebrated in that line, for the purpose. He had moved and could not discover his address. Then took *mes 2 montres*<sup>7</sup>, for there are yet two, one an excellent and perfect piece, bought at the moment of leaving Amsterdam for Gamp. self<sup>8</sup>; the other a *medaillon*<sup>9</sup> intended for *notre niece*, A. B. R.<sup>10</sup> Offered *les laisser en gage*<sup>11</sup> with Captain Johnson for 25 pounds. He half agreed. Am to call to-morrow.

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<sup>1</sup> Round by Westminster Bridge to Birchen Lane to Madame Lo.'s.

<sup>2</sup> To Graves's; absolutely no letters nor news.

<sup>3</sup> For *Dinai à ma maison de bière* ; 16 pence. *Voilà, deux sous de reste* ! Dined at my beer-house ; 16 pence. Behold, 2 sous left over !

<sup>4</sup> For Amelia Curran.

<sup>5</sup> But M. J. G. having said something which displeased me I refused flatly. (*J'ai refusé net.*)

<sup>6</sup> It will be remembered that Fonzi was a Parisian dentist whose office Burr frequented while in Paris.

<sup>7</sup> My two watches.

<sup>8</sup> Meaning for Burr himself.

<sup>9</sup> For *medaillon*, Locket.

<sup>10</sup> Our niece (*niece*), A. B. R.

<sup>11</sup> Offered to pawn them.

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To Am. C.'s<sup>1</sup>; out. *Din. av. ma. b. bot. t. a. t.*<sup>2</sup> Am. C. had called while I was abroad this morning to take me accompany me<sup>3</sup> to *din. chez les God.'s*.<sup>4</sup> *A 7 le soir chez les God.'s.* Am'a y *etoit, mais la Fenwick pas, etant malade*.<sup>5</sup> *Restai jusqu'a 10. Joue au cartes, les ayant bien prevenu que je n'avais pas un sous, mais que je donnerai un crayon d'argent en gage. J'ai gagnai et reçu un cbiling.* Saw Am'a chez elle et en entrant chez moi trouvai D. M. R. m'attendant<sup>6</sup>.

11. Castella whom desire *beaucoup voir a venu et par le betise de not. dom. irlandais a été refusé*<sup>7</sup>. To J. Hug. with whom had left a *ratelier*<sup>8</sup> to be repaired. Not touched. To Captain Johnson's *et apres une traité de 2 h.*<sup>9</sup> enquiring strictly into the value of the *montres*<sup>10</sup>, agreed and gave me an order on his banker in the city for 25 pounds. *J'allois tres gai. Regardant les belles boutiques en passant je resolu d'acheter ça et ça et ça pour T. et ça et ça pour Gam'lo, et quelque chose pour Mar. et pour Gam.* *Avant d'arriver chez le banquier j'avais depenser a cette façon au moins 500 pounds. Ayant reçu mon 25 pounds et ne pouvant me resoudre quoi acheter le premier je n'ai rien acheter du tout.*

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1 Amelia Curran's.

2 For *Dinai avec ma belle hôtesse tête-à-tête*. Dined privately with my handsome hostess.

3 So in the MS.

4 To dine (*diner*) at the Godwin's.

5 At 7 in the evening to the Godwin's. Amelia was (*était*) there, but the Fenwick [woman] was not, being ill.

6 Remained until (*jusqu'à*) 10. Played cards (*jouai aux cartes*), having given them a good warning (*prévenu*) that I had not a sou, but that I would pawn (*donnerais en gage*) a silver pencil. I won (*gagné*) and received a shilling. Saw Amelia home and on entering my quarters found D. M. Randolph awaiting me. (*Qui m'attendait.*)

7 Castella whom desire much to see, came (*est venu*) and because of the stupidity of our Irish servant (*par la bêtise de notre domestique irlandaise*) was refused.

8 For *ratelier*. Set of teeth.

9 For *et après un traité de deux heures*. And after a discussion of two hours' duration.

10 Watches.

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*J'arrivai chez moi avec mon 25 pounds tout entier. Resolu d'aller demain a Yarmouth chercher a brochure on Mollerat's vinegar duquel jespere de faire del'argent<sup>1</sup>. N'ai pas sorti apres diné m'étant proposé d'ecrire a mes amis ecossais. Mais n'ai rien fait que badiner avec ma b. hot.<sup>2</sup>*

12. *Couche a min. et lev. à 10. Toujours du muse. Quelle vie pour sans sous<sup>3</sup>. Obliged to postpone my Yarmouth voyage<sup>4</sup> till to-morrow and to-day will write malgre la b. h.<sup>5</sup> Castella venu a dix heure<sup>6</sup> and sat an hour. Sir Sid. Smith<sup>7</sup> is out of employ, the cause supposed is the displeasure of the portugeze<sup>8</sup> Prince Regent at Brazil's<sup>8</sup>, occasioned by some gallantries of S. S. S.<sup>9</sup>, who, it is believed, meditated a marriage with *la Princesse Portugaise*<sup>10</sup>. Being recalled from that station, immediately on his return he married the widow of Sir John Rumbolt, formerly British ambassador at ———, a lady *d'une certaine age et ayant plusieurs enfants deja grown up et sans fortune*<sup>11</sup>. D. M. R.*

<sup>1</sup> I went along very gayly. (*J'allais très gai.*) Looking at the fine shops as I went by, I resolved (*Je me résolus*) to buy this and that and that for Theodosia and this and that for Gampy, and something for Marie, and for Gamp. Before reaching the banker's I had spent (*dépensé*) in this way at least 500 pounds. Having received my 25 pounds and not being able to decide (*me résoudre*) what to buy first, I bought (*acheté*) nothing at all. I got home with my 25 pounds intact. Resolved to go to-morrow to Yarmouth to look for a pamphlet on Mollerat's vinegar, from which I expect (*espère*) to make some money. (*Gagner de l'argent.*)

<sup>2</sup> For *Je ne suis pas sorti après diner, m'étant proposé d'ecrire à mes amis écossais; mais j'en'ai rien fait que badiner avec ma belle hôte.* Did not go out after dinner, having planned to write to my Scotch friends; but have done naught but dally with my handsome hostess.

<sup>3</sup> Go to bed at midnight (*à minuit*) and rise (*me lève*) at 10. Always muse. What a life for a penniless fellow!

<sup>4</sup> Trip.

<sup>5</sup> For *malgré la belle hôte.* In spite of the handsome hostess.

<sup>6</sup> Castella came in (*est venu*) at 10 o'clock.

<sup>7</sup> Sir William Sidney Smith (1764-1840) was a distinguished officer of the British navy. In November, 1807, he blockaded the Tagus and was mainly instrumental in embarking the Portuguese Prince Regent and royal family and sending them under safe protection to Rio de Janeiro, after which he was sent as commander-in-chief to the coast of South America. On July 31, 1810, he was made vice-admiral of the blue and on May 18, 1812, was despatched as second in command to the Mediterranean. His active service closed in 1814.

<sup>8</sup> So in the MS.

<sup>9</sup> Meaning Sir William Sidney Smith.

<sup>10</sup> The Portuguese Princess.

<sup>11</sup> An elderly lady (*d'un certain âge*) having several children already (*déjà*) grown up and without fortune.

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now (*midi*<sup>1</sup>) comes in to talk about his inventions *et pour me prier d'écrire pour lui, que je vais faire*<sup>2</sup>.

Yarmouth, December 14, 1811. On Friday morning I learned that the trial of the Vigilant was postponed for a month. Immediately took place in the stage, to set off at 2 P. M. same day. Arrived at the place at 10 minutes past 2, and the stage was gone. Pursued it on to the Saracen's Head, about 3 miles from my quarters, and there overtook it, and so saved my money, 32 shillings; but was exceedingly fatigued and heated. The inside passengers were two corn-merchants (farmers) and one grazier, all very rich by their talk, and a lad about 12 or 13, whom the men treated with great deference. Mr. Hall, Mr. Hall; concluded his *pere*<sup>3</sup> is rich. There were also ten outside passengers, principally mariners. The talk of my *compagnons*<sup>4</sup> was wholly of the prices of wheat and beef, and of their bargains; so amused myself in my own way. Arrived at the place of supper, the landlord put the *gentlemen* in the back room and provided them a good hot supper. The vulgar with whom I was assorted, in the common room, with cold beef and pickles. I procured the addition of hot potatoes, and made an excellent supper, and was greatly amused with my new *compagnons*; paid 1 shilling and 6 pence. Landed here at 2 P. M. this day; distance 122 miles. Found at the inn my friend Captain Gales. Being too late to do business at the custom-house, have only got

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<sup>1</sup> Noon.

<sup>2</sup> And to ask me to write (*écrire*) for him, which (*ce que*) I am going to do.

<sup>3</sup> For *père*. Father.

<sup>4</sup> Companions.



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my dinner and coffee, and a good fire, with pipes and tobacco; but having left the key of my writing-case, in which are all my other keys, had an hour's occupation in vainly attempting (with the aid of a locksmith) to pick the lock. At length have forced it; 3 shilling and 6 pence for this inattention. Our first coachman is a most insolent and abusive rascal. A thing very common in every part of England, and tolerated by Englishmen as one of the rights of stage-coachmen. After insulting the passengers, they never fail at parting to demand their drink-money. I have resolved to take all my baggage to London, though the freight and duties will ruin me; it must be made up by selling off; for I shall never see you if I wait for this Vigilant. It is already within a few days of six months since I left Paris on my way to the United States and then believing I should see you in six weeks; and now, on this 14th December, am farther from you than I was on the 14th July. A. came to see me the morning of my setting off (yesterday). It is a most interesting creature, of an exuberance of wit, of talents, and sensibility. This acquaintance and, I may say, friendship, is an indemnification for the vexation and delay of this capture. Hostile, engine, interesting, are words which my learned friends J. B. and W. G. say I pronounce *à l'Américainé*<sup>1</sup>, and not *à l'Angloise*<sup>2</sup>.

Yarmouth, December 15, on board the ship Vigilant. As the repacking and gathering up of my effects required my presence for some hours, I have taken up

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<sup>1</sup> For *à l'Américaine*.

<sup>2</sup> For *à l'Anglaise*.



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my quarters on board for the night. The mate is abroad; the only remaining person of all our crew and passengers is his brother, a lad of 15. He got me a dish of coffee, of which I partook with him and three custom-house officers who are on board. All four have been helping me all the P. M. and evening. Captain Gales took me down this morning in his boat, and I dined with him on board his ship; another American, also under trial. The principal motive to my journey hither was to get a pamphlet about a new mode of making vinegar. Happening to mention the thing to the celebrated Mr. Brunell<sup>1</sup>, he thought it of great value and offered to put in practice for our joint benefit. That very pamphlet is, of all my effects, the only article missing. I have emptied my two huge trunks, and hunted over the whole ship, but no pamphlet. How vexatious, not only that I lose the prospect of getting some money, but Brunel and J. B., too, to whom also I mentioned it, will think I have been telling them a pack of lies.

16. Had a very comfortable sleep in my blankets last night. The mate came in at 1 o'clock, which was before I was abed. Rose early. Had Gales's boat. My old custom-house officer, Clifton, came down as agreed, and went off with all my things to the custom-house. After breakfast I followed on foot. Gave the little Frederick a couple of waist-

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<sup>1</sup> For Sir Mark Isamard Brunel (1769-1849), a distinguished engineer. He was driven from France, his native country, by the Reign of Terror, and removing to New York designed the Bowery theatre in that city. In 1799 he went to England, where his skill in mechanics made him famous. He invented a machine for making block pulleys for which the government gave him \$85,000. His most important work was the Thames tunnel, which was commenced in 1825 and opened in 1843.

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coats. To one custom-house officer on board, 5 shillings; to another, 7 shillings, 10 shillings and 6 pence. Met civility and despatch at the custom-house. Dined at the tavern. Lost three more keys, which gave me some hours' very amusing occupation, and cost me, together with the other, 5 shillings. Have been all the evening overhauling and repacking, and have not been out of the house since noon. Now midnight. Dinner and tea at the tavern. Sold off my five bottles of gin and ten of wine for 49 shillings. They are worth 5 pounds. Shall send all my effects by water to London, and by the time they get there, probably I may wish them back, and be obliged to retransport them. This is economy, and you will wonder what it means. Will tell you another time. Have a headache. Must *couche*; and must first write a line to A., who pretends that she will be in great taking if I should be in London on Wednesday morning, as have appointed. Though I don't believe a word of it, yet I keep up the forms. She is full of talents, of genius, and fascination. But I forgot my headache. *Bon soir.*

17. My headache prevented me from telling you with what regret I took leave of my little cabin, where I had passed eighteen days with so much comfort. You know that I was on board eight days before the ship sailed, lying at anchor off Helder. "How should I know anything about it, for you never wrote me a word all that period?" Now, however, you do know it, hussy; so don't interrupt me, but let me go

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on with my story. That eight days, I say, were employed in fitting up my cabin. I bought boards and nails. We had two carpenters and a joiner on board. I had shelves for my books, so that about 300 volumes were put up; a table to let down at pleasure; places for candlesticks, for my breakfast apparatus (as I always took breakfast in my own room), for bottles, &c. In short, for everything. Directly over my table, had a circular hole cut through the deck, in which was placed a patent light (a semi-globe of clear glass), which gave a fine light for reading or writing. We had rough weather, and were much tossed and rolled; not an article in my cabin was shaken from its place, though in every other all went topsyturvy. My little room was the envy and admiration of the whole. It was a great privilege for any lady or gentleman to be permitted to enter. *Ma bonne pet*<sup>1</sup>. Julie had always that privilege. After bidding you *bon soir*, my headache returned so that I could not write. Slept till ½ p. 9 this morning, in spite of the effort of the maid to waken me. Headache gone. My agent and *douanier*<sup>2</sup> Clifton came in just as I had got up. He had already been to the Vigilant, and found and brought up a case containing 50 jugs seltzer water which was missing. He had embarked this article and some others on board the ship for London, with whose master I had agreed yesterday for the freight; but he had changed his mind and refused to take any. We were obliged to take out the articles shipped, and look

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<sup>1</sup> For *ma bonne petite* Julie. My good little Julie.

<sup>2</sup> Customs officer.

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for another vessel. Found one going next week, but can't take my things on board till Thursday. *Voilà un retard*<sup>1</sup>, for I will see them embarked. Breakfasted and dined at the inn, and have been all day running to and fro after custom-house officers, &c., and marking my things. Wrote Am.,<sup>2</sup> however, by this day's mail, advising her of the delay, and nothing more. Wrote also to Homberg. Called on the Van Gralls, and took tea with them this evening. The news of the taking of Batavia by the British has just been received. This event rids the ship of twenty-two Holland passengers, who were on their way to the United States, thence to take passage for Batavia, which can now be done direct hence. If the ship *Vigilant* should be released before my departure, I will return with my luggage and take passage in her. It would be so charming to have to myself the range of a whole ship of 400 tons, and then my comfortable little cabin, which I had fitted up with so much trouble and expense. But having landed my effects, and fixed it in my head that they should be transported to London, thither they must go; and if the *Vigilant* be released on my arrival in London, I will come back with them the next day. This, to you, will have the air of insanity, considering the state of finance; but the missing so fine an occasion as M'Niel for want of my baggage has determined me to be ready for any other which may offer.

18. Have given away my steel pen to Clifton,

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<sup>1</sup> There is a delay.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning Amelia Curran.

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the tidewaiter, and must write with a vulgar goose-quill. Have been all day getting my things out of the custom-house and on board the ship Commerce, for London. Paid duties and permits, 27 shillings and 6 pence; porters, 6 shillings; custom-house substitutes, 5 shillings and 6 pence. Got all on board. Have taken a seat in the stage for  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9 to-morrow, and paid 52 shillings for self and baggage. Called to see Jaquett, who called on me this evening, as did Sheffield, the mate; good, hardy, intelligent youth. Jaquett has learned some words of English, and is doing very well. Am much stared at here. Think of showing Gamp for about 2 shillings each person; half price for children. Have this evening changed my last bill, being one of 10 pounds, to pay my host; *voilà mes montres déjà mangées, et encore je dois à ma hôtesses à Londres*<sup>1</sup>. But having made more than a million of guineas last night, as you shall know anon, feel quite easy, and give with great liberality to the domestics, &c. When last in New-York, the steam-boat had just got into vogue. Being in company with a man knowing in such things, I suggested (but very slightly, as becomes an ignoramus), how the thing might be simplified and improved. He thought the hint of no value, and I said no more. My friend D. M. R., and another, whom I met at Graves's, both great projectors, have each taken patents for new inventions on that subject. I examined their several models, but was not smitten with their value. My old

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<sup>1</sup> There are my watches already eaten up (*déjà mangées*) and still I owe my hostess (*hôtesse*) at London.

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idea ran now and then in my head, but said nothing. Ruminating, after going to bed last night, on the state of the treasury, the thing came up again, and engrossed me for at least three hours. I found it perfect; applied it to sea-vessels, to ships of war; in short, to everything that floats. Sails and masts and rigging and the whole science of seamanship, are become useless. My vessels go at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and am in hopes to bring them to thirty. From Charleston to New-York will be a certain passage of thirty hours; from New-York to London of six days; but to tell half I did would fill a quire of paper. Rose at 9 this morning; the same project in my head, and have thought of nothing else the whole day. The moment of my arrival in London shall sell all my books; your books, poor little Gampillo; and all my clothes, save two shirts, to put the thing in execution; and so soon as I get this million, Lord! what pretty things will buy for thee and Gampillo. Laid out, however, a great deal of money last night. Thought of the faithful in the United States. Then succoured the G.'s, and made an establishment for A. *Bon soir.* Let me not omit to do justice to the civility and despatch which I have met from every person about the custom-house with whom I have had to do.

London, December 20, 1811. After the usual concussion, we arrived at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 12 this day, being five hours later than the usual time, owing to the excessive weight of hares, partridges, &c., with which we were encumbered; presents sent to town friends for Christ-

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mas. My companions were three women and two men, a most vulgar and rude set. They would not even let me sleep. Wrote note to A. to announce my arrival. Called at Graves's to see for letters; none. Took dinner with D. M. R.<sup>1</sup> at our eating-house. Home early. Had my coffee.

21. *Couche* at 11. Rose at 9. Wrote M. J. G. to inquire whether I had well remembered that that was the *fête*<sup>2</sup> of her marriage. Received reply, Yes. To Jeremy Bentham at 2, on the way calling on A., who was out. Sat half an hour with J. B., and engaged to dine him *tête-à-tête* on Christmas-day. The young men are to be banished. At 4 to G.'s, to dine; met the family and A., whose birthday this is. Mary has come home, and looks very lovely, but has not the air of strong health. Passed a cheerful, pleasant day. Off at 11. Home with A., and *chez moi* at ½ p. 12. Received answer to my letter to D. Williamson. Very friendly, like a Scotchman. Ann is married. Elkton Hammond called and left note requesting me to dine to-morrow at Hempstead.

22. My young inmate, James Leith, a fine Scotch lad of about 19, left the lodgings on Friday evening, and has not since been heard of. He took not an article of his clothes or property. He wrote to his uncle, Colonel Leith, a letter of reproach and desperation. Will tell you the story at large another time. It is feared that he has put an end to himself.

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<sup>1</sup> His old friend, D. M. Randolph.

<sup>2</sup> Festival. Here, probably for anniversary.



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Called on J. B. Got answer from Arbuthnot; civil, and no more.

23. I being now the sole lodger, we make a common *menage*<sup>1</sup>. To Graves's. Got a letter from Lüning. Very kind. To my beer-house, where took dinner with D. M. R. His dinner was beefsteak and potatoes, and excellent; cost 10 pence. Mine, of fish, was 2 shillings and 6 pence. An extravagance which will not soon be repeated. Called on Godwin's on my way home, and took tea. Then to see Jul. Huguenin. *Chez moi* at 9. Not a word of young Leith. His affair put it out of my head to tell you that I dined with Elkton Hammond on Sunday. He occupies, at present, the house of General Bentham (Sir Sam.), who is absent at Chatham. This E. H. is an enthusiastic admirer of J. B. Being a young man of fortune, and *born* merchant, he has retired from business to devote himself to philosophy. Met his sister Catherine, also a philosopher, about 21; *belle, grande, blonde*<sup>2</sup>. Mr. Polloke, a lawyer, and a very intelligent young man, and of prepossessing frankness and simplicity of manner. Dr. Thomson, of Edinburgh, *aussi homme d'esprit*<sup>3</sup>. We were all offered beds, which were accepted but by me. On my way out this forenoon with five others, got so sound asleep that they all got out without waking me, and I should, probably, have slept till this time, but the coachman,

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<sup>1</sup> For *ménage*. Household.

<sup>2</sup> Handsome, tall, blond.

<sup>3</sup> Also man of intellect. The reference is undoubtedly to Anthony Todd Thomson, M. D., F. L. S. (1778-1849), a Scotch physician and author. After graduation at Edinburgh he settled in London in 1800 and began the practice of medicine. He was a voluminous writer.

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happening to look in, called me to know what he should do with me. He had brought me half a mile beyond my station.

24. We had an early breakfast, M. *ayant affaires*<sup>1</sup>. It is an industrious, contriving, good little thing. Cheated by all the world and still cheerful. Made a toilet and called on *ma bonne amie*<sup>2</sup> Madame Thorpe. All the children at home, and all glad to see me. She asked me to dine to-morrow (Christmas), which I much regret I cannot, being engaged, as you know, to J. B. This pen is intolerable, and will plague you to death to read. Will hunt for a better. To Bartlett's. He was out. Saw Mad. B. and Span. To Castella's, where took porter and cheese, and then we returned together, talking of South American affairs. He is the nephew of that Castella who is at the head of the insurgent (patriot) force on the borders of Peru. Called on A.; out, for which I am very sorry, not having seen her since the birthday dinner, when she had not her usual gayety. Not a word of young Leith. Mr. F., who called on the uncle, thought him extremely calm and easy on the subject. Home at 4. Took coffee for dinner. D. M. R. came in and partook, and sat an hour. *Ma belle hôte*<sup>3</sup> came in at 8 excessively fatigued. This is Christmas eve. I have no compliments to make or receive in this country, and you are probably at Oaks<sup>4</sup> with Gampillo, and as little annoyed with visits as myself. Indeed,

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<sup>1</sup> M. having business.

<sup>2</sup> My good friend.

<sup>3</sup> For *ma belle hôtesse*. My handsome hostess.

<sup>4</sup> The Oaks, Theodosia's residence in South Carolina.

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*chère*<sup>1</sup> Theodosia, Gam. will make another effort to redeem you. Am now going to write a letter advised by J. Bentham. He is forever plotting something for my benefit. Merry Christmas, pessa and pillo<sup>2</sup>. The clock strikes 12! The cries of watchmen; are now ringing small bells, and repeating something which, by the cadence, is verse; but, though I have opened my windows, I can't distinguish a word. Will inquire to-morrow and tell Gampillo.

25. A fine, mild, clear day; clear, I mean, for England; not our sky. The watchmen chant out (at 12, Christmas eve) some pious lines, to remind folks of the sanctity of the day. There are, I am told, other lines likewise chanted, to remind housewives to get up and bake their mince-pies. The shops are all shut and the churches open to-day as on Sunday. Did not get abroad till 2. To Godwin's; the three girls only at home. To Graves's; all out. Walked home again. Then at 5 to A. for a few minutes. Thence to J. B., where dined and sat till 10.

26. A few flakes of snow have fallen, but does not freeze. Lay abed till 3 P. M. Cause, *mal de tête*<sup>3</sup>; not a proper *mégrim*<sup>4</sup>, but a sort of Dutch headache, acquired, I believe, by breathing the hot, rarefied, disoxygenated air at J. Bentham's. He warms his rooms altogether by flues, which admit heated air, which, I fear, will shorten his life. At 4 called on A.,

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<sup>1</sup> For *chère*. Dear.

<sup>2</sup> Possibly for *pilla* and *pillo*, abbreviations for Gampilla and Gampillo, pet names for Theodosia and her son.

<sup>3</sup> For *mal à la tête*. Headache.

<sup>4</sup> Either for English *megrin* or French *migraine*, a species of headache.

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who is to dine to-day with J. B. Perhaps I have not told you, for it happened during some of those black weeks when I wrote you nothing, that I had brought them together. Home, and lay an hour on the sofa below. D. M. R. came in. He is greatly distressed, and almost ready to *crever*<sup>1</sup>; finance, too; I lent him 40 shillings a few days ago, being exactly  $\frac{1}{2}$  of my whole stock. Took my breakfast at 8 this morning, and the headache passed off. For some days you have heard nothing more of my navigation project. It continued to amuse me all the way from Yarmouth to London, and till the Monday following (last Monday), when, walking and extending the plan, suddenly an objection occurred to me; it struck me like electricity; my poor vessels lay motionless; it was just opposite Somerset House; I stopped short, and began to *sacré* and *diable*<sup>2</sup> till awakened by the bustle of the passing crowd. The subject then lay pretty quiet till last night; during my vigils I found a complete remedy, and now away we go again. An experiment shall be made, very privately, however, and if it fail, there shall be no one but you to laugh at me.

29. Dined with A., to meet a captain commander in the navy; his friend, I believe a naval officer, dined there. John resembles much his father; is intelligent, and has marks of intrepidity and promptitude; other details will be told. Came off at 8, against the entreaties of the whole company; but

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1 To burst.

2 To curse and swear. More literally, to say damn and devil.

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seeing J. and A. both gape, began to see myself *de trop*<sup>1</sup>; *old men* should be a little jealous and *prevoyant*<sup>2</sup> on this head. Wrote letter to J. Bentham about Miranda, at the suggestion and to gratify J. B. Another to D. Lüning, to put him in the service of J. B. for certain little commissions.

30. Intended to have gone to Chelsea to-day about my vinegar, but lay abed till 10, and then too late. Then resolved to see friend Allen, but wasted time till too late for that, also. Last night after quitting you, instead of writing another letter which J. B. desires, took a French comedy, "*Le Conciliateur*"<sup>3</sup>, which, though amusing, is not of the very first rate; but was so much amused that I read it through, 123 pages, which took till 3; by means whereof, lost the whole of this day. Made a resolution not to open another till on shipboard. Have called on Julie. Got her brother to do something to a piece of Fonzi's work, and went to a jeweler to get something further done. Sent out and got cold beef and cold potatoes, 10 pence, for dinner. A. came in just before my dining, and was astonished to find how uncomfortable I was, and repeated it over and over. There is no truth in it; I am more than comfortable. To be sure, of the nine chairs in my room, eight were lumbered with clothes, &c. The two tables, the chest of drawers, and the mantelpiece the like, besides about fifty articles on the floor. The fire had just been lighted and did not yet burn, the weather cold, and

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<sup>1</sup> Superfluous.

<sup>2</sup> For *prevoyant*. Provident, foreseeing.

<sup>3</sup> "The Conciliator."

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such little matters she supposed essential to comfort. As to the arrangement, it is my taste; it is order; everything is found without opening trunks or drawers, and I never suffer my room to be swept. These English maids, if they once get into your room, hide everything; and this they call neatness and order. After such a misfortune, which, through inadvertence, now and then happens, it is the work of some days to find the things most usually wanted.

31. Am ashamed to tell you that I have not seen either Brunel or friend Allen. At about 12 last night, took up a French novel, "*Adele de Lenanges*," and read till 3. Lay abed till 11, and had scarcely time to write the letter to Bassano for J. Bentham, and to get to the stage-house by 3 to get to Hempstead, where I was engaged to dine with Elkton Hammond. Met there only *la belle* Harriet, his sister, and his friend Mr. Rodney. His (Hammond's) friends are all intelligent and well informed. Passed a very pleasant day, and home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9. D. M. R., Castella, Don Rylance, and Mr. Bartlett, all called this morning. 12. Happy New Year! Happy New Year! Don't scream so, Gampillo, you'll wake father!

London, January 1, 1812. The strong coffee which I drank at Hammond's kept me awake till 5. Rose at 7. Copied my letter to Bassano. Was going to friend Allen's, but just as I set off recollected that I had not the money to pay him for a small article which I had ordered; had but 18 pence. Called on the Godwins and sat  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Home, and then to



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A.'s; out. To Jul.'s, of whom borrowed 20 shillings. Gave 6 shillings for New Year's, and 6 shillings for a bottle of wine to celebrate J.'s birthday (this day). She has a sister and a brother, all three born on the 1st of January. Paid three shillings for fruit. Promenade with Jul. to see a girl, said to be 15 years old; is 33 inches high; does not appear to be more than 8 years. Is an idiot, or very near. Then to see and hear the Panharmonicon<sup>1</sup>. Were too late or too early. Home with Jul. at 5, and dined with her and her sister, he, *mari*<sup>2</sup>, being abroad. We amused ourselves very well. At 8 to Bentham's, where an hour, and then home. And now, past 12, am not sleepy. The weather has moderated. Am sitting before a great fire. Guess what I am doing. No, no, no! Gamp-illo will guess in a minute. Yes! Why, you simpleton, what could I be doing but writing to you?

2. D. M. Randolph came at 10, but I dismissed him. Then came, extremely *mal-à-propos*<sup>3</sup>, Castella, who was also dismissed. Then the devil sent the officious old Scotchman ———. At 12 took passage in the coach for Chelsea. D. M. R. walked and got there as soon; a return of my old sprain preventing my pedestrating<sup>4</sup>. Saw Brunel at his mill, a most beautiful and curious mechanism, but I fear will not quit cost. Then we examined the shoe machine and

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<sup>1</sup> The reference is probably to a musical instrument of this name, which was invented by the Austrian, Leonard Maclzel (1776-1855), who was also the inventor of the metronome. The panharmonicon consisted of a complete orchestra of forty-two automatic pieces. It played the most beautiful compositions of the great masters and was for many years one of the wonders of Europe. Cherubini wrote for it a piece entitled "Echo." It was exhibited in Vienna and Paris from 1805 on, and undoubtedly also in London, where Burr went to hear it.

<sup>2</sup> Probably for *le mari*. The husband.

<sup>3</sup> Inopportunately.

<sup>4</sup> For pedestrianating.



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saw shoes made. The woman, not before a shoemaker, made a shoe in 11 minutes, and better than could be made by hand; and with the same machinery you could make one in the same time. Took lunch at the inn, 15 pence. My principal motive to this visit was, as you have been told, to talk of the vinegar project and get it in operation. Brunel, who at first was enchanted with it, and all impatience to put it in operation, is now quite off. Returned in the coach. Home at 4. About 6, feeling a very lively disposition for dinner, walked over two miles to my beer-house; mutton-chop and potatoes, 1 shilling and 6 pence. Having the room to myself, staid till 8 reading newspapers. Passed an hour at Graves's, and examined his little steam-engine, which they had just got in operation on the parlor table. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9, and to my great astonishment and joy, met our young runaway, Leith. His story is too long to write; it shall be told. Counted over my cash, and have 5 shillings and 3 pence.

3. After leaving you last evening, read a whole volume of Miss Owenson's "Ida of Athens." Had invited D. M. R. to breakfast. While at breakfast came in a letter from the landlord notifying that he should call to-morrow morning to take possession of his house, and that we must quit. This threw us into great confusion; though I had resolved to leave the house at the end of the first, and at the end of every successive week since I came into it, and always immediately, and for very cogent reasons, fearing a *cap. ad.*

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res.<sup>1</sup> Yet was I not provided with other lodgings, but worse. M. B. H. owes the landlord about 20 pounds, without means of paying; and I owe M. B. H. about 5 pounds. Walked with D. M. R. to see a famous manufactory (on the Surrey side) of every machine from a mathematical instrument to a steam engine; all moved by steam. By these different inspections have got a new idea about my boat, which pleases me much, and which, perhaps, is worth knowing. Hastened home to see what M. B. H. might intend to do for to-morrow. With her usual promptitude she was out looking for other quarters for *self*; so that the family will separate. Took lunch with D. M. R. at my room; 18 pence for a pot of ale; lent the old Scotchman 3 shillings. At 5 went to see our landlord, and he agreed to let us remain four or five days. Called on A., where an hour. She dined again yesterday at J. B.'s. On my way home discovered that I must dine. I find my appetite in the inverse ratio to my purse; and I now conceive why the poor eat so much when they can get it. Considering the state of my finances, resolved to lay out the whole instantly in necessities, lest some folly or some beggar should rob me of a shilling. Bought, viz.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of beef, 18 pence; a  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound of ham, 6 pence; one pound of brown sugar, 8 pence; 2 pounds of bread, 8 pence; 10 pounds of potatoes, 5 pence; having left 11 pence, treated myself to a pot of ale, 8 pence; and now, with 3

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<sup>1</sup> For *capias ad respondendum*, a law term signifying a writ commanding the sheriff or other proper officer to take the body of the defendant and to keep the same to answer (*ad respondendum*) the plaintiff in a plea. A defendant arrested upon this writ must be committed to prison, unless he gives a bail bond to the sheriff.

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pence in my purse, have read the second volume of "Ida." Talked an hour with Leith, and agreed to negotiate for him with his uncle; and write you this at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 1 in the morning. My beef was boiled—so bought, I mean, and I cooked my potatoes in my room. Made a good dinner. Ate at least  $\frac{1}{2}$  of my beef. Of two great necessities, coffee and tobacco, I have at least a week's allowance; so that, without a penny, I can keep the animal machine agoing for eight days.

4. Of five pieces of cambric which I bought for you in Flanders, and should have presented you if our voyage had not been interrupted, four have already been sold and *mangé'd*<sup>1</sup>; the fifth, the last, and the most beautiful, was handed yesterday to D. M. R. to sell, and I am now, this morning, waiting at home his return. In the meantime I have been rummaging among Gampillo's treasures to see what might be found which may be convertible into money. Found, and have taken possession of, a Napoleon and a Dutch ducat of King Louis; both new and brilliant. If D. M. R. does not come before 12, they must go. Poor dear souls! if I should remain here six weeks longer, you will neither of you have a single evidence that you were thought of in any of the countries in which I have been.

14. At 9 commenced packing up. Sent off to Jer. Bentham, for safe keeping, all except one trunk. Cambric sold for £10 10s. 6d., exactly the

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<sup>1</sup> A hybrid perfect participle from the French verb *manger*, to eat.

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amount due M. B. H. So am to begin the world *sans sous*<sup>1</sup>. To Graves's at 3. The baggage arrived, and the books all seized; the trunks and boxes broken open without notice to me, or even demanding the keys. The books seized as foreign books which have not paid duty. To Godwin's, where remained till 10. He related many curious particulars respecting himself.

18. *Couche* at 1. Was again so long occupied with that cursed letter, which may do harm and may do good; don't like such letters; can you conceive that I have been two whole nights and one whole forenoon making a letter of one sheet? But you will see the reason when you peruse it. At 7 made my fire, no one being up in the house. Wrote till 2. To J. S., and there near an hour. Proposed that he should advance £40 on the books to clear them; he declared it to be out of his power to advance one shilling. To Graves's; he was at dinner. Waited in the office till he came down. Was asked up. The seltzer not sold; changed with him four of Gampillo's French francs for 4 shillings. (Mem.: Owed 2 shillings for a washing bill brought in this morning.) By Black Friars' and Westminster Bridges to J. B.'s, where dined and passed the evening. Intended to have consulted him about my letter; but, somehow, things did not go right. Home at 10, and took my coffee.

19. Up till 3, overhauling all my papers, to hunt for an account which did not find. So must pay

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<sup>1</sup> Penniless.

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it again, though remember perfectly the payment and receipt. *Sor.* at 12 to J. H.; but Contesse, who was to do a job for me, was gone. To J. Hug., where an hour. To Godwin's to dinner; staid till  $\frac{1}{2}$  9. Met the family and little Martha Hopson, musician, sister of Han., the painter; 16 and 13; daughters of a coachman. Home to read Hamlet travestied by John Poole, Esq., and have read it through. It is naught; but the notes in ridicule of modern comedians are very well. Got to-day of J. Hug. your picture-watch and wrote to Captain Johnson to pawn it, but he will not. Shall try to sell some cambric handkerchiefs to-morrow. For the last ten days scarcely a frost; little rain, chilly, foggy. Though in my paper-hunting I did not find what I sought, yet found your last four letters, which have read over again with increased admiration of the author. They stimulate me to new exertions to get to the United States. But what can I do, and what prospect is there of my ever getting out *sans sous*?

20. At 7 made my fire. *Sor.* at 10. To J. Sm.; he had not yet seen Hipkins, the Captain of a vessel about to sail to Norfolk, of whom I have heard a good account. To Gra.<sup>1</sup> Nothing done about the seltzer water nor the vinegar. He went with me to custom-house, but the commissioners do not sit on Monday, nor does the solicitor attend. So nothing to be done. Went back with G., not knowing whither. Strolled along past St. Paul's<sup>2</sup>, and called

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<sup>1</sup> For Graves.

<sup>2</sup> St. Paul's Cathedral.

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at Godwin's, where got 7 shilling piece changed ; besides this, had 1 shilling and 4 pence, and my rent, due on Wednesday, is 8 shillings. Called on Captain Johnson ; he still hesitates ; did not press it. Another stroll ; and recollecting that Gampillo had got some of those new francs, determined to rob him of three or four more, which will keep the animal machine agoing for as many days. Home at 2. Sent Eliz. for  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of beef, 8 pence ; pot of porter, 8 pence ; *moutarde*<sup>1</sup> and pot, 5 pence ; in all 1 shilling and 9 pence. Have already two pounds of bread which will last me three days. But, alas ! my coffee and sugar are both out, and then the rent, 8 shillings per week, is due and must be paid on Wednesday morning, or Gamp goes into the street. I have made a great fire, and am occupied in finishing that letter to Lord B. which has given me so much plague.

21. Made my fire. Fortunately, the weather is not very cold. Got my breakfast and sallied forth with two cambric handkerchiefs to sell and your picture-watch to pawn, for *argent*<sup>2</sup> must be had to-day. Got to D. M. R.'s, about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles off, before he was up. Charged him with my commission, and agreed to meet him at Graves's at 4. Thence to dine together at our little eating-shop in case he should get money to pay the scot. To Graves's, and with him to the custom-house, where, after waiting an hour, saw Mr. C., but no answer has been received from Yarmouth. Thence back to G.'s, where began to copy my letter

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<sup>1</sup> Mustard.

<sup>2</sup> Money.

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to Lord B. G. asked me to dine, which refused ; resolved to eat or fast with D. M. R., who, by the way, has 2 shillings. He came in at 4, but had not been able to get a sous<sup>1</sup>; agreed, nevertheless, to dine at our eating-house, having between us money enough to pay ; for I had yet 4 shillings, and I had prudently put in my pocket some of Gampillo's coins to sell to G., who loves such things, in the last resort. D. M. R. went off to the exchange close by to gather news. I to order fire and dinner, and smoke my pipe. In  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour D. M. R. came in and threw on the table 5 one-pound notes. He had met a friend who had advanced him that sum, and he paid me 40 shillings which I had lent him sometime ago, but had quite forgotten. We dined in peace, and I came home at 7 and built a good fire. My letter to Lord B. is undergoing another copy, and being 6 pages, will be finished to-night. *Bon soir.* Want exceedingly to go to Dartford (sixteen miles), on something about my vinegar invention, which *may be* profitable, but can't get *argent* for that expedition. How, then, am I to get to the United States ?

22. At 10 to J. S., who had no news for me. To Graves ; no letter from Yarmouth. To Q. S. P.<sup>2</sup> to pay Mrs. S. 6 shillings which she had paid for the cartage of my things. You see by your map that this is a full league from Graves's. Forgot to say that I called first on friend Allen, who had not yet been able

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<sup>1</sup> For sou, the singular form.

<sup>2</sup> For Queen's Square Place, where Bentham resided.



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to make the solution which he had promised; was glad of it, for there might have been a guinea to pay. At Q. S. P., which, you know, is J. Bentham's; paid Mrs. S., and pillaged you of three pairs of beautiful stockings, which I intended to give to the three Godwins. I have never given them anything, and they all love me so; and this night they all go to a great ball. As they were to be given in your name, and you will have three pairs left, I thought you would consent. So went to Godwin's with the three pairs of stockings nicely rolled up. Went directly up stairs where the children sit; but F. was not there. Waited a few minutes, but she came not; then came in Madame; all hard at work. Somehow the occasion did not suit, and I came off with the three pairs of stockings in my pocket. How ridiculous! J. Bentham had asked me to dine, which refused; but while there we had a great dispute about the affair of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cause for which they were burned; the particulars of which I will relate, but can't now write. There being no Bible at hand to settle the question, we parted, each with his own opinion. At Godwin's I consulted him, who, you know, or perhaps do not know, was bred a priest. He turned to the passage, and really there is ground for the strange opinion of J. B. On the way home bought one pound of sugar, half a pound of coffee, and two nutmegs; in all 2 shillings. They always attempt to cheat you a few pence in the change; but I have got too sharp for them. Home at 3. El. cooked my potatoes very

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nicely, and with the beef and a pint of ale, made a sumptuous dinnner. At 7 to Godwin's, to see the three lasses dressed for the ball; they were extremely neat, and with taste. Home at 10. Paid my bill to my *hostesse*<sup>1</sup>, 8 shillings, and gave little Eliz. an 18-penny piece, which appeared to put her in an ecstasy of joy.

23. This morning *ma hostesse*<sup>2</sup> for the first time made my fire at 7. While I was breakfasting, received by the post a note from D. M. R. requesting me to call on him at 12; that he wanted my advice, and could not go out. Fear some trouble. Finished my letter to Lord B., put it in my pocket, and off to D. M. R.'s. He had a letter from Brunel about their projected association in the shoe business. So this is good and not harm. To J. Reeves's, there being new and rigorous orders about aliens, and I having no paper or certificate to entitle me to reside here. He said I wanted none, being an exception to all rules. Told him my name was *Arnot*, to which he assented. At my request, he gave a sort of passport to go to Dartford, to see the manufacture of charcoal, which is connected with my vinegar project. Then to J. B.'s to read in manuscript a work he is about to publish on evidence<sup>3</sup>. But in came Peter Irving, who appeared extremely glad to see me, and sat talking of New York till 5, but offered me no aid. Dinner and coffee with J. B. On the way home called at God-

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<sup>1</sup> For *mon hôte*. My hostess.

<sup>2</sup> For *mon hôte*. My hostess.

<sup>3</sup> "The Law of Evidence," mentioned further on.

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win's to talk over the ball. Home at 10, and found fire ready made, as I had ordered; and have written you this evening the last six pages, having written nothing before since Monday. Now 1 o'clock. But before saying good-night must tell you the news. We have this day received the war resolutions of congress, and Mr. Porter's war speech, which makes great stir here'. Now, if there be war, it is most certain that I shall be kept here during the war. Will go to-morrow to try to sell everything I have; your books and stockings, and even ribbons and all; all Gampillo's coins and medals. No, I will keep one of Charles XII. when a boy. I will walk to any port in the kingdom. But then, 50 guineas for passage-money!

24. Fire was made at 7; but Gamp was so warm and comfortable in bed, and it was so cold, that he had not the courage to get up till 9. *Sor.* at 12 to J. S. about finances, but no prospect. To Graves's. No answer from Yarmouth. To Castella's. Home. There has come an answer from Yarmouth; but Mr. Cooper, the solicitor, not being there, could not see it nor learn its purport, although waited there 1½ hours, standing in the common room. To Graves's; nothing of the seltzer water. He asked me to dine, but

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<sup>1</sup> The reference is to the resolutions reported to the House of Representatives of the United States by the Committee on Foreign Relations, of which the Hon. Peter B. Porter was chairman. These resolutions authorized immediate and active preparations for war with Great Britain. Mr. Porter (1773-1844), was a Representative in Congress from New York in 1809-1813 and in 1815-1816. In 1813 he was a major-general and commanded the New York State troops. In 1815 President Madison offered the appointment to command the troops of the United States, which he declined. In that year he became Secretary of State of New York. In 1828 he was Secretary of War in the cabinet of President Adams. War with Great Britain was not declared till June 18, 1812. Five days thereafter Great Britain repealed her orders in council, following the example of France in repealing her obnoxious decrees. The news of the repeal led to a renewal of negotiations, but the United States feared to give Great Britain time to strengthen the fortifications in Canada, and hostilities commenced.

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was engaged with D. M. R. At 4 at our eating-house, where dined and staid till 7; paid 2 shillings each. To G.'s again, to meet a Mr. ——— Clagge, an ingenious man from Manchester, who has invented an improvement in steam engines, of which I wish to get a knowledge. Home at 8. Mr. and Mrs. Godwin came and sat an hour with me. Have had my coffee, and am considering what had best do with the remaining two hours, and think I will write to you (*i. e.*, a letter), having sent you but one letter since my arrival in England. How could I write to you? To be sure, there have been opportunities plenty, but what to say; that I saw no prospect of getting out, and was living precariously? This would distress you. To lie outright, and say you might expect me soon? That, also, might be a new source of solicitude. So I have left it to the newspapers. This war news affects me a good deal. If there be war before April, every American ship which shall sail, even from this day, will be captured. Indeed, my dear *enfants*<sup>1</sup>, Gamp had never so bad a prospect of seeing you. If I had rino<sup>2</sup>, could get out in twenty ways; but have had no new hope to-day on that head. My best prospects is the vinegar discovery; but that, too, requires cash. Will ponder and smoke. After an hour nothing new has been projected. Unfortunately for cogitation, the last coffee I bought is too high burned; and while the Godwin's were here, I took it stronger than usual,

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<sup>1</sup> For *enfants*. Children.

<sup>2</sup> Slang for money. The word is also spelled rhino.

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which I feel severely, and apprehend insomnia ; which would be ill-timed, for must be at the custom-house at 10, when the fate of the books will be decided.

25. Rose at 10. So did not get to G.'s, who was to go with me to the custom-house, till 12. Graves was busy and could not go ; so went alone. Mr. Cooper, the solicitor, behaves like an angel. He read me the answer from the custom-house at Yarmouth, which exonerates me wholly. He then wrote in my presence, and read to me his opinion, viz., that I ought to have my books as part of my baggage *free of duty*, not having come here voluntarily, being only *in transitu*<sup>1</sup>, and ought to be delivered up to me. He told me, however, that his opinion was only advice, and not law to the commissioners, and that they were tenacious of their own usages. He sent his opinion in to the commissioners, who sit under the same roof, and, after waiting ½ hour (during which time, observe, I was sitting reading in his room, not standing among the mob as yesterday), the commissioners having sent no answer, he went in to hasten their decision, and returned with their fiat in these words, "Let them be delivered accordingly." Mr. C. would take no fee or compensation. He informed me that as the seizure was regular, a small compensation should be given to the officer who seized (Smith, a decent, clever fellow), but that he (Cooper) would take care that it should be small. Sent one of his clerks with me to the store where the things were, to see that they were delivered ; but not being possessed of one guinea for Smith, did

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<sup>1</sup> Latin. In transit.

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not take them away. Now as to finance. When last in England, a gentleman, friend of A. B. Reeves, but well established here in trade, sought my acquaintance, which at that time I declined. On my return here lately he renewed his overtures. I conceded; gave him an audience. He made great professions of friendship; invited me to his house, &c. I went, and found him prettily established, *en garçon*<sup>1</sup>; dined with him two or three times. He told me of his commercial affairs; that his credit was such he could borrow 10,000 guineas any day; that he had a large sum in the United States which he could not get here, and which lay there idle. During my insomnia last evening, I resolved to try this friend; for something had occurred, *the acquittal of the ship Vigilant*, which was not mentioned to you last evening. She being about to sail, and my passage there being paid, it is my last hope. Friend G. went to this friend for the loan of 50 pounds. I can't tell you what it cost me to do this; and but for you and Gampillo, certainly I never should have stooped to it. He recoiled at the bare word loan. He had not a shilling; puzzled to pay his servant, and his baker, &c., &c. I then proposed to take his bill on the United States for 50 pounds of that idle money. At this he choked, and stammered, and hesitated. I smiled at his embarrassment. He said he could not draw unless for mercantile purposes; for goods, &c., &c. I offered to pledge the books, which one guinea would now redeem; but nothing would suit him. He advised me to draw a bill my-

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<sup>1</sup> As a bachelor.



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self; he thought that would be much better. "I do not want advice; I know my own affairs much better than you do." Then went to Captain J., to attempt again to pledge your watch, but he could not or would not advance 5 pounds. Then home; took my *p. d. t.*<sup>1</sup> and *bœuf froid*<sup>2</sup>; still the same half pound bought just ten days ago, and with a pot of ale, made a feast. Have been now four hours hard at work deciphering a letter from a very dear friend, received six months ago; but so long that I have never before attempted it. It is of four full large pages, more compact than any small print. Got through only five lines, from which I discover that some of my letters received, and he advised me to write by the packet. You see, *mes enfans*<sup>3</sup>, that I have now no reliance but my vinegar, and to plunder you both of all your remaining bagatelles.

26. Something out of order by taking *crem. de tart.*<sup>4</sup> last evening; but a very serious calamity unfits me, even for writing to you. A., on whom I called to-day for the first time in three weeks, owing, as you have seen, to my eternal occupation with little vexations—A. received me in a manner so cold, so unfriendly, I came home sick, and am now going to bed at 11. Saw D. M. R. a few minutes; he lent me 40 shillings, being four-fifths of all he had in the world. A few minutes, also, at J. Hug. and at Dessaulles, who has yet done nothing. Have eaten no dinner except

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1 For *pommes de terre*. Potatoes.

2 For *bœuf froid*. Cold beef.

3 For *mes enfans*. My children.

4 For *crème de tartre*. Cream of tartar.



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a bowl of soup. Bought one newspaper, and borrowed two others, and have been reading them, and something in "Political Justice"<sup>1</sup>, since 4 o'clock. This affair of A. is totally remediless ; but can't write now.

27. A day of great fatigue and nothing done. Lounged in bed till near 9. Am always the worse for being more than six hours in bed. At 11 to Graves's; nothing done in seltzer. Wrote note to J. B., intended to have been sent with the trunks of books. On to the custom-house warehouse to take possession of my books, so long in jeopardy. An old gentleman, who seemed the principal, recognized me, and told me I could take the trunks and case. "But, pray, sir," said he, "did I not understand that you proposed to re-ship these things on board the Vigilant?" Gamp—"Yes, sir ; such is my intention." Old gentleman—"Then, sir, it is proper to inform you, that if you remove the articles from the king's stores, you cannot ship them without subjecting the vessel to the payment of clearance and other charges, as a ship with cargo, to which a vessel sailing in ballast is not liable." Gamp—"And, pray, what may be the amount of such charges?" Old gentleman—"Perhaps two or three hundred pounds." Gamp—"And in case I leave them here, may I then embark them without that inconvenience?" Old gentleman—"Cer-

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<sup>1</sup> William Godwin, a famous political writer and novelist, (1756-1836), was the author of "Political Justice," which with its eloquent language and its generous though impracticable theory of universal benevolence, attracted wide attention, and in spite of its leveling doctrines was widely approved. In 1797 he married Mary Wollstonecraft, who died on September 10th of the same year in giving birth to a daughter, the future Mrs. Shelley. Godwin published her memoirs in 1798. "Political Justice" was published in 1793.

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tainly, sir. I shall, in that case, put the custom-house seal on them, and they will be embarked as part of your baggage; for to this time we know officially that they are part of the effects with which you embarked from Amsterdam; but the moment they are removed, that certainly ceases." I saw the reason of all this; but it was a deadly blow to me; for some of the books I must sell; *i. e.*, Bayle and Moreri, at least. I went off to consult my friend, Mr. Cooper, the solicitor. He had been at his office to-day. Waited  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, standing in the public room, but he came not. Went thence to J. Sm.'s, whose advice, as an intelligent merchant, I thought might be useful; out. Then posted back again to Graves's; he was also out. Being a good deal fatigued, and something hungry, stepped into our eating-house (just by Graves's), and took beef and a pint of ale. Thence to see Koe, who has his office in my walk. Gave him my note to J. B., and told him the story of the books, for I have promised J. B. some of these books. Thence loitering, and staring at picture shops, and thinking of that cursed A. To J. Hug.'s, to get her to put my 30-franc watch (the only one left) in order. She discovered the malady and repaired it in 15 minutes. Sat an hour. It is, perhaps, the only creature in London who does exclusively love Gamp. On my way, passed through Covent Garden<sup>1</sup>, and bought her 1 shilling and 6 pence worth of apples and pears. Then slowly,

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<sup>1</sup> Meaning Covent Garden market, a vegetable, fruit, and flower market held in Covent Garden. In Burr's time this market was an unsightly assemblage of sheds and stalls. About the year 1828 the Duke of Bedford erected the present building.

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and by various detours, home, where, at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 5, having trotted about four leagues, was a little *abattu*<sup>1</sup>. Sent out for  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound mutton, 8 pence; pint ale, 4 pence; 1 pound candles, 11 pence  $\frac{1}{2}$  penny; 1 pound sugar, 9 pence; pipes and tobacco, 5 pence; 2 quires paper, 1 shilling and 6 pence; half quarter loaf of bread, 8 pence; 6 pounds potatoes, 6 pence. So that my expense yesterday and to-day, exclusive of room-rent and fire, have been 11 shillings and 6 pence; but observe that I have had, in this fortnight, only  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of meat, six pounds of potatoes, and four pounds six ounces of bread. In my stroll to-day, seeing St. Paul's open, went in for the first time; cost 4 pence; *i. e.*, 2 pence for a book and 2 pence for entrance. The book will describe it to you. Called at Godwin's this morning to leave some newspapers, but saw no one but the clerk. In my note to J. B. told him the story of A. Told it also to Koe, and last evening to the G.'s. This is *à la François*<sup>2</sup>, whom, God forbid, I should ever imitate them in anything. What can have possessed A.? But won't tease you with it. Captain Combes, to whom I had written on Friday last to call on me, did call on Sunday at G.'s, for that is my address in this quarter, and Queen's Square Place in the other. He says that the expenses will be upward of £600, exclusive of his own and the ship, which will be about as much more. Thinks he will sail in three weeks. This he told Graves, as I was not *at home*. No persons except the Godwins and

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<sup>1</sup> Depressed.

<sup>2</sup> For *à la française*. After the French style.

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D. M. R., not even J. B., know or suspect that I live in a house in Clerkenwell Close, *in furnished lodgings*, at 8 shillings per week, and right opposite the house formerly occupied by Oliver Cromwell, now owned or occupied by a man of the name of Haines, as I see engraved on the knocker. But more of this about the month of May, when I think we shall meet somewhere, though I have yet no other resource but robbing you and Gampillo. The clock strikes 12; the hour that ghosts appear and reasonable folks go to bed. Must first smoke  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour.

28. Got breakfast and was at D. M. R.'s at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9. Sat in the coffee-room reading newspapers till he had breakfasted, and then we walked together to Chelsea, about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles from my quarters. Spent three hours in examining the sawmill and the shoe machine. This latter he is continually improving. He thinks he will very soon make a shoe in five minutes; and I believe he will, and better than they can be made by hand. It is a beautiful invention. The basis of it was discovered by our shoemakers in Philadelphia. Brunel's improvement does by machinery what Bedford's does by hand. The sawmill was contemplated with increased admiration, more for the wonderful accuracy of its movements than from any great exertion of inventive genius. The larger saw is eighteen feet in diameter. It was cutting a log five feet thick. I measured the thickness, and there were fifteen to an inch, including the waste of the saw-cut; he gets from seventeen to twenty for every two inches.

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Had  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour's talk with Brunel and D. M. R. about their project of manufacturing shoes, in concert with one Gilpin. Took a mutton chop, potatoes, and a pint of ale at The Hole in the Wall. Paid 3 shillings and 4 pence for self and D. M. R. Walked back. Got home at 5, and was not half so fatigued as yesterday, though I had not sat down an hour from 9 till 5. Have taken my coffee, and now, at 8, am going to read in "Political Justice," that I may question the author<sup>1</sup> a little about his strange principles of government. I beg you to read it, also, that we may talk it over together. On my way home called on J. H.; out. Had bought 8 pence worth of fruit for her, but did not see her. Peter Irving lodged at the same house with D. M. R. He left town this morning, without having called on me or offering me the least service. He left with D. M. R. an apology, that letters just received from the United States obliged him to leave town suddenly and unexpectedly. *Credat*<sup>2</sup>. It is said that he is courting. While I was writing the last sentence, Mr. and Mrs. Godwin came in, and have sat an hour. They had news for me of a declaration of war by the United States; of which, however, I do not believe a word. Jul.'s apples and pears came in demand. No progress made to-day in finance. Nothing done or attempted. But, as the fellow says in the farce, "though he says nothing and does nothing, yet he pays it off in thinking." So with

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<sup>1</sup> The author was William Godwin, so often mentioned by Burr in his Journal.

<sup>2</sup> Horace has in one of his satires (Lib. I., Sat. V, 100) the words "*Credat Judaeus Apella, non ego.*" "Let the Jew Apella believe that, not I." Burr probably refers to this line of Horace.

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us. I have, however, this evening been making a list of the things vendible and pawnable, and think I may make out to raise £40, which may clear me out and land me in the United States *sans sous*. I have been overhauling Gampillo's treasure of coins and medals; but it has been so often pillaged that nothing valuable is left. After having talked of it so often, I am ashamed to bring him only such trash. The articles destined for pawn are your diamond watch and the picture-watch, and for sale, my silver repeater, and Moreri and Bayle<sup>1</sup>; and on Thursday I set about it. To-morrow must to the custom-house. *Bon soir*.

29. At 9 came in D. M. R. and took breakfast with me; to talk about his shoe affair. At 12 to J. S.'s to consult him about the books; out. To Graves's. He advised that I remove the books, and thinks there can be no danger. Hesitated whether to do so, and resolved to omit it, at least till to-morrow. To Godwin's to get a book (the new edition of his "Political Justice," much altered and improved). Promised to send it. To J. Hug.'s, which is near Soho Square, and sat half an hour. Then to J. B.'s to overhaul my trunks there for something to sell, particularly for the diamond watch. After hunting an hour, could not find it; but found six suit of ribbons which I had bought for you at Palais Royal; in all twenty-eight yards. After gazing at them, and painting to myself the pleasure they would give, as being my taste, and evidence of my recollection in all places,

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<sup>1</sup> Moreri and Bayle were the authors of two large French dictionaries which Burr had purchased for his daughter.



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I reluctantly resolved to sell them if I could get \$50. They cost \$70, but they are pretty, and *here* new. Came off with this, and two parcels of Gampillo's coins, which I found there, also. Wishing much to meet again Mr. Clagge, the engineer, from whom I am to have description and drawings of his steam-engine and gas-light improvements, being told by Graves that Clagge would be at his house at 4, went home by Westminster and Black Friars' bridges; first to my chop-house, and there took a dinner, 2 shillings and 6 pence; enormous; and then at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4, to Graves's; but Clagge had not come, and as it was raining hard, his coming was doubtful. So my labor and money lost. Home at 6, and found D. M. R. in my room. He had not dined, and he finished my mutton and sat till 8. He took the ribbons and will try what he can do. This being my pay-day, he lent me 5 shillings and 6 pence, having just 6 pence left for himself. But what has become of my last 40 shillings, you will ask. Why, Madame, 15 shillings are spent, and I have also a golden guinea, *rara avis*<sup>1</sup>, which I have procured in order to give to that custom-house officer who did me the favor to seize my books. Brought from Godwin's Milton on "Divorce," which have been reading from 8 to 12, and now, at 1, adieu. The morning appearing fine, went out without my umbrella and got well wetted. It is against my conscience, you know, to hire a hack. Remember to ask me for

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<sup>1</sup> Latin. Rare bird. This is a partial quotation from Juvenal 6: 165, where is found *rara avis in terris*, a rare bird in the land.



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anecdotes heard to-day of your young Drayton and Grimke. The former was in ———.

30. This is the anniversary of the martyrdom of Charles<sup>1</sup>. The theatres are all shut, except that at Covent Garden a solemn oratorio is performed. The churches open and prayers. Some folks, however, make it a day of feast and rejoicing, and celebrate the right of cutting off kings' heads. At 10 to J. S.'s; out. Rather think I must be denied, this being the fourth time successively. To the custom-house, where passed an hour with Mr. Cooper, the solicitor. He recommends that I leave the books and get the trunks sanctified by the seal of the custom-house, which will ensure them from further search or vexation. Think to do so, but shall withdraw Bayle and Moreri to sell. To Madame L.'s, where a few minutes; had no news for me. To Elkton Hammond's; out. To W. Graves's, where sat an hour reading newspapers, and D. M. R. came in as by appointment. We had agreed to go to-day to a manufactory of vinegar; but for good reasons postponed it. Set out for Lincoln's Inn Fields<sup>2</sup>, but hard rain coming on, and having taken no umbrella, the morning being fine, turned about and stopped a few minutes at Godwin's. Continued in all the rain; by musing, lost my way and got wet to the skin. Home at 4. Changed and made a great fire. Got  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of mutton, and at 5 D. M. R. came in and dined with me, as agreed. He had again got 5 pounds, and lent me 40 shillings.

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<sup>1</sup> Charles I. of England was beheaded at Whitehall, London, January 30, 1649.

<sup>2</sup> The largest square in London.

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Paid my bill, 8 shillings board, 2 shillings milk, &c., &c.; 1 shilling 6 pence to Eliz. Have been reading Milton on "Divorce." He maintains that divorce for incompatibility of temper, for want of love, &c., &c., is ordained by the law of God, as contained in the Old and New Testaments, and by the law of nature; and that the indissolubility of marriage is a popish doctrine, instigated by the devil to promote sin and misery. He cites many learned and pious authors, and refers to a treatise of Erasmus (which I have not seen) as supporting his opinions. D. M. R. left the ribbons with a lady of fashion, who was charmed with them; and he thinks we will get more than \$50. If so, I hope you will not regret the robbery, nor condemn. Don't think, Mons. Gampillo, that you are to escape. I have serious thoughts of offering in the lump the residue of your coins and medals. Trash, indeed; but here happens to be a medal-monger who may value such trash; and, if he should offer 10 guineas, they are gone,—gone.

31. At 11 to J. Bentham's to read in the manuscript something of his "Law of Evidence." At 1 came D. M. R. by appointment, and we went together to see a very large vinegar manufactory. But the proprietor, to whom D. M. R. introduced himself, was so churlish and rude that we came off without seeing anything. It is on the Surrey side, not far from the London Bridge. D. M. R. went over to the city, and I came back to J. B.'s. Read till 6. Dined, and off at 9; and, just as I was coming away, a note

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from A. was handed to me. It was opened with some solicitude; but I was really rejoiced to see her handwriting, having almost despaired of recollection. The note is witty and amiable, as you shall see. I answered immediately, but have no copy; must get one for you. There seems ground to hope that we may again meet as friends. Before going to J. B.'s, went with D. M. R. to confer with him and Brunel, and instruct them about a bargain they are to make to-day with a capitalist (who appears to me to be a great rascal) about the shoe business. B. and D. M. R. are in a fair way to be wronged out of nine-tenths of the value of their inventions.

London, February 1, 1812. Have spent 14 shillings and 6 pence magnificently; *i. e.*, like an ass. Rose at 6, why so early I know not, unless the anticipation of the pleasures of the day. But woke, and had slept; *sat. ergo*<sup>1</sup>, rose. At 2 P. M. to J. H., who, being at work, staid and looked on, greatly amused to see her handle so dexterously those nice little tools, till the work was done. Then we sallied to St. Paul's; but being late and a little rainy, did not go in, but on to the eating-house, where we dined in my little cabinet<sup>2</sup>, very plain and good; the whole, including coffee and 1 shilling to the domestics, 5 shillings. J. had never seen a cocoanut nor dates; bought of both. J. loves oranges; some were bought. Got back to J.'s lodgings at 8, and to my own at 9. In the cash accounts found myself minus 14 shillings and 6

<sup>1</sup> *Sat.* for Latin *satis* or English satisfied. Enough [sleep], therefore rose.

<sup>2</sup> The word cabinet as here used is either French or archaic English.

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pence. Called at Graves, but he had nothing for me ; nor had sold nor ever will sell, the seltzer water. Read this morning and this evening more of Milton on "Divorce," and his essay on the "Liberty of the Press."

2. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10 to A.'s, agreeably to my note ; was graciously received. Staid but a few minutes, and on to Queen's Square Place, where had appointed to meet Brunel. Found him already there. We talked over his shoe affair, and he seemed content. D. M. Randolph came in, and we walked together to Covent Garden, and I on to Godwin's. They all pressed me to dine, which I refused. Home ; took my *p. d. t.*<sup>1</sup> and pint of ale. All excellent. Then, as agreed, to A.'s, about three miles, and, I think, something more. She lives near St. James street. So look at your map. Took tea there and passed two hours. Confidence seems to be restored. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9, and have been the whole evening drawing a power of attorney for an American gentleman, for which am to have 3 guineas. Mr. Brunel had, on Friday, by D. M. R., sent me word that he wished further conversation about the shoe affair, and begged me to come out and dine with him on Sunday (this day). Now, this struck me as so much like a customary invitation to a musician, asking the honor of his company to dine, and that he would please to put his violin in his pocket, that I declined, and gave him rendezvous at *my own house*. An Irish gentleman, famous for playing the flute, having received from a nobleman an invitation

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<sup>1</sup> For *pommes de terre*. Potatoes.

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of the sort just mentioned, replied that though he often supped, yet his flute never did, and they must, therefore, both decline the honor of his lordship's invitation. Past 2 o'clock.

Greenwich, February 3, 1812. D. M. R. came in and took breakfast with me, and, after he went, copied anew my power of attorney, and drew a set of instructions to accompany them, which occupied me till 1. Then to Koe's office, to get him to put them into hands to be engrossed. To D. M. R.'s, where left a note to say that I would meet him at the stage-office, Golden Cross, Charing Cross, at 7 this evening, to take passage for Dartford. We had last evening called at that office, and were told that a coach set off every evening at 7. Called on J. H., from whom had a note this morning; out. Left your ring-watch to be put in order, for I can't make it go, and, till it can go, it can't be pawned. Home at 4, and took my *p. d. t.* and ale. Put things in order for an absence of twenty-four hours, took my *surtout*, and walked off to Charing Cross. Was excessively heated by a quick march of about three miles, under the encumbrance of a greatcoat, and the weather warm. Found D. M. R. there, waiting for me; but the coach had gone at 6, and no other was to go this night. We then resolved to take a bed at the coffee-house or tavern attached to the office, and to go off at 7 in the morning; but neither in that nor in any coffee-house in the neighborhood could we get a room to ourselves. Adjourned to a beer-house in the vicinity to hold

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counsel; a small house where roasted potatoes and beer are always to be had. Gentlemen who have better appetites than purses, come here with their bit of meat in their pockets, and with 3 halfpence worth of potatoes and 2 pence worth of porter, make a good dinner. We resolved to take one of the Greenwich stages, and go so far on this evening. Greenwich is not exactly on the stage-road, but by walking half a mile up the hill, we might get to the "Green Man," a tavern on the edge of Blackheath, where the Dartford coaches stop. This was our plan, and we accordingly took places, and for 1 shilling and 9 pence each were landed in Greenwich. As to the walk up the hill, I represented to D. M. R. that if we should go on foot to the "Green Man," being strangers, we might be mistaken for footpads, and instead of getting a supper and bed might be sent to Bridewell<sup>1</sup>. He found this reasoning conclusive, and here we lodge; have had coffee most execrably bad, and the sheets on my bed, which I have seen, have been used constantly at least a fortnight. You may ride through England in all directions on the public roads, and unless you travel with your own horse or in a post-chaise, I engage you never see a clean bed. We are in a very large tavern and a handsome room.

Dartford, February 4, 1812. Rose at 7. Paid for our coffee and bed 8 shillings and 6 pence and 1 shilling to the maid, to the waiter, and to the shoeblack each, 11 shillings and 6 pence. We walked on without

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<sup>1</sup> A celebrated London prison, or house of detention.



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taking breakfast. About two miles over Blackheath<sup>1</sup> were overtaken by the Dartford coach, and got on the top for two good reasons; first, the inside was full, and, second, it is half price. The day mild and not wet. We were eight on the top, and presently took up three more, viz., a gentleman and two ladies, well dressed, and prepossessing in their manners. One of them, beautiful, and interesting, and cheerful; she sat opposite me, and we talked; should like to know more of her, but we shall never meet again; received my admiration with complacency. At Dartford stopped at the "Fox Hall" inn, apparently a new establishment. We were not deceived; they gave us an excellent breakfast. Went out immediately on the business which brought me, and called at Mr. Edward Hall's; but, alas! he was far off on a journey, and, what more surprised me, has no establishment here either of charcoal or powder; a most strange error in Brunel. Saw, however, Mr. Hall's clerk, a decent, intelligent young man. Learned that the application of Brunel on my behalf for some of the acid had been received. Showed my permission from Reeves. This clerk, whose name is Clarke, recommended us to address ourselves to Pigon, Andrews & Wilkes, who are the proprietors of the large manufactories of carbon and gunpowder at this place. Walked about a mile through the town to the manufactory. It is a beautiful promenade up the river Dart, something larger than your Bronx. Were shown into an office where

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<sup>1</sup> The name of an open common in Kent, five miles southeast of St. Paul's, London, quite celebrated in English history.



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was Mr. Wilkes, the managing partner, dressed very coarsely, and even dirty, with an old, greasy hat on his head. There was a gentleman on business with him; he did not stir from his seat nor incline his head. Showed him Reeves's permission. "Who is this man who writes this note?" I told him who was Mr. Reeves. "Why, by G——d, I don't know the man!" Then, shifting his position a little, with impatience, addressing himself to the gentleman, and raising his voice, "By G——d, sir, this is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of in my life! A fellow I never saw gives a man permission to come and examine my manufactories!" He was going on, and, doubtless, would have concluded by turning us out of doors; but I interposed; told him that I was, as he saw by the note, an American, and about to leave England in a few days; that I had no desire nor curiosity to see his manufactories, but that I had understood that, in the process, he procured a sort of acid of little value; that, having been lately on the Continent, I had seen that acid employed to important purposes; and, happening to mention it to Mr. Reeves, he thought the discovery of very great value, and that it was totally unknown here; that the sole object of my visit was to get a barrel of that acid; and that, if I could succeed in the process it would render the acid of very great value; that Mr. Reeves had informed me he had understood that Mr. Wilkes was a very polite gentleman, and had no doubt that he (Mr. W.) would take pleasure in gratifying me in a

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matter so essential to his own interest and to that of the public. "Now, sir, if you are not disposed to do so, I have only to beg your pardon for the trouble, and bid you good-morning." The idea of gain softened his muscles; he asked us to sit. Sent a servant to bring some of the acid for my inspection; ordered a bottle to be washed, and filled, and well corked for me; offered to send a servant with it to my lodgings, to save me the trouble of carrying it; gave me the address of his agent in London, and promised to send, by his own wagon, a barrel of the acid to my friend Allen immediately. I asked what would be the expense. "Oh! nothing at all, sir; my teams are going constantly, and it will give no trouble; you may, if you please, only send an empty barrel to my agent, to replace that which I shall transmit." I came off with my bottle of acid, quite content. Found a return post-chaise, which agreed to take us both to my door for 7 shillings. Left Dartford at 3, and at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 5 was seated at my own fire. Had dinner for self and D. M. R. Now, as Mr. Clarke will also procure me another barrel of the acid from Mr. Hall's works, which are at about 30 miles beyond Dartford, I shall be well stocked; the moment it arrives, friend Allen and I shall go to work, and, if I succeed, most certainly I shall have some hundred guineas of it. The ribbons are not yet sold. Have not seen Graves these two days. Forgot to tell you that I called yesterday on Mr. Lovett, by command of A. Wrote to A. yesterday the history of that visit, and the copy

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of the note will inform you if I can get it from her to copy. Past 1. You little imps, you take too much of my time ; I ought to have written something for Brunel and D. M. R. this evening. I have given you this detail by way of sample of the manner a stranger gets along here. I shall relate to you many more. It should be noted that, at the door of Wilkes's office, stood his footman or valet, in rich livery, covered with lace.

London, February 5, 1812. To Graves's at 11 to meet Walter, the secretary of J. Bentham, whom I had some days ago appointed to meet, in order to go to the custom-house to overhaul the books and get out some which J. B. wishes. None of us recollected that this is a solemn day of fasting and prayer and humiliation. Shops and offices all shut, and no business done. Walter came and went; *rien fait*<sup>1</sup>. Thence to K.'s office to get the power of attorney, which was neatly copied on parchment, and also the instructions; 4 shillings, and for the parchment 4 shillings more. Wrote note to A. to excuse me from calling to-day, having, while at Graves's, learned that the letter-bag of the ship Orbit, for New-York, will go this afternoon at 4. Resolved to come home and write to you. Went first to J. H.'s, where ½ hour. J. can't do the ring-watch for want of proper tools. Home at near 3 ; wet (for it rained all the time I was out), chilly, and hungry. Had to change clothes, make fire, and get dinner ; and, before all this was done and dinner eaten, it was near 5. Felt a little drowsy, owing to the

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<sup>1</sup> Nothing done.

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various labors of the morning; lay down to repose a minute, and slept profoundly till 8. Have got and drank my coffee, and now, at a  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9, having done all this and no more, am going to prepare to begin to write to Theodosia. You see what it is to economize time; I have been in only about six hours and a half, and am nearly ready to commence my work. Have not seen D. M. R. to-day, but wrote him a note, which left at Graves's, where he is to call for it.

6. Was up till 2, writing you a letter of two very full pages'. At 1 to Allen's with my bottle of acid, which he will try with immediately. Then to hunt for a barrel, which my good and amiable friend, Mr. W., promised to fill for me with the same acid. A barrel cost 30 shillings sterling, about \$6.50. Not having 30 pence, I borrowed a barrel. Then to Captain Combes's, at Wapping, with whom dined. He was so very kind that I suspected there was something in the wind. After dinner he took me into his room, and told me that he had chartered his ship for a voyage to New Orleans, and hoped I would not object

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<sup>1</sup> In this letter to his daughter, Burr explains the interruption of his voyage and the cause of his detention in England. After having been a virtual prisoner in France for more than eighteen months, he finally obtained a passport and sailed from the Texel in the latter part of September, 1811, in the American ship *Vigilant*, Captain Combes, bound for Boston. But on the very first day of the voyage the *Vigilant* was captured by his Majesty's frigate *Desirée* and taken to Yarmouth. Burr wrote: "I obtained permission and came to London with a view to expedite the release of the ship, which I had no doubt would be effected within a week; the case being a very clear one. The *Vigilant* is an American-built ship; owned wholly by United States citizens; having been carried into Amsterdam by a French privateer; bought in by the captain, an American, for the original owners; hired by the agent of the United States government to transport distressed American seamen, and bound by contract to go direct to Boston. It was for these reasons that I preferred the *Vigilant* to any other ship. The trial has gone through all the forms of law, and she was acquitted a few days ago, paying all costs, which may amount to £800 sterling. It has been all along my intention to continue with this ship, being a large, strong ship, well found, and sailing in ballast; but at present there are objections which make me hesitate." In a subsequent letter Burr explained that the United States consuls at London and Yarmouth had ordered the captain of the *Vigilant* not to accept him as a passenger and had threatened the captain with the displeasure of the government of the United States if he disobeyed. Burr added: "I am now devising ways and means how to get out in spite of them." It was several weeks before he succeeded.

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to being landed there, he would be so happy to have me. I took time to answer, and we are to meet on Sunday. Then to Graves's, where met D. M. R., and we walked together to Charing Cross. I went on to J. B.'s, where got a letter from Lord Balgray<sup>1</sup>, in answer to that which I wrote him on the 21st of January. He had shown the letter to a noble friend, and they ask permission to send it to another noble friend in London. This was what I foresaw, but not exactly what I wished. I have just been writing to Balgray, and have committed the letter to his delicacy and discretion. Staid but a few minutes at Q. S. P., and thence to A.'s, where two hours. Thence to Godwin's, where  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, and then home. Had taken tea with A., but not having had my allowance of ale, sent for a pint, which have drank. What a John Bull, you will cry!

7. It was  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 2 when I *couched*, and that ale or some other vicious thing kept me tossing and turning all night. From 6 to 10 a good nap. Have been all day at home in slippers and nightgown (old surtout), writing a letter in answer to Lord Balgray, which was despatched, and writing something for Randolph and Brunel about their shoe affairs. D. M. R. called on

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<sup>1</sup> In a letter to Burr, dated Edinburgh, December 14, 1811, David Williamson said: "Lately, the Prince Regent, very much against my own inclination, has made me a Lord of Sessions in Scotland. According to the custom and fashion here, I have taken the title of Lord Balgray." David Williamson was a brother of Colonel Charles Williamson, who managed the wild lands in Western New York owned by Sir William Pulteney and his associates in England. In this letter Lord Balgray speaks of the marriage of Ann Williamson, daughter of Charles Williamson, to M. Snodgrass Buchanan, a lawyer of good family and large fortune. Charles Williamson died in 1808. Replying to the letter of Lord Balgray, Burr paid this tribute to Charles Williamson, with whom he had become acquainted in New York: "The untimely loss of your inestimable brother occupies a portion of every day of my life. It has inflicted a wound on my peace and happiness which no time can heal or assuage. You knew something of the intimacy which subsisted between us, but its whole extent could be known only to him and to me. It is such as I had with no other man living, and such as it is utterly improbable that I should ever have with any one again."

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me at 12 (the ribbons not sold), and again at 5, and dined with me. After dinner went to Godwin's, and there wrote a note to J. B. that I would dine with him to-morrow if naught to the contrary, &c., and took tea. Home at 10, and have been three hours reading newspapers which the Godwins lent me. The cash has got down to 7 pence, and I have no tobacco; and coffee, and coal, and bread only for to-morrow. A fine, mild day, and without rain, but has been raining all the evening. I have not seen ice or frost the last ten days.

8. Rose at 9. You see I have got in a bad way, laying late. At 12 to Graves's; no letter; nothing done. D. M. R. told me yesterday that a ship was to sail for United States this day; so, before going out, sealed up your letter and enclosed it to White, Charnley & Co. Was that right? But could not hear of said ship at Graves's. Then to J. Smith's to inquire. He knows nothing. To friend Allen's, the chymist<sup>1</sup>. He had not touched the acid, for I saw it on the table just where I had left it. He was busy and could not be seen. Back to Graves's, where D. M. R. was to meet me at 2; but I staid till 3, and he came not, which is "very disagreeable," for he was to bring me money for the power of attorney, and you already know the state *de la caisse trésoriale*<sup>2</sup>. J. Smith did not say a word to me about Combes's destination, though he, J. S., is the person who has chartered this ship. Graves told that he heard it at the

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<sup>1</sup> Archaic for chemist.

<sup>2</sup> Of the treasury; literally, of the treasury (*trésor*) chest.



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Exchange. I did not add this intelligence to my letter to you, because it is possible the charter may not take place. Then to Lincoln's Inn Field, to call at Koe's office for J. Bentham's answer, as I wrote him I would; but Koe was out, and no message for me. To J. H., where  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour. To Dessaulles's, the goldsmith, to get my cement, which had left there. Am resolved to try myself. Just after, was hailed in the street by A., who was walking in all the rain with Mr. Dawes, *peintre tres célèbre*<sup>1</sup>. She told me she was to dine at B.'s; so I replied that, for that reason, I would not go, for I should be *de trop*<sup>2</sup>. Then she replied she would not go. So I promised to go there to meet her. After doing some other errands, went to J. B.'s. K. met me and said there was a note for me at his office; begged me to come to-morrow and not to-day! and off came I, and had a good three miles and more to get home. Arrived at 6, with a very good appetite, having walked, as you'd know if you had taken the pains to study the map of London which I sent you, as I bid you. Held a consultation with myself about dining. Instead of having bread for the day, had not a mouthful, and was sick for want of tobacco. To dine and drink a pint of ale would just ruin me. So sent my little maid for 4 pence worth of bread and an ounce of tobacco, 3 pence half-penny; for which had to borrow a penny and a half of her; and having only coffee for the morning, and very scant, for J. Hug. is to breakfast with me, agreed

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<sup>1</sup> A very celebrated painter. (*Très célèbre.*)

<sup>2</sup> Superfluous.



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to omit the dinner, and take tea with my *cassonade*<sup>1</sup>, which found very good ; with a bit of cheese made a hearty meal. Of tea have only for once more. If D. M. R. should not call in the morning with the money, some of Gampillo's coins must go, or Gamp must fast, and freeze too, for his coal is out. This change of destination of the Vigilant is exceedingly embarrassing to me. What New Orleans may be if its new government had taken place, I know not ; but as it was, under a sort of military regime, and in the hands of my inexorable enemies, I might expect uncivil usage. Then, if I give up this ship, how pay for another passage ? And where find a captain and owner who will take me ? And if I go to New Orleans to pass thence to you, the passage is as long as from London, and some difficulties in finding one.

9, 10, 11. Out for a box of Anderson's pills, of which swallowed four, the cr. tar.<sup>2</sup> having done nothing ; but no food or drink. I was no way relieved. I gave D. M. R. some instructions about his own affair, and enjoined on him to call on me at 11 the next day. I did nothing for myself except, with the advice of my hostess, to apply to my face common salt, heated, and put in a flannel sack. She repeated this for me several times, and the jaw pain was evidently relieved by it, but the other evils were aggravated. Forgot to say that on Sunday evening I did try, though without any good effect, rum, pepper and toasted bread, and this was the reason of my buying such an enormous quan-

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<sup>1</sup> Brown sugar.

<sup>2</sup> The cream of tartar.

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tity of rum. Had my bed warmed, and turned in, without undressing, at 11. Lay in all sorts of torment till 5, and then slept tolerably about two hours. Was waked by my physic at 7. Slept two hours more, and got up with much headache still, but otherwise greatly relieved. The physic operated abundantly. Sent out for two ounces of tea, 1 shilling;  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of loaf sugar, 6 pence; one pound of rice, 4 pence. It grieved me to find rice *retailed at 4 pence*. Took a dish of tea at 10, but without *gout*. D. M. R. called at 11. He had got the 4 guineas, that is, four pound-bills and 4 shillings, for not a bit of gold sees light here. I took one half and gave him the other, and sent him off to meet Combes for me, with a written power and instructions. He went, met Combes punctually, and brought me the consoling news that he (C.) will not leave town till Friday, and engaged him to meet me at Graves's at 12 to-morrow. When I got up this morning I found the swelling of the face surprisingly enlarged. The under lip, to speak correctly, one inch thick; the upper not at all enlarged; the left eye closed; and, having prudently taken out Fonzi's *ratelier*<sup>1</sup>, and not being able to get it in again, I might have, in this disguise, traversed the United States without being recognized. At 4 swallowed two spoonfuls of rice, which increased the headache. Resolved to take nothing more till I have an appetite; but have bought me certain ingredients with which, and sugar and an orange, I shall make a draught at going to bed; but this morning thought of Matt's salve; bought the

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<sup>1</sup> For *ratelier*. Set of false teeth.

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materials, made the salve *secundum artem*<sup>1</sup>, and applied it. It has kept a great throbbing, so that I am a little uneasy lest I should find in the morning a suppuration on the outside. What a pretty thing for me to run about with, and run about I must. About 9 this evening, for the first time since Saturday, I had the force and courage to open my writing case to tell you my tale, and have been writing to you at intervals ever since (now crying 12); have also made my sage tea, and now will prepare the draught and go to bed. This talk with you has done me more good than all my quackeries. Have just been inspecting the face. The swelling has diminished one half, and the headache is now slight. Two days' silence under such monotonous circumstances may well lead you to suspect something extraordinary; and for once, and for the first time in my life, you are right; Gamp has been sick, if you can call sick what I will relate. While writing last, which was early on Saturday evening, I felt some twinges of a toothache. It increased till I went to bed, and through the night. I lay, or rather tossed about without rest, till daylight, and then got up and set about making my fire. After working an hour in vain, the good lady got up and assisted me. The pain continuing and the face swollen, had no appetite and prepared no breakfast. Being engaged to meet Captain Combes at 12 on that day (Sunday) at Graves's house, I set out at 11, and, walking slowly, got there by the time. Waited an hour, but he came

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<sup>1</sup> A Latin expression meaning according to the art or recipe.

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not, which disturbed me a good deal ; for if I do not go with him to New Orleans, which is pretty much decided, I have a right in law and conscience to reclaim my passage-money, he having changed his original destination without consulting me. If he should go off without paying me, it would be a deadly blow; hence my solicitude. While I was waiting came in J. Bentham's lad with a note, apologizing for the disappointment of the preceding day, and entreating, as an evidence of the continuance of my good-will, that I would come that day. There was no refusing under pretence of illness, as I was then half a league from home. I replied gayly, and that I would go. Note: There was no fire in the room in which I sat at G.'s, nor was I asked into one in which there was, though he had notice of the rendezvous I had there. Then to J. H.'s, where sat  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, and then on to J. Bentham's, intending there to do something for my jaws. Got there at 2. He dined at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 5. In settling an account with K., there was 2 shillings and 6 pence coming to me, which he paid, and with it I bought half a pint of rum, though I had no idea, when I sent for it, what would be cost. The rum and roasting my feet relieved me a little. I read and copied J. Mill's letter to Miranda, which shall be explained hereafter, (verbally, I mean.) I have yielded in this affair to the benevolent intentions and good-nature of J. Bentham, against my judgment and inclination. Ate a little rice and sweetmeats, and drank a little very weak wine and water. Off at 7 and home. To my great

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surprise and joy, found that my landlady, seeing that I was out of coal and candles, had bought and paid for a supply of both without my orders. It was fortunate she did so, for I should not have had the courage to ask for either. It was consoling, too, to find that my credit was so good. Made me a dish of tea with the very last grain of my tea, and swallowed three cups. Wished for sage and *elix. pareg.*<sup>1</sup>, which together would have cost 5 pence; but, with my 2 farthings, nothing could be bought. Went early to bed. Lay all night in misery; not merely the jaw pain, but a nervous restlessness much more distressing. Got up again at daylight, and was up an hour roving round the room, and occasionally tumbling on the bed, before any one came in. Had, withal, a nausea, which prevented me from attempting breakfast. But finding a little crem. tart., made a glass with sugar and water, and, having taken it, tied a handkerchief round my face, and went forth at 12 to Graves's, to see if anything had been heard of Captain Combes; for I had a dread that he meant to give me the slip, for which he is not a whit too good. My face was now enormously swollen, and the pain increased. Arrived at G.'s, I was so exhausted that it was with difficulty I could get up stairs. The Captain had not been there nor been heard of. I wrote him a note, appointing peremptorily to call at 12 the next day (Tuesday). Wrote another to D. M. R., asking him to call on me; for it is only to him and the Godwins that my

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<sup>1</sup> For paregoric elixir.

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name and residence are known. Left the notes with Graves to be forwarded, and went off to J. Sm.'s; for it is he that has chartered the ship, though, well knowing how interesting it was to me, he never told me. I had no doubt of learning from him the certainty of the movements of the Captain. He was out, as was said; so I got neither information nor repose, and now I was at least two miles from home. It presently became manifest that my force would not hold out. My legs refused their office; my knees trembled, and my head became dizzy, so that I was each moment in danger of falling and being run over. Passed many hack-coaches, but durst not engage one. It did not then occur to me, that by giving a silk pocket-handkerchief which I had, they would have jumped at it. By resting frequently on the steps of the houses, I got home about 4, and threw myself on the bed, chilled to the very bone, and no fire. Before I got home, a proper *mégrin'* came on and acted its part with all fury. I now suspected that something more was in question than pain in the jaw and *mégrin*; for neither or both could have diminished my force at such a rate. But what the devil it could be I could not imagine. At 5 D. M. R. came in. I could hear, but could not reply. He was in the utmost distress. For six weeks he had been worrying Gilpin, his associate in the shoe business, for accounts which had been long due, D. M. R. not doubting but there would be at least 1000 guineas coming to him (and I am sure more than double that

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1 For French *migraine* or English *megrim*.



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is really due to him ; and having seen that Gilpin, and being impressed with an opinion that he was a consummate rascal, did all I could to temper D. M. R.'s expectations. But, being his only hope, he stuck to it). He had that morning got the accounts, by which Gilpin makes him (D. M. R.) debtor 1400 pounds ! This was a death-blow to my poor friend. It roused me so far as to give some words of comfort ; and as he had not dined, and I had cold meat, ordered some potatoes to be boiled, and lay down, leaving him to dine. He had not seen Hall, but having 25 shillings, advanced me 21 of them.

12. I am never at a loss to know Wednesday, for it is my pay-day, and comes in terror. The bill was a heavy one, 6 shillings and 7 pence halfpenny in contingencies, besides 8 shillings and 6 pence to my little *menagère*<sup>1</sup>. It was all paid, and I have left 28 shillings and 9 pence, which I hope will carry through next Wednesday. We shall see. My draught had none of the good effects which were hoped. *Couche* at 1. Lay *vigil*<sup>2</sup> till 5 ; but then had a good refreshing sleep till 10. Woke free of pain, but the jaw excessively tender and sore, still much swollen. It will break inside, and I hope to-night. Took one dish of coffee, but could eat nothing, for I cannot get the thickness of a quill into my mouth without great pain. Fortunately had no appetite. Went at 12 to Graves's to meet the Captain. A huge plaster on my face and a handkerchief tied over. The Captain came. We

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<sup>1</sup> For *ménagère*. Housekeeper.

<sup>2</sup> Latin. Awake.



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talked an hour. He offers to pay my passage from Orleans to the Atlantic coast, and to give me every accommodation to New Orleans in the Vigilant, but refused peremptorily to repay anything. He did, indeed, offer £10, which I treated with contempt. Thus it seems I shall get nothing from him but at the end of a lawsuit. The thing is not a little embarrassing. By going to New Orleans I may go plump into a hornet's nest; and it is possible that I might find it my best port if their form of government and their rules have been changed; but how this is we here are utterly ignorant. I have been ruminating on this the whole evening, without being able to come to any conclusion; for an age of ruminating won't furnish me with a new fact. Got home at 3 not the least fatigued, though since Monday, when I had nearly fainted on the way, I have not taken two ounces of any kind of food. So little does strength depend on nourishment taken by the mouth. Besides ruminating, I have been copying all that long letter which I wrote you on the 6th. Shall to-morrow make some additions, and have a good opportunity to send it on Saturday. Poor D. M. R. begs and entreats me not to go. Offers me any share in his projects if I will stay, &c., &c. I really fear he will hang himself if I do go; but as it is quite certain that you'll hang yourself if I don't go, staying on his account is out of the question. We will ponder farther. The Captain and I are to meet for the last time to-morrow evening.

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13. Had a few hours' good sleep, and rose at 9. The jaws are something worse, *i. e.*, more sore. The inflammation has gone from the upper part of the face, and is concentrated in the lower. Matter has there formed and must be discharged; but when I know not, and I am weary, weary of the restraints and confinements. To make the thing worse, I am as hungry as a wolf, and can eat nothing. This morning it took me an hour to get down a bit of soaked bread, not so big as the palm of your pretty little paw, managing it much as I have seen you do with your boy when he was a year old; no, three months' old. D. M. R. came in about noon and brought me the news, which is, that all the war-fury of *our* government evaporated in about three weeks, and now they are going on their knees to Great Britain to let them have some blankets for the savages, lest they should cut all our throats. Ye gods, is this my country! I have been all day finishing my letter to you, for a very little work goes a great way with me pending this jaw-occupation. If it does not break to-night, I will to-morrow buy a lancet and open it to the bone, to see what all this disturbance means. As to employing a surgeon and giving a guinea! not I, as ye may suppose. I had appointed to meet my Captain this evening at 7 at Graves's. Went sorely against my will, for every step cost me a twinge, which, in three miles, makes, pray, how many, Master 'Pillo'? But there was no possibility of neglecting the rendezvous, as he was to go to-

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1 For Gampillo.

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morrow, and I apprehended that the news just arrived might have affected his plans. He came in a little more drunk than usual; told me at once that he had given up the New Orleans voyage, and was going straight on to Bath; and asked me to go and take a bottle of wine with him, which, you may presume, was declined. He sat about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, and we went out together. As we were walking in the street, "Why," said he, stopping short, "didn't I say that I was going to Bath?" "Certainly you did." "Why, it's no such thing; I have signed and sealed a charter-party with J. Smith, and I shall go, but I sha'n't leave town till some time next week; now do go with me." What to gather from all this passes me; but I am inclined to think he will not go to New Orleans, for the recent news renders the project of J. Smith silly and ruinous, and I think he had better pay £1,000 to be off. I feel quite sure, however, that, under these circumstances, Combes will not leave town for some days. My hostess, who is very kind, has just proposed to make me mutton broth. Bought me a quarter pound mutton at 9 pence, equal 11 pence 1 farthing; onions, 2 pence; celery, 2 pence. Now 10 o'clock. In one hour my broth will be ready.  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 12—I have eaten my broth, a whole pint bowl full. It was very good, and I ate it all with a teaspoon. The hunk of meat was also put on the table, and I feel appetite enough to eat all that, too. But it would be a vain attempt to get down one ounce of it; therefore, let it lay over till this vile bulb breaks. I have been examining it, and

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find the top quite soft. Hope that this night will finish it. I apply roasted figs, as poor Barton used to do ; and now, before bedding, I have a letter to write for D. M. R. to a certain lord.

14. *Morning.* I hasten to tell you, my dear Theo., that I am perfectly well, for I know how impatient you are to hear. That letter for D. M. R. kept me up till 2. The thing went on slowly, by reason of the uneasiness in my face and the constant attention it required. Got to bed, lay about an hour very restless ; then the bulb broke, and an inconceivable quantity of matter kept discharging till 8 in the morning, during all which time not a wink of sleep ; then slept perfectly sound till near 12. Have just got up and write this while my breakfast is preparing, and I have a tiger's appetite. The swelling is nearly gone, and no pain. (Continued at night, the usual hour.) D. M. R. came in at 2 with a lancet, which, fortunately, was now useless. Read the letter with great approbation ; told me the news of the day, and, as he agreed to stay to dinner, got a true Virginia dinner, cabbage and bacon, to which we both did great justice. The mutton of yesterday, too, came under contribution. We drank toast and water. I wrote notes to A. and to M. J. G. The latter D. M. R. left at its address, and was to put the other in the post-office. Presently came in Mr. and Mrs. Godwin, who had not heard of my illness till the receipt of my note. They brought me the newspapers for the last six days, and sat an hour. I asked Madame how the

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weather was ; very cold, indeed, said she. No, indeed, said Mr., it is quite sultry ; so she drew her chair close to the fire, and he removed to the farthest part of the room. Since they went have had my coffee and been reading the newspapers. Have put in Fonzi's set of teeth, and find the jaw perfectly well. With temperate habits, how is it possible such a quantity of corruption could have generated ? Since 15 years old I never recollect to have had the smallest quantity of matter formed in any part of my body. If I wound myself, it gets well without festering. I am thinking it must be the cursed ale, of which I have drank about a pint a day for the last four months. The *beers* of this country are no longer made of malt and hops, but a dozen deleterious drugs enter into the composition. Depend I shall be a little more cautious of the Messrs. Ale and Porter. No communication with the Captain to-day. To-morrow, if the weather be tolerable, I will seek him. Captain Hipkins, master of the vessel bound to Norfolk, by which I am writing to you, does not leave town till Monday ; so shall keep your letter open, lest something to add should occur. Oh, let me tell you what you will thank me for. I have this day resumed, and propose to continue the custom, of writing my little notes with the stylograph, so that you will see them all and they will be much better worth perusal than this journal.

15. I have got into very bad habits. Last night again sat up till past 2 reading the newspapers. It is with such reluctance I go to bed that any excuse serves

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for sitting up. As usual, lay awake till 5 and then slept till 11. After hewing off a week's board and getting breakfast, it was too late for a hope of finding the Captain at home; so gave that up. D. M. R. came in at 2 and sat an hour. Nothing new, only another letter for me to write for him. At 3 to J. H.'s; out. Had only time to get to G.'s, where dined. In the evening, William, the only *son* of W. Godwin, a lad of about 9 years old, gave his weekly lecture; having heard how Coleridge and others lectured, he would also lecture; and one of his sisters (Mary, I think) writes a lecture, which he reads from a little pulpit which they have erected for him. He went through it with great gravity and decorum. The subject was, "The Influence of Governments on the Character of the People." After the lecture we had tea, and the girls sang and danced an hour; and at 9 came home. Will positively go to bed at 1 to-night, and try to get up at 7. Mem.: Drank wine and water at dinner, and this evening toast and water.

16. No reformation. I did actually go to bed a little after 1, and, to promote sleep, took a teaspoonful of *elix. paregor.*<sup>1</sup>; but all in vain. Lay in vigils till near 6, and daylight beginning to appear, was thinking of getting up and making a fire, when I got asleep and slept till ½ p. 10. It was again too late to hope of finding my Captain at home, so gave it up till to-morrow. *Sor.* at 12 to J. H.'s; out. Went to her brother's, where met her and agreed on rendez-

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<sup>1</sup> For paregoric elixir.

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vous at her rooms at 2. Then to A.'s; out. Across the park to J. B.'s, hoping to find there a letter from Lord Balgray; but there was none. Met Koe, and asked about A.; he said she had been there yesterday. The truth is, she was then there. I saw her walking in the garden, and she and K. had a talk just under the window where I was at work getting something out of my trunks; but she, and her female friend who was with her, went to examine a small house of J. B.'s which is in the garden. The house is now out of repair, but was formerly occupied by his mother. He has offered to fit it up if A. will live in it. Not a word was said to me by any one of her then being there; and neither J. B. nor any one of his family have hinted to me this arrangement about the house *au jardin*<sup>1</sup>. But A. is pretty frank with me as yet. To J. H.'s at 2. We walked a great deal. Dined at a neat little cake and jelly house in Holborn<sup>2</sup>. Walked again and took coffee at the same house; and we were both *tres content*<sup>3</sup>. The whole expense was 7 shillings and 3 pence. Now, I do hope and expect that I shall sleep to-night and rise betimes in the morning. Have nothing to add to your letter, unless something should arise out of my conversation with the Captain. Am now going to *try* to write that letter for D. M. R. Tried last night but could not please myself. No frost the last ten days.

17. The reformation is accomplished. *Couche* at 1. Lay *vigil*<sup>4</sup> till 3. Slept perfectly sound till 7;

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<sup>1</sup> In the garden.

<sup>2</sup> Holborn is a district in the central part of London.

<sup>3</sup> Well satisfied.

<sup>4</sup> Awake.



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then rose, and was proceeding to make my fire when my *hotesse*<sup>1</sup> came in and relieved me from that labor. Shaved, dressed, and breakfasted, and was out before 9. You see the cure was effectual. To Graves's, where found a note from A.; rather a cold, forced thing. Then on to the Captain's. Found him in the act of packing up, and in  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour he would have been off, and I should have missed him altogether. Have resolved to go with him. Took of him £5. He is gone to Yarmouth, but will not sail these ten days. He related to me that Mr. Beaseley, who acts as consul of the United States here, charged him by no means to take Colonel Burr to New Orleans. "Take him anywhere else you please, but by no means to New Orleans; if you do, you will incur the utmost displeasure of the government, and may be made to suffer for it." The Captain says that he replied that he did not care a damn about the government of the United States; that he would take whom he pleased; and that if Colonel Burr wished to go, he would be very glad to have him. I suspect that the greater part of this is true. To the Virginia coffee-house to see when Hipkins would go, and found he would go at 6 this evening; so hastened home to close your letter and put it into his hands. Got home at 1, and had then walked about eight miles. Mist, rain, and a tempest of wind. Felt a sort of inanition, which my good *hôteesse* cured by a bowl of excellent soup. Having added a postscript of this

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<sup>1</sup> For *hôteesse*. Hostess.

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date to your letter, to let you see that I was living on this day, enclosed it to Graves. Called at Godwin's, and sent his shop-boy with it. Sat  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour at G.'s, and then on to hunt Bonnell, the enameller, but could not find the house; the direction given me must be wrong. I want him to repair an injury which one of Fonzi's works has sustained. Then to Dumont's, Haymarket, whom I had not yet seen. He was at home, and I sat an hour. He is to try to sell my Moreri and Bayle; yet how precious they would be at New Orleans. On to J. Bentham's, and dined at 6 with good appetite, *non obstante* the soup. Immediately after dinner he always, when I dine there, sends off Koe and Walter that we may *tête-à-tête*. Had a very pleasant chat till 8. Took my coffee and came off sooner than intended, on account of a note received while there from D. M. R., begging to see me this night. His quarters being not far out of my way, called there; handed him the letter I had drawn for him, and came off at 9. He had nothing new to relate.

18. Rose at 7. You see the reformation goes on. The cure has been repeated to-day by way of preventive. Engaged yesterday to call on D. M. R., to walk with him to Hawkins's, the projector; but, first, let me make you better acquainted with the said D. M. R. He is about 60 years of age, very healthy and active; had good sound sense, little education, or little acquirement. He came to England about six

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1 For *nonobstant*. Notwithstanding.

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months before me, with commercial views, having got through his fortune in Virginia. He had very good letters, being universally acknowledged an honest and an honorable man. At the moment that he supposed himself in the high road to success and fortune, came on the embargo, which put an end to all commerce, and annihilated his proposals. He then got from the United States Bedford's patent for making shoes, and took out a patent for it here ; but, for more than a year, he could get no moneyed men to set up the business in that way. At length W. Gilpin, army clothier, agreed to try it, and advanced D. M. R. £500 for the patent rights and half the profits. This was a very seasonable relief, for he was quite run out. He now thought he would invent something himself, and turned his mind to improvements in wheel-carriages. He worked day and night for some months ; at length, thinking he had hit it, and for fear some one should steal it from him, he hastened to take out a patent, and then wrote a pamphlet ; but no mortal took any notice of either. Being now project mad one Adams having come from the United States with a new project for impelling boats by steam, D. M. R. associated himself with this man ; bought half the invention for £200, and at this moment Adams dies, and the steamboat and the wheel-carriages sleep quietly together ; but D. M. R. had now got rid of his last farthing. His head, however, runs more on wheel-carriages than on all other subjects. At least twenty times since my return to this island he has told me of

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his having explained "*his principles*" to Mr. Such-a-one, who "*was delighted*;" and scarce a week passes but he meets some one who is thus "*delighted*;" but of all these delighted people not one is disposed to advance a penny to make an experiment of "*his principles*." Whenever he gets on his "wheel-carriages," away he goes, and the devil can't stop him. He can hardly pass a cart or carriage in the street without stopping you or calling your attention to the amazing stupidity and obstinacy which prevent people from adopting his improvements. "Only see how those horses labor for nothing; whereas, if that axle-tree was so and so, and the height of the wheels so, and the pole fixed so, one horse could draw more than those four; and the thing is so demonstrable," &c., &c. Now from this digression we come back to ourself. Called on D. M. R. as agreed. Told the servant to inform him that I was gone to his room. He came in in great haste and in very high spirits. "Now," says he, "I have something to tell you." I concluded that he had settled with W. G. and got some money. No such thing; there were in the same hotel three gentlemen from the country, who were about to establish a new line of stage-coaches; and happening to converse with D. M. R., they got "*delighted with his principles*." So I had to wait, for he was to be my pilot, till the gentlemen were gone, as he certainly would talk to them so long as they would stay. I amused myself reading in his room till 1, and then we walked to Hawkins's. He was

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abroad. Bought a bottle (vial) of his essence of coffee, of which three teaspoonfuls put in boiling water make a good dish. Have tried it this evening. It was pretty good, but would be about four times as dear as the usual mode. Then to J. H.'s. She was at work, and had not dined, though past her usual hour. Invited her to come and dine with me, for I had ordered a soup for D. M. R., who had engaged to come; but apologized that he must dine with his country friends and talk of wheel-carriages. Came home slowly, calling at several shops, but buying nothing except a pair of hose worsted long drawers, which I wanted, 6 shillings; for which changed my 5-pound bill. The shopkeeper would not take it unless I put my name and address on it, which did not much like; but to have refused would have looked suspicious; so did it. Got home at 4, and discovered that I had lost my umbrella; a most serious misfortune, and little hope of recovering it, as I have no recollection where I stopped. It is impossible for me to buy one or to do without one. J. H. came at 5, and we dined. She staid till near 8. Have gone this evening to Godwin's. They are in trouble. Some finance affair. Cost 3 shillings to send J. H. home in hack.

19. Slept near seven hours last night, and did not rise till 8. My umbrella hung heavy at my heart. Went to hunt for it. Walked back on the track I came from J. H.'s yesterday, and called at the places I had been; but no umbrella. It is finally lost, and I

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must submit to the inconvenience of getting wet and of spoiling my clothes. Called at Godwin's on my way to the city. To friend Allen's. He was out, but I saw the foreman of the laboratory; he had made the experiment I suggested to take the bad smell out of the acid. It did effectually take out the smell, but at the same time it took out the acid, and the residuum was neither more or less than simple water. So that won't do. To Graves's, where finished a letter I began yesterday to S. Swartwout. D. M. R. came in and took charge of the letter, and we walked together. He dined yesterday with his country gentlemen, and thinks they were delighted with his wheel-carriages. D. M. went to the Exchange (where merchants assemble at 4 every day) to get the news, and I went by Lincoln's Inn' to see K., but he was out. Home at 4. D. M. came in at 5, as agreed, and I had for him a Virginia dinner, bacon and greens, with which he was *delighted*. He sat till 8; and now I am deliberating how to dispose of the residue of the evening. Bought for J. H. to-day paper, pen, wax, wafers, &c., 4 shillings and 6 pence. Have paid my weekly bill this evening, 14 shillings, 6¾ pence, which includes lodging, milk, fuel, boot and shoe cleaning; but no washing this week.

20. It has hardly struck 1, and I must be early up, as you know; and yet, you couple of unreasonable rascals, I may not go to bed till I have told you what I have been about. It might be answered in one

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1 One of the London Inns of Court.



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word, "Nothing," as for days and years past, though I have walked to-day near twenty miles. To J. Smith's at 10, to inquire about the sailing of the Vigilant. He had the impudence to tell me that he knew nothing about it, nor even knew whether the Captain was in London or in Yarmouth, though he (J. S.) had chartered the ship; though the Captain receives orders from him only; was at his house all the morning of the day of his separation, and went from his house to the coach-office. It is plain that I shall miss the ship and lose my money. Then to Graves's, and we walked together to see the inventor of the new mode of travelling by which one is to go a mile a minute. He talked freely, and gave us each one of his pamphlets. Then home, following again the track of my poor lost umbrella, but to no purpose. Home, and got my potatoes as fast as I could, and then to call on Miss C., who wrote me that she would leave town to-morrow. Was denied, but it happened that I knew she was at home. To walk a league and more to be denied is not pretty. Besides, I was tired, and would gladly have reposed  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Then to J. Bentham's; being past 6, had to go all round by Westminster Abbey. There saw K., who showed me the retorts which they offer to lend me. They will answer. Did not see J. B., nor was asked to tea. Forgot to say that I called this morning on friend Allen. My suggestion for getting rid of the smell has completely succeeded, with one little inconvenience, however; at the same time that it takes away



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the smell, it completely takes away the acid, and comes forth fair water ; so that won't do. Have had my coffee, and now good-morning. Called also to-day on Bonnell, the enameller.

21. Was obliged to wait till 10 for Castella, but he came not. To D. M. R.'s, with whom had engaged to walk to-day to Brunel's, Chelsea<sup>1</sup>. Found D. M. in bed. He had received a note from Brunel, saying he could not receive us, being engaged, but appointed to-morrow. I was very glad, and shall not go to-morrow. Called on J. H., who is near Soho Square, and sat  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Then to Bonnell's, the enameller ; he had done nothing. Then by Godwin's, where stopped a few minutes. To friend Allen's. He proposes that I should bring the glass retorts from J. B.'s, and come and work myself in his laboratory ; all which will be done to-morrow. To Graves's, where read the gazettes an hour. Home ; having bought a pound of rice on the way, dined on a part of it, plain boiled ; added sugar. For the last eight days have drank toast and water. Found here note from D. M. R., enclosing a letter he had just received from Hilpin. D. M. came in at 5 ; but, having just breakfasted, would not dine. Very lucky, for I had rice only. While at Graves's to-day, wrote a letter to Sheffield, mate of the Vigilant, desiring that he would inform me of their time of sailing. Though I have strong objections to going to New Orleans, yet no alternative is seen but that or staying here. If

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<sup>1</sup> Chelsea is a suburb of London, three miles southwest of St. Paul's.

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I should think of residing permanently here, I could readily find the means of support. But I prefer to have my throat cut nearer you. Yesterday arrived the British packet, nineteen days from New York, and to-day an American ship in fifteen days. Every arrival makes me sad to reflect that I can have no letters, having interdicted you from writing. How many things may have happened to you! I have often the most gloomy apprehensions. D. M. lent me a Boston paper 13th January, containing Gallatin's report', which have been reading.

22. A bad, bad, day. My hopes of being soon in New Orleans, or elsewhere in the United States, have vanished. A letter this day received from the Captain says that he has been warned *at his peril*, by the consul at Yarmouth, too, (Mr. Williams), not to take me on board, and that he is afraid, and must refuse me a passage. I have so little confidence in the Captain's veracity that no conclusion can be formed as to the truth of his statement. No doubt, however, but Williams has interfered; but that inference may possibly have been prompted by the Captain himself, or by J. S. Russell, who is full of malevolence, and, being now *charge d'affaires* here, may, perhaps, be the author of it all. Yet how it has been produced is to me of no consequence; *me voici sans sou et sans ami*<sup>2</sup>. Did I tell you, I think not, that four or five days ago, having heard from Dumont that Achaud was in

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<sup>1</sup> Albert Gallatin, who was Secretary of the Treasury of the United States from 1801 to 1813.

<sup>2</sup> Here I am without a cent (*un sou*) and without friends (*des amis*).

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town, I called on him (A.), left my card and also a very civil note of apology for not having called sooner, having understood that he was at Geneva. He has neither returned the visit nor answered the note. But let us go regularly and chronologically through the day. I had intended to have breakfasted at J. B.'s, for the purpose of taking the retorts early to friend Allen; but in the first place I slept till 9, and in the next it rained in torrents and you know my umbrella is on a voyage. At 11 the rain slackened and I sallied out of my den. To Bonnell's, the enameller. He had made the repairs and charged 2 shillings and 6 pence. Then to J. B.'s. He came down and told me the retorts were not his, but his brother's, and he dare not lend them without consulting his brother, which I begged him not to do; for that, if they were not his, I would not take them. Found there a letter from Lord Balgray, saying that he and the Lord Chief Justice President had talked over my concerns, and had agreed to send an extract of my letter to Lord Melville, and at same time to tell him what a clever fellow I was. It is possible that, in politeness to these gentlemen, Lord Melville may invite me to call on him, and there the matter will end. Round by Westminster and Blackfriars' Bridges to Graves's. The rain setting in again, bought me the cheapest umbrella I could find that was large enough. Cost 10 shillings and 6 pence. At Graves's found an old letter from Gahn, which Graves had overlooked, and also this letter from the

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Captain. Intended to have gone to friend Allen's, but thought necessary to come home and reply immediately to the Captain, demanding my passage money. Found D. M. R. in possession of my room, with a fire. He wanted me to help him to reply to Gilpin, which agreed to do, and have done this evening. When at J. B.'s this morning, lent him the Boston paper which he was to send to me at 4 this day. But the paper not having come at 7, took that long walk, full three miles, and returning makes six, to get the paper. Got it, but did not see J. B., he being engaged. Dinner, rice and milk, and have had my coffee and a smoked herring.

23. *Couche* at 1, but did not sleep till 3; cause, took my coffee too late and too strong. Having offered Elizabeth, my little *menagere*<sup>1</sup>, 6 pence to wake me and have a fire at  $\frac{1}{2}$  6, she was punctual. I rose and had my breakfast at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7; and at 9 was at Contesse's workshop. He has been for six weeks promising to do a small but necessary job to my repeater; and he appointed this hour and this day. He was not there. Waited near an hour; he came not. Went to his house at 10, found him just up and complaining of indisposition. Appointed 2 P. M. to-morrow. Then to ——'s, another goldsmith, with whom had an appointment on similar business. He was still abed. To Dumont's, Haymarket. He had informed me that Lord Lansdowne would give 10 guineas for my Bayle, and would also, probably, buy

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<sup>1</sup> For *ménagère*, Housekeeper.

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Moreri at 15. I thought this quite sure; but Mr. D. informed me that his lordship had been otherwise supplied. Your ribbons, too, have been returned, not sold. The medalmonger would pay for Gampillo's medals and coins little more than the value of the metal, which would not be 3 guineas. So my three grand resources have failed. Walked over to Graves's. Had nothing to communicate. Home, and wrote another letter to the Captain, proposing that he should take me on board at Gravesend, and under a feigned name, so that the consuls would not know that I had embarked. Do not think he will do it, and am sure he will not pay, all of which is "*very disagreeable*." There being no mail going out to-day, went to the stage-office to send my letter to the Captain. The man would not receive it because it weighed less than four ounces. Went and hunted in the street till I found a stone weighing about a quarter of a pound; wrapped that up in the letter, and then it was received. The Captain will greatly marvel at the receipt of the stone sent from London. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 3 to Godwin's. There dined and staid till 9. The history of M. Turner, *filz d'un bucher*<sup>1</sup>, lately married to M<sup>lle</sup> Boinville, *niece de*<sup>2</sup> Madame Frank Newton. There was only the family and little Hopwood. Have been reading the newspapers and the pamphlets which I bought on the controversy between Lancaster and Bell, which you shall read, to see the gross bigotry which still prevails here.

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<sup>1</sup> *Bucher*, probably for *oucher*. Son of a butcher.

<sup>2</sup> For *nièce de*. Niece of.

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24. Slept uninterrupted till near 8. At 11 to friend Allen's, to tell him of the disappointment about the retorts. He very kindly said he had some of his own that would answer. We agreed on the further experiment; but I begin to think we shall not succeed in any way that will be useful, *i. e.*, without an operation of too much expense. To Graves's; out. To J. B.'s to get some things; you know that my trunks are there. Some one called there to see me yesterday, but did not leave his address, nor did they inquire. While I was at J. B.'s in came A., whom I thought out of town. We met with the familiarity of old acquaintance. Did not see J. B. To ———, the goldsmith, Princess street, Leicester Square, which is set down for myself, and not for you, Madame; he has very politely undertaken to repair another repeater for me. Then to Contesse's workshop, and stayed an hour, assisting and directing a small job. Paid him 3 shillings 6 pence. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4, and greatly surprised to find that J. Hug. had called. Got my dinner, rice boiled, and went off to J. H.'s, to see what was the matter, being greatly apprehensive that there was trouble. I was right. There lives in the same house a fellow of the name of Voché or Vaché, a Swiss engraver, who has taken upon him to talk about my visits. Staid but a minute, and appointed J. to call on me at 4 to-morrow. I am much concerned at this circumstance. The idea of causing the least inconvenience to so good a soul would distress me. Called at Godwin's to

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leave the newspapers which I borrowed, and to get that of to-day. *Les goddesses*<sup>1</sup> kept me by acclamation to tea with *La Peintresse*<sup>2</sup> Hopwood. I agreed to go with the girls to call on her on Friday. Home at ½ p. 9. Read the newspapers, and a pamphlet tolerably well written, explanatory of the cause of the French successes. Be assured that, though I have said nothing about finance, my head has not been idle. I have a project too ridiculous to be mentioned, and of little promise; but will tell you to-morrow. I shall have just enough to pay my weekly bill the day after to-morrow, and then be again on the *sans sous*<sup>3</sup> establishment.

25. Rose as usual. Raining and blowing violently. At 12 to friend Allen's. The experiment had not yet been made; but Jones, the workman in the laboratory, was just preparing to make it. To Joyce's, a watchmaker recommended by Allen. Left with him yesterday my silver repeater to be put in order that I may sell it; but I could not learn from Mr. J. what he meant to charge me, and now cannot call for it till I shall have wherewithal to pay for the repairs. To Graves's, where found a letter from the Captain; a most impertinent letter, declaring that he will not pay a farthing. To Godwin's for a few minutes, and borrowed two volumes of "The Nairs, or the Rights of Women," by Lawrence. And now must tell what was referred to yesterday. I was so

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<sup>1</sup> Meaning the Godwin girls.

<sup>2</sup> The painter, *i. e.*, woman painter.

<sup>3</sup> Penniless.



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much with Fonzi at Paris that I became as good a dentist as himself; and, on coming off, he confided to me an assortment, perhaps one thousand, of teeth of his *fabrique*<sup>1</sup>. I had intended this for Greenwood; but it occurred to me that something might be made of the *dents*<sup>2</sup> and my science here. Have called on three of the most celebrated dentists. The first was engaged, and was not seen; the second was engaged, but I saw him, and made an appointment to call Saturday next. The third I had a long talk with; he showed me his own *fabrique*<sup>3</sup>, which I was constrained to acknowledge was fully equal to Fonzi's; and, indeed, I think, for beauty, superior, but not solid; he, however, held Fonzi's in contempt, so nothing to be done. To-morrow will make further trial. It is unpleasant and unpromising. The rain has continued all day, which has prevented J. H. from calling. D. M. came in at 5 in a state of extreme despondency. He ate *bro*.<sup>4</sup> and *case*.<sup>5</sup>, and took coffee, and staid till 8. I have been all the evening reading the "Nairs."<sup>6</sup> The fellow has stolen a good many of my ideas, but I am glad of it. The subject will always be new in my hands.

26. It is already past 1, my fire is out, and the weather cool. I have been the whole evening reading the "Nairs." Shall finish it in about three hours to-morrow; and then, perhaps, may give you some

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1 Of his making.

2 Teeth.

3 Manufacture.

4 For *bröd*. Bread.

5 For *cassonade*. French for brown sugar, or *Käse*, German for cheese.

6 The full title given farther on is "The Kingdom of the Nairs."

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account of it. Slept later than usual this morning. It is with some effort that I rise early. If my fire was made at 6, I should be always up before 7; but, after having slept my allowance, five or six hours, if I lay longer there comes on a drowsiness and disposition to slumber which is immovable, and then the following night I lay sleepless an hour or two, and so gradually encroach on the morning, till I am obliged to get back by going a whole night and day without sleep; then I am sure to sleep as soon as I lay down, though the sensation of being sleepy is what I am a stranger to, except in a stage-coach. At 12 this morning to see Hawkins, inventor of the cement, with which tried in vain to mend a broken *dent*.<sup>1</sup> He was out. Then to J. Bentham's. No better; did not see him. Then by Westminster and Blackfriars' bridges to friend Allen's, Plough Court, Lombard street. The last experiment on the acid had not succeeded. Allen was at dinner. Left some directions with James, and then to Graves's. He had procured me a list of vessels about to sail to your region; among them one to Providence, Rhode Island, and another to Portland, Maine. Wrote a note to D. M. R. to inquire all the particulars of these two. He came in, promised to get the information, and to call on me with it this evening, but he has not called. I will go in either of these vessels if things suit and a *passage on credit*. To Godwin's, to communicate something which I had undertaken to discover for him. Asked me to dine,

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<sup>1</sup> Tooth.

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which refused, but took a bowl of soup. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4. Expected J. H., but came not. Roasted by my fire some potatoes, on which dined. Have drank nothing but toast and water since my swelled jaws. Nothing new about finance. Paid this morning my weekly bill, and 2 shillings to Eliz., and have now left 3 shillings and 3 halfpence. Pray look at your map to see what distance I walk every day.

27. *Vigil*<sup>1</sup> till 4. Rose at 7. To Hawkins's at 11; out. To J. Bentham's. Nothing but a card from Lovett. To Dessauls's to get the repeater; not done. Over again to Hawkins's for the other repeater; got it, but he cannot mend it. To Graves's. Waited an hour for him to come in. He came and informed me of a fine ship to sail on Monday for New Orleans, and a moral certainty that I can have a passage in her. Hastened home to make my preparations, and sat down to finish the "Nairs," which took till past 6; but, in the meantime, dined on my potatoes; added meat and a pint of ale. Then off to Humbert's, J. H.'s *beau frere*<sup>2</sup>, to get the ring-watch, which will be sold immediately; not done. Then to Graves's again, to instruct him to write to Liverpool about the ship. Home at 9. Headache, and sick at stomach with that cursed ale. After vomiting freely, was better. In the midst of this operation, overset my tea-kettle and put out my fire, every spark. The family being all abed, was obliged to make it anew. Did you ever make a coal fire? No. Past 2, and must

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<sup>1</sup> Latin. Awake.

<sup>2</sup> For *beau-frère*. Brother-in-law.

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be early up. Have been writing a long letter to E. Livingston lest I should not get a passage.

28. The headache returned, and had a restless night. Lay till 10. It was too late for the errands I had intended. Tea for breakfast. Wrote anew my letter to E. Livingston, and enclosed it in a note to Graves, which our pretty Maria took for me. Was engaged to dine to-day at Godwin's, and to walk with the four *dames*. After dinner to the Hopwood's. All which was done. The little Patty Hopwood, about 12 or 13, plays on the piano in a style that would do credit to a master of any age; of Hannah's talent for *dessein*<sup>1</sup> you have already heard; two other daughters are engravers and painters. The eldest son an engraver of the first rate; a little boy musician. Fortunately, the eldest daughter is a good, steady manager. The father was in his youth a footman; he acquired, without a master, drawing, engraving and music; has contrived to give good educations to all his children (ten, I think); the family seem good-tempered, united, cheerful, and happy. Hannah is handsome, Patty beautiful. Home at 10. You see, my dear Theodosia, that nothing has been done or attempted to-day to further my departure. My 3 shillings and penny halfpenny are reduced to 18 pence; but I cannot suffer before Wednesday (pay-day), for my little Eliz., who is about 13, sees what I want, buys it without consulting me, and renders the account at the end of the week. But this won't get me off. Will do better to-morrow. No more ale.

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<sup>1</sup> For *dessin*. Drawing.

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29. After writing to you last evening I found on my table a note from D. M. R. The most desponding you can imagine. I was really apprehensive that he would blow out his own brains before I could see him to forbid him. Was just setting out on this pious errand at 10, when in came Castella and sat an hour. I was very glad to see him. We walked together to Covent Garden, where lives D. M. R. I found him better dressed than usual, and apparently in good spirits. After writing the note to me yesterday, he had met a gentleman of fortune who listened to his disclosure of his new principles of wheel carriages, and who, says D. M. R., "was delighted" with them, and is to call on me to learn more of it in a few days. I was greatly relieved to find his nerves in so good order, and went on to Dessauls's, who had fitted the *dent*. I went on with it to Bonnell, the enameller. He is to make an essay on Monday. Then called on Contresse to get him to alter his work a little. He was very surly, and said he was too busy, and should be too busy to-morrow. Then to J. Bentham's. There was nothing for me. Did not see him, but met there his beautiful little nephew, 11 years old, son of Sir Samuel; did not sit down, but back to Graves's; all out. To Joyce's, watchmaker, Lombard street, with whom left your picture-watch<sup>1</sup> to be regulated and to get a key; half a guinea! Having only 18 pence I begged him to charge it till the other watch was done (a silver repeater, intended for Harry, but

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<sup>1</sup> Referring doubtless to the one in which he had had her portrait enameled.

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will probably be the only one I shall have for myself). Hastened home lest I should not be in time to receive J. H., who engaged to call at 4 to take coffee with me, &c. Got home at 4, and J. H. came in a few minutes. We had our coffee, which was my dinner, and J. staid till 6. At 7 came in, also by appointment, ———, and staid till 9. I walked with her to her door, and came quickly home, and am now going to occupy myself in filing and assorting papers. Have left in cash 2 halfpence, which is much better than *one* penny, because they jingle, and thus one may refresh one's self with the music<sup>1</sup>. Called to-day for the ring-watch; not done. Am to have it on Monday, and shall employ Mr. G. to sell it. After weighing the subject very gravely, I think you would prefer that this beautiful trinket, rather than Bayle and Moreri, should be sold.

London, March 1, 1812. *Sor.* at ½ p. 10 to Elms's, dentist, Leicester Square. He acknowledged with admiration the superiority of Fonzi's work; he will take my proposals into consideration, and give a written answer on Wednesday. To Dessaulles's. He undertook cheerfully the little, troublesome, capricious changes which I desire to make. To Humbert's, where expected to meet J. H., but not there. Then away to George street, Portland Place, to see J. Lawrence, author of the "Kingdom of the Nairs"; but the address was falsely given, for there is no such number as 44. On my return, passing the door of

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<sup>1</sup> Burr had a good many faults, but he often exhibited an optimism which is very charming.



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Madame Thorpe, I called, and was quite surprised that she should seem so very glad to see me, for my last visit was so *triste*<sup>1</sup> that I did not think of repeating it; for no one shall ever say that I was *de trop*<sup>2</sup> or *ennuied*<sup>3</sup> them with my visits. She said she had sent repeatedly to inquire for me, and to invite me, but could not find my address; that she desired to introduce me to Mr. ———<sup>4</sup>, late governor of Sierra Leone, who desired greatly to see me. Home. Smoked and read the papers an hour, and then to Godwin's, where Madame had engaged me to dine. Seeing there was time before dinner, went to Graves's, where found a card from Achaud, and a message that he would be very glad to see me, which I don't believe, for he *would not* have been a fortnight returning my visit, and *would* have answered my note or sent an invitation. But do not regret the loss of his acquaintance, for *Madame et les petits enfans*<sup>5</sup> were the only persons of the family who amused me. Returned to Godwin's and dined *en famille*. After dinner, walked with Fanny and Jane to see the bust of Milton, and the spot where he was interred in ——— church<sup>6</sup>. There is no monument, and the bust is placed several yards from his place of interment. Returned with the girls, and then came home without tea, preferring it at home my own fashion, and wishing to go through with the assorting of papers began last evening.

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1 Sad.

2 Superfluous.

3 Bored them.

4 Further on Burr gives the name as Mr. Browne and again as John Edward Browne, and then denies that he was the late governor of Sierra Leone.

5 Madame and the little children. (*Enfants*.)

6 The Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.



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Have been working till now,  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 2; but as I have been drinking freely of high-burned coffee, fear a *vigil*<sup>1</sup> night, and, therefore, you owe me no great thanks this time. M. J. G. thinks she can dispose of the ring-watch for me. Shall put it into her hands to-morrow, if I can get it. But the wind has most maliciously come East, which is fair for vessels to go out, and I am greatly distressed lest the ship for New Orleans, in which I had hoped to have sailed, should have gone, for this was her day of sailing from Liverpool. Yet it would be the first example since Noah of a vessel sailing on the appointed day. I will continue my preparations, *i. e.*, try to get money. Have not had a penny (yes, my two half-pennies) since yesterday morning, and no hope of one to-morrow.

2. Slept none till past 4. Rose at 7 and found I had slept enough. *Sor.* at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9. To Gonin, the enameller. You have had his name in various ways, but this is right, for I copied it from a medal. Not yet at his shop. He is a lazy dog, though good-natured and ingenious. Went then to his house. The girl said he was gone out. Told her I knew better, and that if he would not come down to me, I would go up to him. This brought a message from him that he was a little indisposed and not yet up, but would be at his shop at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 11. To Dessauls's. He has not yet done the affair, but would certainly do it this day. Then across the park to Reeves's, to demand passport in the name of *Adolphus Arnot*. He begged me

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<sup>1</sup> Wakeful.

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to make application in writing, which did at his table, and he promised to send the passport. Then back to Gonin's. Found him, and we repaired the broken *dent* in about half an hour, and beautifully. *Certes*<sup>1</sup>, I have walked more than one hundred miles in vain endeavors to have this done. Home for an hour. No, called first at Humbert's where met J. H., but the ring-watch not done. On my way home tried to pawn the picture-watch, but the rascal would only give £4. So went on *sans sous*, for I had given my two halfpence to Gonin's little girl. Forgot to say that at Reeves's got a letter from V. D. L.<sup>2</sup>, dated *Paris*, January 30th, and I thought the fellow long since in the United States. He heard that the ship *Vigilant* was lost, and that we were all drowned, and writes to inquire *of me whether it be true*. On my arrival home, near 1, found a note from J. Bentham, enclosing a letter for me from Robert Morris<sup>3</sup>, requesting an interview, and permission to ask my advice about some matters depending on the laws of the United States. I could not refuse to see the face of my old friend, whatever might be his situation. So wrote a note appointing 12 to-morrow at Q. S. P.<sup>4</sup> To Graves's, where met his father, as agreed, that we might go together to Lancaster's school. D. M. R. came in and went with us. It is about 1½ miles over the

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<sup>1</sup> Certainly.

<sup>2</sup> Vanderlyn, the painter, whom Burr saw so often in Paris.

<sup>3</sup> This, of course, was not Robert Morris, the signer of the Declaration of Independence and the famous financier of the American Revolution, for he died in 1806; but possibly it was the Robert Morris who was the first chief justice of New Jersey under the constitution of 1776. He served two years, and in 1789 was appointed judge of the United States District Court of New Jersey. He was born in New Brunswick, N. J., in 1745, and died there in 1815.

<sup>4</sup> Queen's Square Place.

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river. Staid an hour, and was very greatly interested and pleased. A lad of 15 years of age who four years ago did not know his letters, instructs 1,000 (a thousand) boys in reading, writing and arithmetic. And those boys learn more in a month than, in the ordinary mode, is learned in a year. And yet they appear to be constantly running about, and are all cheerful, as if at play. No rods, or whips, or ferules. No boy is to be struck. But I have bought for you some, and shall buy all, of the books explanatory of this new mode of instruction. The expense is about 5 shillings and 6 pence per annum for each boy, including all contingencies of fuel, books, stationery, slates, &c., &c. In another room are 300 girls, taught by one of about 14 years old, in the same mode. But this was prettier. Am to go again this week. Was sorry not to have had one halfpenny. Got home at 5; had eaten some dumplings or pudding at Graves's at 2. Now took my coffee, and at 6 went off to Charing Cross to leave my note for R. Morris. Have been the whole evening assorting and filing papers. Now strikes 1.

3. Slept very sound, and rose at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8, after being twice called by Eliza. At 11 to J. Bentham's, where, you know, I was to meet R. Morris. J. B. came down to secure me for dinner to-morrow and to have explanations about my default last Wednesday. The truth is, that I read his note *sans lunettes*<sup>1</sup>, and either did not read or not comprehend that part which

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<sup>1</sup> Without glasses.

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invited me to dine. R. Morris came punctually. He told me the most extraordinary story about Miss E. A. C., who, at 18, married on the Continent an Irishman named M., then about 50, and who happened to have then, and now living, another wife in England. E. A. was very beautiful, and the parties became extremely attached to each other. M. became suspected by the French government, and was taken up and put in prison. She favored his escape, and he got off; on which she was put in prison, and kept a whole year on black bread and water, and, in prison and among felons, was brought to bed. Soon after this, and about six months ago, she was released and came to England. M. had gone to sea and was drowned; but he had taken good care of his A. By the most extraordinary villainies, he bought and loaded a ship to the value of 90,000 guineas, which he sent off to Philadelphia, and had there vested in her name. He got the ship insured there for her full value, *not* in his own name, and procured such full testimony of *her total loss* that the underwriters paid the amount of the policy without suit, and soon after it was discovered that she arrived safe in Philadelphia. But *then* the ship and cargo appeared never to have belonged to M., but a person of a different name, by whom the assignment was made to E. A., and all without her knowledge. She is now just 21. Am to meet her to-morrow, and then shall know more. From R. M.'s story, her sufferings and her fortitude are the most surprising. He was two hours in relating it.

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One of the parties to the fraud, a very elegant young man, has lately been convicted and hanged here. But that fraud was the expedition in which M. was lost at sea, and by which he had intended to make another 90,000 guineas. Now, what they want of me is to show them how E. A. may get and keep the 90,000 guineas, about \$400,000, which are deposited in Philadelphia. R. M. paid me nothing, and I suppose E. A. is not in condition to pay, for she and her mother support themselves by making straw hats. From J. Bentham's to Dessaulés's. He had done one piece very neatly indeed. Very lucky he had not done them both, as I had not a sous to pay him. On to Gonin's. He had perfectly succeeded in the piece on which we worked yesterday, and I left him the other, and proposed to pay him when that should be done. Tried, on my way home, at several places, to pawn your picture-watch, which ought to be worth 50 guineas; but they would not give more than £3, which refused. As I approached my home, ruminated how to get dinner and supper (coffee), for I had neither bread, butter, cheese, nor sugar. Fortunately, M. of herself discovered all these wants, and also candles, and bought them all. D. M. R. came in at 5, and partook of my potatoes, to which was added the mutton I bought some days ago (for I eat no meat), and a pint of ale. My drink is still toast and water. Before he came in, however, I had completed the draught of a power of attorney for E. A., to be sent off by this packet. I wished to have written you by the same

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opportunity, but the 4 shillings and 6 pence requisite for postage is a fatal objection. D. M. R. having four three shilling-pieces, lent me two of them ; but one proved a counterfeit. He was in good spirits, having met one of his country acquaintance some time ago who "was delighted with his principles on wheel carriages." This is certainly very nearly allied to insanity. On coming in this P. M., received a note from Madame Thorpe, dated yesterday, inviting me to come and pass the evening with that same late governor of Sierra Leone, Mr. Browne, who had before expressed so much desire to meet me. I regretted that the note had not come sooner to hand ; but this is a misfortune which must happen in this circuitous mode of communication, for my address to her, and to all at the West End, is at Q. S. P., and J. Bentham transmits notes and cards to *Mr. Arnot*. Walked off in the rain to Madame Thorpe, Foley Place, about 2 1/2 miles. Took tea, and passed a very cheerful hour with the family. Have agreed to go with them on Friday to the exhibition of an orrery and an astronomical lecture to be given at the Haymarket. Am to dine with her on that day. Got home at 10. Being very dark, and the streets very badly lighted, got lost, and wandered a good deal both going and coming. To-morrow is pay-day. You must stir yourself, Monsieur Gamp, or you go out doors.

4. Castella came in at 10, and talked an hour on old subjects. Having nothing to do, he agreed to walk with me to continue the conversation. Went



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first to Graves's; out. Wrote him a note to keep in his hands till I should call to-morrow, the letter which Elms will address to him for me about the *dents*. Am in hopes to make something of that affair, for the man seems "delighted" with Fonzi's "principles." This, however, cannot be in season for the present exigencies. Passed by Joyce's, but would not call for the silver repeater, having nothing to pay his bill. Then to J. Bentham's. Castella left me at Covent Garden. R. Morris came in at 3 with *la belle* E. A. C.<sup>1</sup> I was wrong in stating that she had been six months out of prison; it is but a few days, and she has been but six days in England. She is tall, well made; fine, large, long blue eyes; a mouth that does not please me; blond; well made; but the marks of sufferings are visible. She is a mere skeleton, pale, and a cadaverous *jaunâtre*<sup>2</sup>. When in health, and with a reasonable *embonpoint*<sup>3</sup>, she must be imposing and attractive. As R. Morris talked all the while, and for the most part incoherently, had little opportunity of judging of her understanding or acquirements. But her letters, which, among other papers, I had occasion to peruse, are well written. They staid an hour, and I promised to give her written instructions. She did not offer, nor did I ask for money; if she had offered, I should, in the present dilemma, have accepted. It would have been the first time that I ever took from distressed innocence; and such I believe to be her case. She will go instantly to America if I advise it, which I

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<sup>1</sup> The handsome E. A. C.

<sup>2</sup> For *jaunâtre*. Yellowish.

<sup>3</sup> Plumpness.



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believe I shall ; and she appeared extremely grateful for the interest I took in her concerns. Poor Jeremy Bentham is overwhelmed with trouble. The ministry are about to take away, in a manner the most horribly unjust, the whole of his little income, a bare competence, and he is seriously apprehensive that he shall be obliged to abandon the paternal mansion in which he has lived sixty years. To me, however, it appears that they will never dare to commit this outrage on justice, and law, and reason. The story is too long and too intricate now to be written, but you shall have *ore tenus*<sup>1</sup>. Came off at 9, deliberating whether to go home at the hazard of finding my weekly bill on my table, or to lodge abroad, and try the events of another day. Had still D. M. R.'s 3-shilling piece unbroken ; but my bill for this week will be at least 25 shillings. To the ordinary expenses is to be added a pair of boots mended, 6 shillings. Passing near the Godwin's, went in and sat  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, and then ventured home. Complained of a headache, which is true, owing to two glasses of wine drank at J. Bentham's. Did not find my bill on the table, nor a word said about it. Now, to-morrow must either be sick, and lay abed all day, or go out before breakfast. Which do you advise? "Why, go out early, to be sure. If you lay on your back waiting for miracles, it may be some time before they come to your relief." You are

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<sup>1</sup> Burr had read Vergil's "*Æneid*" and vaguely remembered the events at Dido's banquet, described in the first book. In line 737 occur the words *tenus ore*, as far as the lips. Dido poured out a libation on the table, and what was left, she touched lightly to her lips. Burr means that the story is too long to tell now, but Theodosia shall have it later directly from his lips.

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right *ma Min.*<sup>1</sup> I will be out stirring ; if nothing else should succeed, will pawn the picture-watch for 3 pounds. Have not yet got the ring-watch. I am pretty sure that *ma hotesse*<sup>2</sup> has no suspicion of the state of the treasury ; for, on coming in, I find a stock of coal and wood bought this day. Past 1 ; must prepare for *couche*. A vile, chilly, drizzling day. Yesterday ditto. Mem. : Holcroft, the poet, bred a shomaker ; Perry, proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle," and having now an income of £10,000 per annum ; his history, and that of his wife, will amuse, if not interest. Yet, as I am not sleepy, and fear I shall not sleep—like a blockhead and gourmand, drank high-burned strong coffee at J. Bentham's—I will tell you that at J. B.'s found a letter from John Edw. Browne (doubtless the late Governor spoken of by Mrs. Thorpe), avowing the utmost respect and desire to serve me, and full of flattering expressions. It was written yesterday, at the moment he was leaving London for Gosport, where he was to embark for Sierra Leone, where he knew I had friends to whom I wished to write confidentially. He gives me his address at Gosport. I think Madame Thorpe must have told him an incident which took place on our passage from the United States ; one exactly calculated to captivate the heart of an Irishman. That story is not written, but shall be for your amusement and Gampillo's instruction. Now ought I to be writing all day to-morrow to my intrepid friend Captain J. ;

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<sup>1</sup> For *ma Minerve*. My Minerva. (This was one of Burr's pet names for his daughter.)

<sup>2</sup> For *ma hôte*. My hostess.

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instead of which, must be coursing for 25 shillings. But I *will* write at every resting-place. We may as well now say a word more of Perry (Perrie was the name originally). Born in the north of Scotland, and having received a good classical education, at the age of 20 he *walked* to London to seek his fortune. He had left on his arrival 2 shillings and 6 pence. For some time he nearly starved. At length he got employment and small wages with the editor of the "Morning Chronicle," and subsequently he became principal editor; then a partner, and, finally, sole proprietor. At the age of 40 he was wealthy. Happening to make a journey in the country, he saw in a milliner's shop a girl with whose beauty and manner he was greatly smitten. He begged leave to repeat his visit; and, at the second interview, he told her he would marry her, but added, "I am a man of fortune, and wish to live hospitably, and to make my friends happy at my house. I am not accustomed to society, and must have a wife who can do the honors of my house with grace, and dignity, and fashion. Now you have seen nothing of the world, you know even less of these matters than I do; but you have talents, and would presently become a lady if you were under proper advantages. Then, if you will go to Paris, and spend two years there to perfect yourself, I will furnish the means and marry you on your return." The lady, who was 17, was not long balancing on so hard a condition. She went to Paris, passed the two years under every advantage which money could pro-

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cure, returned an accomplished lady, and all that Perry could wish. They married; have six lovely children. She has been the pride of his heart, the ornament of his house, and the admiration of his friends. I know an Irishman who did something of the same kind, but I doubt whether there be anything similar in the history of any Englishman. I have been smoking and drinking toast water, and, at intervals, writing these scraps, till the watchman has proclaimed  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 2. Now you may ask, why have I not all this while been writing to Captain J.? So I have, Madame; that letter is going on, and will be all ready before I rise in the morning. Once formed, it never goes out of my head, and the mechanical part can be performed anywhere and at any time. *Salut*<sup>1</sup>.

5. A day of fruitless labor. *Vigil* till 4. To Joyce's and instead of getting the silver repeater, like a booby left the picture-watch, and so deprived of both. To Graves's; told me the ship for New Orleans was detained for some days, and would then go by Havana. Very interesting to Gamp! To J. Hug.'s. She had not the ring-watch, and don't know where it is! Sent her out to hunt. To Madame Thorpe's to inquire about Mr. Browne; but she was out. Back to J. Hug.'s. Not come in. To Gonin's. He will repair the other to-morrow. Not a hope of getting a shilling, and had the folly this morning to ask for my account, which they would not otherwise thought of presenting. Round by Godwin's, where

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<sup>1</sup> *Salut*, which means safety, health, is a word of greeting or benediction.

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dined. Then to Graves's again, with Gampillo's coins and medals, to sell for him for old silver ; out. Ventured to come home. My account was presented, 24 shillings and 1 penny. Took no notice of it. D. M. R. came in and took tea with me, and gave me the name of a medal and coin monger, where shall go to-morrow. Mr. Godwin, with Mary and Jane, came in and sat an hour. Mr. G. will undertake to sell Bayle and Moreri, and Madame Godwin the ring-watch. But the books are at the custom-house, and the other, should be glad to know. Have been all the evening sorting and marking the coins and medals for sale. Poor little Gampy, how sorry I am. Now 2 o'clock, fire out, tired, cold, and must yet work  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour at the coins and medals.

6. To Graves's and pledged a part of Gampillo's coins and medals for 5 pounds, which sum I actually received ; so it is to the boy at least that I am indebted for this temporary relief. The little rascal, I did not think he was so rich. These were pledged at or near the value of the silver only, and it is not half his store, so that the real value of the metal of his little treasure must be more than \$50. Observe, they are not sold, but only pledged. Then to J. B.'s, where found a great packet of papers from R. Morris about E. A. C.'s affairs. Got some things out of my trunk there for sale, viz., half a piece of cambric, which I had sealed up for you, and resolved to keep through thick and thin ; but everything visible must go, or I shall lose the opportunity of this ship ; and, as every day's

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delay diminishes my means, the longer I stay the less likely am I to ever get out. To Dessaulès's, who had done both the pieces which I left with him, for which and the former work, paid him 20 shillings, which I thought very moderate. Then to Humbert's to get the ring-watch. Met J. H., who gave me the thing, but nothing done to it and the glass broken, which will be difficult to repair even here. I was exceedingly vexed that the fellow should have kept the thing *five weeks*, given me so much trouble, made so many promises, and finally returned your beautiful little jewel in ruins, and without apology. I said he must be a great rascal to serve me so. Hum. was in the adjoining room and listening. He burst into the room where we were in a rage, said it was his friend, a man of honor; and *accabléd*<sup>1</sup> me with a volley of the grossest and most vulgar abuse. I smiled and made no reply; but without altering my tone or manner, addressed something to J.; but poor J. burst into tears, and could neither speak nor hear. This rage of Hum. has, I fear, some other source than what happened on this particular occasion, and I greatly fear that it will be vented on J.; and I can't tell you how unhappy this reflection has made me. Called at Gonin's; out, though he had appointed that hour. Walked on homeward, but took Godwin's in on my way, as well to hear from J. as to see about the sale of Bayle and Moreri. He thinks he can get 20 guineas for them. Home at 2. After smoking an hour and

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<sup>1</sup> Hybrid verb from French verb *accabler*, to overwhelm.



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dressing, to Madame Thorpe's to dine. Mr. C. B. Wyatt, a sensible, sprightly young man, son or nephew of the celebrated architect, and the family, were the party. I was engrossed by the concern of poor J., and, of course, bad company. Staid till 9, and got home at 10. Found a good fire. My little *ménagère*<sup>1</sup> is punctual as the sun. Have *not* paid my bill, to avoid giving the affair an air of consequence. I ought to finish my letter to Captain J. to-night; but the position of poor J. occupies me, and unfits me for everything. Not being able to speak a sentence of English, having no friend or acquaintance but this brutal *beau frere*<sup>2</sup>, she will be robbed of all the avails of her industry, for she is confiding and unsuspecting as an infant, and will otherwise be made as unhappy as authority and malevolence can make her. On such occasions I feel the sorrows of poverty. I was totally mistaken about that John Edward Browne. He is not the late Governor of Sierra Leone, nor an Irishman, but an adventurer of about 25, *Anglois*<sup>3</sup>, educated in the navy, and of equivocal character. Am going to bed at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 12.

7. At 12 to Graves's, with more medals and coins; a packet full as large as the former, and I have still left to the amount of half that packet. I can't tell you how much I am surprised at this quantity. But Graves had no more money to advance. Got 1 guinea, which will do for Dessauls to-morrow. D.

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<sup>1</sup> For *ménagère*. Housekeeper.

<sup>2</sup> For *beau-frère*.

<sup>3</sup> For *Anglais*. Englishman.



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M. R. came in, and we walked a few minutes. Gave him 6 shillings. Called and left your little ring-watch with Joyce. He says the pieces of glass have got inside, and there must be a thorough cleaning; so that this will probably be a guinea job. Home, and took my rice and milk, and then went to Godwin's, where took tea with the children in their room. At 9 to Graves's, where staid till 11. Supped on bread, cheese, and a glass of porter. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 11. This is the first time of being out so late. At Graves's got a letter from Sheffield, mate of the Vigilant, who says that, on examining the Vigilant, she is found so rotten that he thinks she will be condemned. So that I have not lost much by being refused a passage. Bad, very bad, news from Liverpool. The ship on which I had set my heart has changed her destination, and will neither go to Havana nor to New Orleans. This a grievous disappointment to me, for I had become fascinated with that voyage by Havana to New Orleans. Am now pretty much resolved to get to Liverpool as soon as I shall have the means, and there wait events. There are five chances from Liverpool to one from London. Ought to finish Captain J.'s letter, but am fit for naught this evening but financing and projecting. Already  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 1, and shall sit up an hour reading a parcel of newspapers which have brought from Godwin's. Have also made to-day two trips over to Gonin's. At the second, met him in the street. He had my repeater in his pocket, finished, and perfectly well. He would

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put no price, which is a mode of asking tenfold ; which, however, was this time a bad calculation. Gave him 23 shillings, which was very well for two hours' work. He was not *très content*', but civil. Wished much to give him £5 ; but I have reserved barely enough to pay *ma hotesse*<sup>2</sup> next Wednesday ; when, for aught that now appears, we shall be again on the *sans sous* establishment. I hope to-morrow to finish with Dessaulles this perpetual vexation. I think I must have walked, within the last thirty months, more than one thousand leagues on that matter. I am horribly afraid of that Joyce. He has a little the ways of a sharper under his Quaker garb.

8. Fanny, whom of all the family I trust to make me tea, gave it rather too strong last night, and I was *vigil* till past 4. At 12 to Elms's, the dentist, to learn who was this Fisher who had twice called on me. Find he is a young man in the employ and under the patronage of Elms. Went, and had a confabulation of an hour with him. He seems disposed to treat and to give something, but fear it will be too little. Will call to-morrow, when I am to state terms and give further elucidations. To Dessaulles's ; to my great regret, he was out. This comes of sleeping late, for I had agreed to be there at 11. On to J. B.'s, where met D. M. R. waiting for me. He had a note from Brunel, requesting him and me to come out to his house on Wednesday morning about the shoe affair, to which I agreed. R. Morris then came to

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<sup>1</sup> Well satisfied.

<sup>2</sup> For *ma hôte*.

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confer about the affairs of E. A. C. We talked an hour, and I agreed to meet him at E. A. C.'s this evening at 8 o'clock. Home. Rice and milk for dinner. Read newspapers, and smoked till 7. Called at Godwin's to leave the gazette, and to give William a *gooden groschen* which I had promised. On over to Blackfriars' Bridge and past the Obelisk to Prospect Place. Madame C., *la mère de E. A.*<sup>1</sup>; and elder sister of E. A., pretty and *gentille*<sup>2</sup>; two daughters of M., one of them grown; *un petit garçon de E. A.*<sup>3</sup> of 2 years old. Took tea and staid till 9; then home. Found at J. B.'s another card from Lovett, and a ticket of admission to the gallery of the Parliament House from a member, by his procurement. Have not finished my letter to Captain J. Think of setting about it now; ½ p. 10.

9. Finished last night my letter to Captain J. and took it this morning to the Godwins to get one of the M'lles to copy. Madame charged herself with the copying and the transmission to Madame F., who is to forward it in her own name. Then to Koe's office to try to get him to go with me to try to get some copies of the "Elements of Packing," a book thought too severely true on the courts and judges to admit of selling it here. K. thought best to go first himself. Then to Graves's. The ship Beaver, that in which I hoped to go to Havana and New Orleans, had changed her destination, and will go only to Oporto. This is particularly unfortunate, as the

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<sup>1</sup> E. A.'s mother.

<sup>2</sup> The French word *gentille* has much the meaning of our word pretty.

<sup>3</sup> A little boy belonging to E. A.

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owner at Liverpool is disposed to be civil to me. Called on Joyce. His language portends a most ruinous bill; but there is no getting the articles out of his hands, for he has had the wit to pull them all to pieces. Being hungry, came home at 3, and ate *p. d. t.* Then away for my rendezvous with Fisher, the dentist. He had desired me to come prepared to make a final proposition. I was prepared, and had little doubt of getting more than 100 guineas. But some trifling objection had occurred, and he was quite off. So fails that hope. Intended to have gone to Dessauls's, and to have given him a guinea for some small changes which I wished to his work; but seeing a prospect of hard times, thought better to keep my guinea, and came directly home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 5. Have been reading trifling things; ruminating on the state of the nation; eating supper, *i. e.*, tea, &c., and have had half an hour's enjoyment by overturning my table, on which is my writing-case, which is stuffed full of *choses*<sup>1</sup>; by the fall it burst open and displayed some hundreds of articles. Attempting to save the case, I overset myself and the table, with candle, pitcher, &c., &c. The noise alarmed the family who live in the cellar-kitchen, two stairs below me, and the three females came up in fright, but all was darkness, for my candle was out. There is, however, no injury that will cost money, except 6 pence for the pitcher. *Mais voilà*<sup>2</sup>, in gathering up the ruins I find a sixpence!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Things.

<sup>2</sup> But behold!

<sup>3</sup> Another example of Burr's habit of looking on the bright side.

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10. Castella came in at 10 and sat an hour talking while I made my toilet, &c., &c. Walked together to Bentham's, where I only inquired for letters; none. Then we continued by Spring Gardens, through Pall Mall, to look at Carleton House, which was built for the Prince', I believe, thirty or forty years ago. He now occupies it. A row of pillars in front, about forty or sixty feet from the building, has a good effect, but wants ornament on the top. The portico of the house is handsome. The Prince now inhabits it. Close by, on the left, lives his daughter, *la Princesse*. Farther on, to the right, opposite James's street, is St. James's Palace<sup>2</sup>, looking like an old tavern. Near this, and left of it, not on the street, but on the park, is a house built by the nation for the great Marlborough, whose descendants disgrace the name and title. Then through Manchester Square and Portman Square to George's street, Portland Square, No. 44, where called on James Lawrence, author of "The Kingdom of the Nairs." Introduced myself as one who had read his book with pleasure, and wished to know the author. He inquired if I were related to the famous General Burr. He had been at Weimar, and we knew there the same people. The d'Imhoffs, Bertuchs, d'Egglesteins, Reizensteins, the ducal family, M'lle Gore, &c., &c. I staid an

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<sup>1</sup> The Prince of Wales, afterward George IV. In 1811 he had been appointed regent in place of his father, George III., who had become hopelessly insane.

<sup>2</sup> St. James's Palace has a long history. From the days of Henry VIII. it has been the residence of many of England's sovereigns and princes, including Henry VIII., Edward VI., Elizabeth, Mary, Charles I., William of Orange, Anne, the Georges, William IV., Victoria, and Edward VII. This fact will explain why, since 1697, ambassadors have been accredited to the Court of St. James's.

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hour, and he seemed pleased with the visit. He appears about 42, fair hair and eyes, a flat face, of sprightly, easy manners. Nothing striking in his physiognomy. We shall doubtless meet again. Then to Madame Thorpe's, where met Mr. Wyatt, brother of the two architects, and son of the architect. We met by appointment, that he might show me the *model* made by his brother (I will learn the name) for Drury Lane theatre. The general appearance is magnificent beyond everything I have ever seen of a theatre, and the distribution and conveniences are elegant and surprising. The model, which is on a scale of two feet to an inch, is a perfect representation, in miniature, of a theatre, and so contrived that you see into every apartment. Nothing is omitted. Every column is fluted, and the capital curved as intended *en grande*<sup>1</sup>. Every window actually glazed; every step perfect; the doors panelled, and opening and shutting on their hinges. The seats cushioned. Little lamps and lustres wherever lamps and lustres were to be; and, that I might have a perfect idea of the appearance it would have within, all these lamps were actually lighted and burned. He told me that this model cost £2,500 sterling, about \$11,000. The building is 300 feet long, the width not recollected. I thanked Mr. W. very cordially. Home at ½ 3, and after reposing half an hour, to Godwin's to dine, where met by appointment Mr. Hume<sup>2</sup>, who has published a trans-

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<sup>1</sup> For *en grand*. In the natural size.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Joseph Hume (1777-1855), who published a blank-verse translation of Dante's "Inferno" in 1812.



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lation, much esteemed, of Tasso<sup>1</sup>. A very small spare man of about 50; a most benevolent and amiable countenance, and a very agreeable companion. After tea we played a rubber of 6-penny whist, and I won 1 and 6 pence. Home at 9. Walking in the street to-day, the Bishop of Norwich was pointed out to me. He is remarkable as being the only bishop who has spoken and voted in favor of the emancipation of the Irish Catholics. You see, my dear Theodosia, that nothing has been done or attempted to-day on finance. Mr. Godwin, however, has found a purchaser for Bayle and Moreri at 16 guineas. I was in hopes of 25; but, seeing that they cost me less than 3 guineas, I ought not to complain. J. Hug. called just after I had gone out, and wrote here a note. Begs to see me. Fear there is trouble. Mr. Graves called before I came in this evening. Hope he has something to communicate, but cannot see him before to-morrow evening, being engaged to go with D. M. R. to Chelsea to-morrow, and assist at a conference on the shoe matter.

11. Was up before 7, and at D. M. R.'s by 9. I had engaged to go with him to-day to Brunel's (Chelsea), as I believe I told you. He had not breakfasted. Gave him rendezvous at J. Bentham's, and went on to J. H.'s, whom saw a minute, and appointed to take coffee with me at 4. On to J. B.'s, where an hour alone. D. M. R. came. We walked to Chelsea, which, from my quarters, is about six miles. But

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<sup>1</sup> Torquato Tasso (1544-1595) was a very celebrated Italian poet. His most famous work is "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," "*Jerusalem Delivered*."



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look at your map. Was two hours at Brunel's talking over the shoe business. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 3. On the way saw an *affiche*<sup>1</sup> on a window: "a metallic composition which would melt in hot water, and, on cooling, be again as hard as silver, at 16 shillings per pound." Bought a piece for 18 pence, and have tried it. All very true. It is with a composition of this kind that the police of France take the impression from the seal of a letter, and, after perusing the letter, seal it again with the writer's own seal. Home at 3. Boiled rice for dinner. But, as J. H. has a very good appetite, bought half a pound of *viande*<sup>2</sup>, 8 pence. J. H. came at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 4. We took coffee, etc.; gave her my new metal to try if it would *travailler*<sup>3</sup>. She has suffered no sort of inconvenience from the fracas with *le frère*<sup>4</sup>, which relieves me greatly. Escorted her home, and then to Graves's. Perhaps I never told you—yes, now I remember, I did,—of the pledging my gold repeater and a medallion watch to Captain J. for 25 pounds, payable on demand. He called to-day on Graves for the money. Now, shall I sacrifice them for £25, or try to redeem them? They would readily fetch \$200 in the United States, which is about double this £25. Yet, if I should make out to redeem them, I may be obliged to sell them at still greater loss to get off. Must decide in the morning. Graves told me also that I had got into the London papers; but in what way he did not say, nor did I

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<sup>1</sup> Placard.

<sup>2</sup> Meat.

<sup>3</sup> If it would work or could be worked.

<sup>4</sup> The brother.

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inquire. On that subject I never manifest the slightest curiosity. Home at 8, and have been a full hour, with the aid of my little attendant, hunting for my keys. At length I dismissed her, and after searching in every probable and improbable place, knowing that I had them when I came in (for I had taken a pencil out of my trunk, and laid it on my table), I resolved to dress myself again, being in my nightgown and slippers, come in as from abroad, and endeavor to go through the same motions; so put on my boots, my cravat, coat, and waistcoat, and then took up my hat to sally forth—out tumbled the keys! You see what important avocations occupy the time of Gamp.

12. Sat up till past 2, perusing a long statement of the affairs of E. A. C., and writing thereon. Wrote, also, notes to D. M. R. and Graves. Went this morning before 10 to Captain Johnson's. He consents to take the watches to the United States and to receive the money there at par of exchange, which is about 15 per cent. gain to him. Then to Graves's, to get him to inquire about a vessel going to Boston, in which I am disposed to take a passage, if everything should suit. To the custom-house to get Bayle and Moreri. The officer said that, if I took them out to use here, I must pay duty, which would amount to more than double the original cost. Went then to the office of Mr. Cooper, the solicitor, who on the former occasion was so civil to me. Unfortunately, he was out; so that must rest for another day. To Joyce's, the watchmaker. Be assured he means to

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swindle me horribly. Said the ring-watch cannot be done in ten days. Talks of the great trouble and difficulty, &c., &c. Home to receive D. M. R., who was to call at 3; but he came not. To Godwin's, where was engaged to dine, and to go with them to the Lyceum Theater. They had tickets gratis from the author. After dinner ran off to Graves's again, to hear his report about the Boston ship. The report is favorable, and he will sail next week. It remains to be known what is the temper and disposition of the Captain. To ascertain this, shall to Johnson in the morning. Graves had had an offer of 15 shillings per dozen for the seltzer water; this being less than the original cost, I refused. Back to Godwin's; took tea. H. Hopwood came in, and we six went to the play. The "Hypocrite,"<sup>1</sup> an imitation from Molière, and "Turner," a new farce. We were amused and laughed a good deal. Mrs. ———, the principal character in the play, from sudden indisposition, did not appear, and her part was read by another. She did as well as possible for reading. In the farce Miss Duncan did perfectly well. The two hypocrites, or rather, the hypocrite and the fanatic, were admirably well performed in the play. The carriage hire cost me 3 shillings. Home at  $\frac{1}{4}$  before 12. I have been thinking seriously of writing to Lord Balgray about the state of finance. Nothing short of the apprehension of never getting off could induce me to think of such a thing.

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<sup>1</sup> Molière's work here referred to is "*Le Tartufte*," a comedy of five acts in verse, brought out in 1667. It represents as dire a hypocrite as was ever written into a book.

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13. Rose before 7. Got breakfast, and was at Captain Johnson's before 9. He had not seen the consul, but he had got some particulars about the Newburyport ship. She will do if the master will do. Of that Captain J. will inquire. To Koe's office, Lincoln's Inn Fields. He had done nothing about the "Art of Packing." On to Graves's. He had naught to say, and he had done nothing with the seltzer water. Then on to see Mr. Cooper, at the custom-house, near the Tower, to get Bayle and Moreri. Mr. Cooper had so totally forgotten my person and business that it took some time to awaken his recollection. He says the intention of the order is, that my books may be exported as part of my baggage without paying entrance duty; but, if taken out of the custom-house for use or sale, the duties must be paid. The duties on Bayle and Moreri would amount to 7 guineas; so there is an end of that resource. (Before this, had called on D. M. R., and got him to address and transmit a notice of the seltzer water to 10 of the most eminent physicians.) Home from the custom-house at 1, and, after an hour, to Godwin's, to escort Fan. to Lancaster's school; as we were to lose our dinner by the excursion, she got me oysters, bread and butter, and porter, on which dined. All the oysters I have eaten in Europe have that vile copper taste which Europeans love and we abhor. Fan. and I took our walk. A boisterous, chilly day. Were received with great civility by Mrs. Picton, the principal, and Mr. Cross, the director, and by Miss

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———, the directress of the girls' school. Were shown all that could be shown in two hours. Off at 5. A squall of snow. Bought for you a book giving an account of the mode of instruction, 4 shillings. I am more and more charmed with it, they all seem so cheerful and happy. A negro boy, aged about 9, arrived from Africa five months ago, not knowing a word of the English language, and having never heard of Messieurs A. B. C. He now writes a fair, legible hand, and has made some progress in arithmetic. Saw Fan. home, and then came to my den and made me tea. Though I drank but half the pint of porter, it brought on sickness and headache; yet for four months after my arrival I never drank less than a pint a day; often a quart, and then thought it agreed wonderfully with me. At 7 to Captain Johnson's. He had seen Captain Porter, who is willing. Huzza! Captain J. says he is just my man, and will manage the embarkation in the way I wish. Captain J. offers me a letter of introduction to his brother in Boston, and says I shall lodge there, or, if I prefer, at his house in Kingstons, thirty miles from Boston, to which port Captain P. is bound. But he sails on Wednesday next. Will it be possible for me to find the means so soon? Am almost giddy with the hope of approaching you and Gampillo and feel as if I were already on the way, though no resource yet offers itself. Yes, I will go! Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8, and found here D. M. R., who had made himself a dish of coffee. Took one with him, and talked and read papers about his shoe affair till

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½ p. 10. Let my fire go out, and have been a full hour rekindling it. Now 2 o'clock. Wrote a note this evening to R. Morris about the affairs of E. A. C., giving him rendezvous to-morrow at 1 at Q. S. P.<sup>1</sup> Don't like much to write to him.

14. Rose at 7. To Captain Potter's, at the Minories<sup>2</sup>, about three miles, by 10. He was out, which, perhaps, was fortunate, for I hear that the house is full of Americans, by some of whom it is probable I should have been known. To Joyce's for the ring-watch; not done. That trinket must get me off, and yet I fear the ship will go before I get it. To Fox's, a dentist *très célébré*<sup>3</sup>. Saw his partner who did not seem greatly to value the inventions of Fonzi. He invited me to call again to see Mr. F., which I shall not do. To a shop in Wood street, where bought 10 shillings of platina. My last bill, having only 4 shillings left, and not having paid my week's account, due last Wednesday, I designedly omitted to call for it; having the money ready, I could safely make the experiment now, long before it would be demanded. To Graves's; out. Wrote him to see Potter for me, and bring him to his house to meet me. To Koe's office. Nothing done about the book on "Packing." To Dessaulles's; out, or reported to be out. Sorry for it. No other man can do so well my business. To D. M. R.'s; sent up a note which I wrote at Koe's, and he came down. Got of him 16

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<sup>1</sup> For Queen's Square Place.

<sup>2</sup> A London parish, on the left of the Thames, not far from the Tower. It is now a part of the Jewish quarter.

<sup>3</sup> Very celebrated.



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shillings. On to Q. S. P., and there waited till 3, but R. Morris came not. To Captain Johnson's; he gave me a kind letter to his brother in Boston, and another to his wife, who is at Kingston, near Plymouth, where the Captain says I may be at home as long as I please. The Captain went off to Liverpool this day. Home. Dinner *p. d. t.*<sup>1</sup> and some of the half pound of meat bought nearly a week ago. You see how little I am carnivorous. After dinner to Graves's. He had not seen Potter, but will call at his house early to-morrow morning. To Godwin's. He was out. Madame and *les enfants* up stairs in the bed room, where they received me, and I drank tea with his *enfants*. Staid till near 10, and then home with a parcel of newspapers, which I have been reading. Asked for my bill this evening, and have paid it, 15 shillings and 2 pence halfpenny, and 1 shilling and 6 pence to *ma petite ménagère*<sup>2</sup>. Terribly afraid of *vigil* to-night, for Jane made my tea, and, I fear, too strong. It is only Fan. that I can trust. Must be up early for affairs which you will see to-morrow. 1 o'clock. I never go to bed but with regret, and by violence to myself. Forgot to say that, after writing you last night at 2 (this morning), qu.<sup>3</sup>, when was that? resolved to write to Lord Balgray. Wrote my letter, and on coming in to-day copied and gave it to the postman; the bellman, he is called. But only gave him (Lord B.) a hint, historically; *vide*<sup>4</sup> the copy. These bellmen go through

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<sup>1</sup> For *pommes de terre*. Potatoes.

<sup>2</sup> My little housekeeper.

<sup>3</sup> For question or query.

<sup>4</sup> Latin. See.



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every part of the city two hours before the closing of the mail, to collect letters, which saves you the trouble of sending your letter. You pay the bellman 1 penny. Bespoke two pairs of pantaloons to-day!

15. Slept from 2 till near 9. Very ill done, Mr. Gamp. I waked, indeed, and was disposed to get up; but it was cold, and had no materials for making fire. Did not get to J. Bentham's till past 11. R. Morris had been and gone. There was no appointment between us; but I knew he would call, and wished to charge him with the sale of *la montre-bague, les rubans, et les medailles, et monnaies*<sup>1</sup>, when redeemed. D. M. R. put this in my head, and says he is more able than any man living to do it. I have no doubt of his willingness, seeing how much pains I have taken about his E. A. C. Wrote him note and left it at his lodgings, giving rendezvous for 11 to-morrow. Then to Graves's; out; but had left me note saying that he had appointed Captain Potter to call at 7 P. M. Home. Rice and milk for dinner. D. M. R. came in and sat an hour. Then came J. H. and took coffee. Off to Graves's, and at 7 came in Captain Potter, of the ship *Aurora*. He agrees to take me for 30 guineas, paid here, and to give me a stateroom. I accepted the proposal; am to pay the money on Wednesday, and embark at Deal, under the name of *Arnot*, about Sunday. Now, where this money is to come from is a thing yet to be discovered; but I shall go on with my preparations just

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<sup>1</sup> The ring-watch, the ribbons, the medals (*médailles*), and coins.

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as if there were no manner of doubt on that head. Captain Potter is a small, still, discreet-looking man, of about 36, who, I believe, will keep my secret, but who would not go three yards to do me good or harm. He appears sober, good-tempered, and intelligent, and is said to be an excellent mariner. Thence to Godwin's, where played an hour at whist, and lost 1 shilling and 6 pence, which I was unable to pay, having only 8 pence *au monde*<sup>1</sup>; but, as Madame recollected that she owed me 3 pence, she took credit on account. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9. Have been writing a great many notes and making memorandums of which I have to do. You see I am in earnest. Yes, I will go; I will see you and Gampillo, if I am hanged for it next day. Now will I make a cipher letter of two lines to you to announce the fact.

16. Up before 7 and without fire, though much the coldest day these two months. *Sor.* at 9 to Joyce's, the watchmaker; two brothers, twin knaves. Nothing done. They told me twenty lies about the great difficulty of getting a glass. The watch is taken to pieces, and I am wholly in their power; they mean to swindle me out of two or three guineas for doing nothing, and, what is worse, I shall not get possession of the thing in time to aid me off. To Graves's a few minutes, and then to J. Bentham's. R. Morris came punctually at 11, and, after talking an hour of the affairs of E. A. C., I talked of my own. He cheerfully undertook, but did not much encourage me. I

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<sup>1</sup> In the world.

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gave him *les rubans*<sup>1</sup>, and I am to meet him again at 1 to-morrow, when shall give him all my merchandise, and a poor little remnant of seven yards and a half, which I had folded up nicely, and sealed and addressed to you, resolving to rescue so much from the catastrophe. R. M. thought he could do something with the coins and medals. So went back to Graves's, only a league, and redeemed them, by pledging in their stead the silver repeater (Harry's). It was expressly bought for him, and intended as an acknowledgement of his fidelity and courage. But, on the way, called on Koe. He had done nothing about the "Art of Packing." D. M. R. met me at 3 at Graves's, and we took dinner at our beer-house, for which he paid, I not having a penny. After dinner went again to Joyce's. They told me the same lies over again about breaking six glasses, &c., &c., but will fix no time when I can have it. It was with difficulty I forbore to call them rascals to their faces; but then they would undoubtedly spoil it with malice. Gave D. M. R. the medals and the remnant of cambric to give immediately to R. Morris, as they live in the same neighborhood. Home, cursing the Joyces all the way. I was this morning, too, at Godwin's to return gazettes; and I have been two hours trying to make all my possible resources amount to the sum barely necessary to get me off. Can't make it out, even on paper, without your ring-watch, and that I shall not get in season, if at all. Did not write to you last night as was proposed. Happened to get engaged in

<sup>1</sup> The ribbons.

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arranging this history of Robinson Crusoe, and I am really ashamed to send you such a mass of dull repetition and inanity. When I go to bed and get up, and where I go and do nothing, and come home and do nothing. The only thing to be expected from it is that it will bring to recollection many little incidents which may amuse; but let me go and contrive to get money. *Bon soir.*

17. A little, *leetle* ray of hope. But let us go on, as usual, chronologically. Rose 10 minutes before 7. Wrote letters to Theodosia, to S. Swartwout, to Reeves, and was at Graves's before 11. He being out, gave him written instructions how to address and forward the letters. Then to Koe's. He had finally made an attempt to get a copy of the "Art of Packing," but the printer would on no account let a single copy go, so afraid is he of prosecution. On to J. Bentham's, and at 1 came R. Morris. We talked of E. A. C.'s affairs and then of mine. He had sold the remnant of cambric for a guinea a yard, and gave me 10 pounds. I then put into his hands eight handkerchiefs of the same *batiste*<sup>1</sup> to dispose of, being also those which had been folded up, sealed, and addressed to you. The *rubans* and *monnaies*<sup>2</sup> not yet sold, but he has hopes. Thus am I obliged to plunder you and Gampillo to the very last article. Engaged to meet E. A. C. at R. Morris's, and dine there. It being now only 2 o'clock, came home. After much inquiry found in this neighborhood a

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<sup>1</sup> Cambric.

<sup>2</sup> The ribbons and coins.

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person who grinds glasses for watches, &c. Gave him the form of the glass required for the ring-watch. He said he would make me one for 2 shillings, and that I could have it to-morrow morning; but it was necessary he should have the watch to take exactly the form and size. And yet the Joyces have kept me thirteen days, pretending the amazing difficulty of getting a glass of that form; that *their* workman has made as many essays but can't yet succeed. Shall go to-morrow morning and make another attempt to get it out of his hands, but almost despair, and am sure of a most exorbitant charge. The great watchmakers (watchsellers), and the venders of manufactures of all sorts, do nothing themselves or at their own houses. All the nice work is done by starved wretches who live in dens and garrets. None of these venders will on any account give you the address of one of these workmen. No, they themselves will get it done for you, and then charge from four to ten times the cost. I have omitted to tell you, in the due order of time, that while at Graves's this morning there came a man about the seltzer water, and offered 1 shilling and 8 pence per bottle, or 20 shillings the dozen. Am to give an answer to-morrow, choosing to wait one day to see if no better offer. At this rate it will bring 5 pounds, which I suppose will about pay those rascally Joyces. At ½ p. 5 to R. Morris's. Madame was already there, and very handsome. Staid till ½ p. 7. To Godwin's, where took tea with the children, who always have it at 9; Mr. and Madame at 7.

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Walked  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour with Mr. G. in the street, and home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10; and while I write am frozen stiff; so let me make more fire. Not quite so economical with *dix livres à la poche*<sup>1</sup>.

18. Had done breakfast and shaved before 8. Castella came in and he made breakfast for himself. Sat till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10. Wrote to D. M. R. requesting him to meet me at Graves's at 12. I went thither at 11 to meet my Captain and he came; says he shall clear out to-morrow, and my baggage must be on board. He spelt a little for his 30 pounds, but I did not pay it for two good reasons; first, that I had but a 10-pound note; and, second, that if I had had a thousand pounds should have preferred to delay the payment till the last moment, lest something might happen to stop me or him. Agreed to meet again to-morrow evening at 8. Then walked with D. M. R. to put your letter and others for the United States into the letter-bag of the Howland, but found she would not sail till Friday, and so kept the letters; but, passing the South Carolina Coffee-house, called to inquire of a ship just arrived from Charleston. Could not hear of her, but heard of one just going, the Ceres, Captain Callender, a very fine ship of 300 tons. Immediately thought of quitting my little Yankee, and going in the Ceres direct to your door. Lord, how I was delighted with this idea! We could not find the Captain. Went again to Graves's, who was out. Wrote him to find Callender for me and to make the necessary inquiries.

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<sup>1</sup> With 10 pounds in my pocket. (*Dans la poche.*)



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Then to Godwin's a few minutes, and on to Madame Thorpe's. My letter to Captain Jewett arrived at Plymouth one hour after Mr. Browne had sailed, and was returned to Madame Thorpe. Sat an hour. She gave me, or rather I took, a little note she had written me, but not yet sealed or directed, about the book I had lent her, "The Kingdom of the Nairs." Home. Bought 2 pence worth of biscuit, which ate on the way, and then had tea at 4. At 6 over the river to E. A. C.'s, and there till 8, reading over her papers. Then to Graves's. He had faithfully obeyed my orders. The Ceres is not yet unladen, and her destination not quite certain. There is one inconvenience in quitting Potter. He has the secret of my name, &c., and no doubt would publish it the moment I left him. On the other hand it will cost me \$100 to get from Boston to Charleston, delay me a month, and thus bring me into the bad season, and you will be gone to the mountains. In this dilemma events must determine me. Graves will make further inquiries to-morrow about the Ceres, and then we must resolve. I will not leave the certainty of Potter without a certainty of the Ceres. Drank tea a second time at E. A. C.'s, and took bread, cheese and porter — very little porter — at Graves's. Home at 11, which is so unusual an hour for me that the family were concerned lest some accident had happened me. I took D. M. R. with me to the Joyces'. I will not relate any more of their conversation, but I think I shall get the ring-watch to-morrow. They begin to suspect that I am not quite



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so ignorant as they first imagined. Truly, I begin to feel as if I were going, though the means are not yet discovered. Shall work hard to-morrow. The last night was the coldest of the winter. The drains and gutters were this morning frozen solid, which has not happened since my arrival.

19. No progress made to-day, though one of great diligence. Rose before 7. To D. M. R.'s, where left a note, he being in bed. On to R. Morris's. He had nothing further, except sold one medal for 1 guinea. To Reeves's, to get my passport altered, and to get a certificate that I was authorized to assume the name of Arnot or any other. He consents to all, but did nothing. Will do it to-morrow, &c. Got from him a note to one of the clerks in parliament to procure admission to the House of Lords this evening, when an interesting debate was expected. To J. Bentham's. Nothing there. To the Parliament House. After long search, found the clerk, who said he would try, but doubted whether it would be possible to get me in, there being already so many permits. To D. M. R.'s, and, being a little tired and a little hungry, (now  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 12), went with him to the beer-house, where took some porter, bread and cheese (9 pence), among about a dozen laborers, &c. On to Koe's, to talk about E. A. C. To Graves's. The Captain had been twice there, saying he could not clear out his ship till my things were on board. Graves and I went out to see further about the Ceres. Saw the owner, Basinghalist. He says he will posi-

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tively sail for Charleston within eight days. She is a much finer ship than the Aurora. Sent Graves to hunt the Captain of the Ceres, to know terms, &c., and I went on towards Limehouse, below the West India Dock, and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the Exchange. Was fortunate enough to get into a stage-coach the greater part of the way for 1 shilling. Had a deal of inquiry and hunting for two hours to find the Aurora. Finally found her, and for 1 shilling and 6 pence got on board. Everything is very plain, not very neat, but the ship seems tolerably good, and my cabin has a skylight, and though very small, may be made tolerably comfortable. The mate says they shall positively sail to-morrow. Took some lemonade and smoked a pipe at a tavern, 1 shilling and 6 pence. Got a ride again to Leadenhall street. Stopped at Joyce's. Ring-watch not done. Tremble for the bill. There's no help. To Graves's. He had not been able to find Callender. Being engaged to meet my Captain Potter this evening, left it to Graves to make an apology, and came home. Ordered fire and tea-kettle, and went to the glass grinder's to get a *lunette*<sup>1</sup> put into my silver repeater, which I borrowed of Graves for the purpose. Got also a spare glass and paid for both 4 shillings. Home. Took my coffee. Wrote note to Mrs. Thorpe, excusing myself from taking tea with her to-morrow, as I had engaged. Also a note to Graves. Drew a will for D. M. R., and made some notes on the affairs of E. A. C. Now 1, and leave with regret a fine fire to go to a cold bed. Do not

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<sup>1</sup> Glass.

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yet see how I am to get off. To-morrow may produce something. Gave D. M. R. 20 shillings. Paid my bill, 19 shillings and 11 pence. Bought a pair of pantaloons which I did not want, 20 shillings. My 10 pounds is reduced to 6. And thus I progress.

20. Rose before 7. To J. B.'s at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8, to breakfast. Snowing and blowing most tempestuously. A walk of a league in such weather gives one a good appetite. Koe told me he breakfasted at 8, but would wait for me till  $\frac{1}{2}$  8. It was a  $\frac{1}{4}$  p. 9 before I got breakfast, and then by violence. Had engaged to meet D. M. R. there at 10, and thence walk with him on *his* business to Chelsea. He came not. At 11, to R. M.'s<sup>1</sup>; out; for which was very sorry. Wrote him a note. To Reeves's. He altered my passport, and gave me a line allowing me to assume any name. To D. M. R. He was quite astonished that I should turn out in such weather. Gave him an errand to do for me, and went on to Graves's. He had done nothing. Had not seen Callender. Was not at home to apologize to Potter when he called last evening. Potter left a note, saying that all my things must be on board at 10 this morning. To Joyce's. Got the ring-watch! but did not get the bill. Left the silver repeater, which had stopped already. They were very jealous to see a *lunette* in it, and at once said the man had spoiled the watch in putting it in. To Godwin's, and left the ring-watch with Madame for sale. Then on towards Castella's, where had engaged to dine. Being at

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<sup>1</sup> To Robert Morris's.

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Lessom Grove, beyond Paddington, about five miles from Graves's, treated myself to 2 shillings' worth of coaching, and got there at 4. We were *en famille*, as agreed, and talked over our Mexican affairs, &c., &c. Off at 7, and took it leisurely. The storm and cold had abated. Got to Graves's at 9. He had seen Callender, who will be glad to take me, and has not, that he can learn, any exceptionable person on board; but asks £45, which staggers me, for, as yet, no means are found of getting even the £30 for Potter. But have got £10 to-day in a very strange, and not altogether a very pleasant way. When at Reeves's, I offered him my Bayle for £10; he asked why I would sell it; told him that I wanted the money; he agreed to take it; gave me the £10, and said, "You had better keep your Bayle, and send me the £10 when you please." The thing was so sudden and unexpected, that I was not prepared to say anything. Got home from Graves's at 10. Have been washing my feet, and, in bearing too hard on the pail, the bottom came out and has inundated my room. Do tell me what to do between this Callender and Potter. Have weighed the pros and cons, and am still undetermined. But perhaps Potter has already sailed, and thus I shall be spared the trouble of deliberating.

21. Can never get to bed before  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 1. Rose before 7. Wrote several notes, and was at Graves's at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8, the hour at which he said they breakfasted; but they were yet asleep, so went first to Godwin's to

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see what Madame had done about the ring-watch ; she was still abed, but had left a note for me. She had spent the whole day in running about town for me without the smallest prospect of success. Not an offer of any sort. The city is full of all sorts of *bijoux*<sup>1</sup> and watches, in the hands of distressed *émigrés*<sup>2</sup> from France and Germany. She could not get an offer. So took the thing into my own possession. Now to go on. The Godwin's got up and made me breakfast, and then Mr. G. went out with me on a tour of discovery. First to the London docks, which you will see are below the Tower. Made the complete circuit of the docks, and also of the basin, before we found the Ceres. At length found her, and the Captain aboard. Rather a surly-looking fellow, and, from his manner of viewing me, suspect he knows me. His price is £45, paid here. A small state-room and ship's fare. Alongside lay the brig Atlantic, Captain Green, also from Charleston, and to sail in eight days. A little, coarse thing, but could be made comfortable. Made no arrangement. Then to the custom-house to see if Potter had cleared out. He had cleared out and the vessel *gone*. Then cruising among the coffee-houses to learn whether Potter himself had gone, and, after much search, (for we did not like to go to his lodgings), found that he was still in town, and would not go till Monday. Then hunted up Captain Green, and I paraded the streets while Graves went and conversed with him. He is not brother of T. Green, as I had

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<sup>1</sup> For *bijoux*. Jewels.

<sup>2</sup> For *émigrés*. Emigrants.

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hoped. Asked also £45, and will only give a berth and ship's fare. He is, therefore, out of the question. Then resolved to go with Potter, if my cabin was still vacant, and sent Graves to hunt him, but he could not find him; and thus the thing must lay over till to-morrow, which is, in fact, no loss of time, as my things cannot be got from the custom-house till Monday, and then with some additional expense. Then to R. Morris's about the affairs of E. A. C., and also those of A. Burr. He had sold the remnant of cambric for 20 shillings per yard; but, instead of eight yards, as I supposed, says there were only four. *Quod mirum!*<sup>1</sup> Had sold the ribands for the pitiful sum of 65 shillings, or 3 guineas and 2 shillings. Had sold one medal for 1 guinea, and the eight handkerchiefs at 16 shillings apiece, which is very well. He gave me another £10. Then to Q. S. P. to hunt for some things. Took your eight pairs of beautiful silk stockings, and all the fine cambric handkerchiefs, only five, and could find nothing else salable. There were, indeed, two pairs silk stockings, which, as well as yours, were made to measure which I gave; but nothing could be had for them, and thus the little rascal will save them. Again to R. Morris's. He was out, but left the things sealed up and addressed to him. It was now ½ p. 5. Was so solicitous about Potter that resolved to see Graves this evening. Thither walked. He was out, but Madame said he had not seen Potter. Home at ½ p. 9, and

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<sup>1</sup> Latin. How strange!



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am now about to eat the rice which I had ordered to be ready for me at 4, and which was then ready; for they are very punctual. I learned also at Graves's that the seltzer water was sold for £5. You see there is a little progress to-day, but the watch affair is a sad disappointment. To-morrow, as nothing can be done, have agreed to go with Godwin to dine with his friend Hume, at Kensington.

22. Resolving to reform, *couche* at 12. Rose at 6, an hour before the family stirred. Dressed *sans fire*<sup>1</sup>, and at 8 to Captain Potter's, at the Minories. He was just up. The vessel has not sailed. My cabin is still vacant. He goes on Thursday morning, and I have engaged to go with him. What a day of bustle will be to-morrow! Though I have been here six months having nothing to do, yet everything is now to be done in twenty-four hours. It seems I must always move in a whirlwind. Then to Graves's to get breakfast. They were all asleep, and I was too hungry to wait. On to Godwin's; found him at breakfast, and joined him. Madame abed. After breakfast, home. To Kynaston's, the glass-grinder, to get something done to a repeater. He could not do it. Then asked him to make some spare glasses for the ring-watch. He could not do it in season; but he knew the watch, and it is he who was employed by the Joyces, and about whom they told me so many lies. They paid him 1 shilling and 6 pence. To Joyce's, Lombard street, Exchange, to get the other watches; all out. To D. M. R.'s, Covent Garden.

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<sup>1</sup> Without a fire.



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After hearing something of his wheel carriages and steamboat, and his distress at my departure, sent him on some errands for me, and then I waited for Mr. and Mrs. Godwin, as agreed. They came at 2. We walked on to Hyde Park Gate, and then took a hack to Hume's, where dined. A very good dinner. A neat little house and garden. Seven children; the five younger handsome. Off at 8, and walked on to St. Giles's, about 4 miles. We separated at Hatton Garden, and I got home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9. Have made and drank tea, and am now going to consider what is most necessary to be done. Shall not write you again in London. Shall be too busy to think of you. No, that's a lie. Shall think of nothing else but you and Gampillo. It is you that animate and impel me.

23. Got breakfast and was at Graves's at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8. The Captain came in at 9, persisting in going to-morrow morning. Paid him £25, of which Graves advanced £15. To Joyce's for the watches. I had expected, with horror, an enormous bill of three or four guineas. His bill is 8 pounds 12 shillings! I choked and was petrified; but remonstrance and scolding would have been vain. Took the silver repeater, and left your picture-watch till the bill should be paid, for I had only 20 shillings, and Graves nothing. Much fear I shall not be able to redeem it. Home. Graves procured and sent me a porter. Packed up my small lumber which I have here and sent him off with it to Q. S. P., and I followed. Castella, who came in, and made himself breakfast

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while I was out, walked with me to Charing Cross ; but went out of the way to call on the Godwins. Stopped at R. Morris's in hopes of the money he had promised. He had not a penny. On to Q. S. P.; packed all up with aid of the porter, and sent him off, under his care, to the custom-house. I then came home, got dinner, and at 6 walked off in the rain to Madame Thorpe's, about a league, having written her this morning that I would take tea with her. The children were all at home except Ralph, and all love me except the eldest boy, who "loves mutton." Off at 8; raining hard, got wet. Home at 9. But I have not told you one-tenth part of the running I have had to-day. It does not seem possible for me to go without £20 more, and I do not yet see where a shilling of it is to come from. Have again sent out the watch-ring by Graves, who is to try what can be done with it. Yet, don't be discouraged, *mes enfans*<sup>1</sup>, for I will go.

24. Have a good deal to tell you (though little or nothing good, not a penny of money), but have no time. Must write to New Orleans by a ship going to-morrow morning. Let us, however, say something. Breakfasted, and to Graves's at ½ p. 8. Captain came in at 9, and will not leave till to-morrow. I may stay till next day if I then take an early stage. At 11 to the custom-house with some solicitude; for, first, the vessel having cleared out, there was difficulty anticipated in the embarkation of my baggage; second,

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<sup>1</sup> For *mes enfans*. My children.

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the change of name from Burr to Arnot; third, the quantity being thirteen trunks, boxes, and portman-teaus, without entering into detail, all passed smoothly; not a trunk, nor box, nor any one parcel was opened or examined. It is all embarked on board a lighter, and am left without any change of clothes save a single shirt; and, without £20 at least, it will be impossible for me to follow my baggage or to get back my passage-money. From the custom-house to Graves's, where found a note from A. announcing her return; but she had been five days in town. Replied, promising to call on her. Then home. At 3 to Godwin's, and then on towards J. Bentham's. Called on A. Koe was there. Staid one minute. Learned that there was something wrong, and went on to Q. S. P., where had engaged to take a parting dinner. He was extremely kind, and after dinner opened his heart, and told me a long story which he ought to have told from day to day as things happened. There is not only a rupture, but a most terrible *éclat*<sup>1</sup>, all which could have been prevented if I had been in confidence. The story is very long, and you will laugh a great deal when I tell it you. Took affectionate leave of J. Bentham, who will love me the better for this little wandering of his heart, and for the manner in which I have treated the thing. D. M. R. came in as I had appointed him, and we walked together. He had seen R. Morris, but got nothing, and scarcely the least hope from that quarter. This P. M. called on Reeves, and gave a hint of the state of the treasury,

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<sup>1</sup> For *éclat*, Uproar.

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but he did not take it. Home by the way of Godwin's, where took tea. Got home at 10. How very awkward would be my position if the Aurora should sail without me! Without a rag of clothes, or a penny of money, or anything to make money of (yes, the ring-watch; Graves can do nothing with it), I should be truly *en philosophe* or *en pelerin*<sup>1</sup>. *Bon soir, mes enf.*<sup>2</sup>

25. Rose and got breakfast early, and off to Graves's to see about the Captain's movements. He had gone, actually gone, and left word that I must be at Gravesend<sup>3</sup> to-morrow at noon, the hour the tide serves, or lose my passage. The case was now nearly desperate, 20 pounds being the very least sum that would clear me out. Off to R. M.'s; he had not a penny for me; had not sold your silk stockings nor the medals, but he had sold the ribbons for the pitiful price of 2 shillings and 6 pence, and the produce does not pay his advance. How much I do regret this bagatelle of ribbons. There were thirty-six yards; that is, six different kinds of six yards each, chosen by myself at the Palais Royal for you; and they were really so pretty, and would have pleased you so much! But pardon, my dear Theo., what could I do? Everything must go, or I must stay. Every resource had now failed. Resolved on a desperate and humiliating experiment. Went direct to Reeves, and told him that the ship was gone to Gravesend, and that I must

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<sup>1</sup> As a philosopher or as a pilgrim.

<sup>2</sup> For *mes enfants*.

<sup>3</sup> A river port on the Thames twenty miles east by south of London.

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lose my passage unless I could have 20 pounds. Without a word of reply, he drew a check on his banker for 20 pounds; and how I did gallop across the park to the banker's to get my 20 pounds! The first money I laid out was to buy four half eagles and one doubloon, together amounting to \$36, about 8 pounds 7 shillings, so that, on landing in America, I might be able to get to you, or wherever else it might be my destiny to go. This disabled me from taking up your picture-watch; so that, after all the trouble and money the toy has cost me, I shall not have the pleasure of offering it to you. From the banker's to General M'Carthy's to take leave. He is a good fellow, and is just going to Bourbon as paymaster-general to the British forces in that quarter. Found the whole family together, and parted *à l'amiable*<sup>1</sup>. Charged him with my excuses and adieus to the Bartlett family, from whom, you perceive, I have experienced no civilities since my last advent; but they are an amiable, friendly, hospitable family. Doubtless they have heard reports respecting me—what, I know not—which render me an object to be avoided; and for crediting them I do not blame them. Home to pay some little bills &c., and then to the Godwin's, where dined. Found here note from R. Morris, returning the six pairs white stockings as not salable, being too small; but the black, two pairs, he has sold for 2 guineas, which just about pays his advances; I therefore received nothing. Mr. and Mrs. Godwin would not give me their account, which must be 5 or

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<sup>1</sup> For *à l'aimable*. On an amiable footing.

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6 pounds; a very serious sum to them; they say that, when I succeed in the world, they will call on me for help. To Graves's. Note: I owe him about 15 pounds and he also is *gène*<sup>1</sup>; he consents to let that remain, and has promised that he will, in a few days, redeem the picture-watch, which remains in the hands of those rascals, the Joyces; hope, therefore, that at some future day you may see it. Left also with Graves the ring-watch, and a selection of the coins and medals, the best of them, as you may suppose, by way of security for the 25 pounds I shall owe him. He offers to go with me to Gravesend to see me on board, which is kind and acceptable. Took a note of a stage to go at 9 to-morrow morning. Then home. And now, at 12, having packed up my little residue of duds into that same unfortunate little sack, and stowed my scattering papers into my writing-case, I repose, smoking my pipe, and contemplating the certainty of *escaping* from this country, the certainty of seeing you! Those are my only pleasing anticipations. For as to my reception in my own country, so far as depends on the government, if I may judge from the conduct of their agents in every part of Europe, I ought to expect all the efforts of the most implacable malice. This, however, does not give me a moment's uneasiness. I feel myself able to meet and repel them. My private debts are a subject of some little solicitude; but a confidence in my own industry and resources does not permit me to

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<sup>1</sup> For *géné*. Short of cash.



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despond', not even to doubt. If there be nothing better to be done, I shall set about making money in every lawful and honorable way. But again, as to political persecution. The incapacity for every purpose of public administration of our present rulers, and their total want of energy and firmness, is such that it is impossible that such feeble and corrupt materials can long hold together, or maintain themselves in power or influence. Already there are symptoms of rapid and approaching decay and dissolution. Tell M. to preserve his state influence, and not again to degrade himself by compromising with rascals and cowards. My great and only real anxiety is for your health. If your constitution should be ruined, and you become the victim of disease, I shall have no attachment to life or motive to exertion. I forgot to tell you that I called to-day on ———. We took affectionate leave and swore eternal *friendship*. Adieu. My next will be from on board ship, unless she should be gone, and then it will be most likely from some gaol — *jail*.

Thursday night. On board the *Aurora*, Captain Potter, bound for Newburyport, now in the Thames, but exactly where, cannot explain.

March 26, 1812. Really on board, *mes enfans*<sup>2</sup>, and thus far on my way to you. But what a job it has been! Let me give you an historical sketch of the day. Rose this morning at 5, and by the time breakfast was ready, Castella came in. Got a porter to carry

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<sup>1</sup> Another manifestation of Burr's optimism.

<sup>2</sup> For *mes enfans*.



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my sacks and writing-case, and set off at 8 for the stage-house, to be sure to be in good season. Arrived there I was told, to my utter dismay, that the stage had gone at 8, the hour having been changed, of which Graves was ignorant. Went with Castella to Graves's. No other stage would go till 1. Castella recommended that we should take a post-chaise which would cost about 3 guineas ; but not having a quarter of that sum, and Graves not proposing to advance any more, that project was given up. Castella, indeed, offered to lend me so much ; but he is so poor, and having a wife and two children, that I could not in conscience take it, especially as Graves said that the wind was ahead, and that the ship could not possibly move. So agreed to take the stage at 1. Castella would have been one of the party, but had an appointment on business ten miles in the country. Called and passed an hour at Godwins'. That family does really love me. Fanny, Mary, and Jane, also little William ; you must not forget, either, Hannah Hopwood, *la peintresse*<sup>1</sup>. At 11 to Graves's again. Took luncheon, and at ½ p. 12 to the stage-house. Started at 1, and arrived at 5 at Gravesend. The ship had sailed with the first ebb at noon. The Alien Office was shut. First we hunted up the officer of that department, and having got my passport arranged and my sack and writing case examined by a custom-house officer, went out to hunt for ways and means to get on. The boatmen asked 4 guineas to put me on board. On such

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<sup>1</sup> The painter. (This feminine form of the noun *peintre* is used by Rousseau and others.)

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occasions they always combine to fleece a stranger, and will make one pay 4 or 5 guineas to be put on board a ship not  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile off. At length, however, Graves found a man who was not in the plot, who offered to put me on board for 2 guineas, and to return 1 guinea if the ship would be found within twelve miles. To this I agreed, and to get the means was obliged to draw an order on poor Castella for 3 guineas. I embarked just after sunset, the wind strong at S. W. and very chilling. I had no greatcoat, and was nearly perished. Got down the twelve miles and heard that the ship was at least ten miles lower down. On promises of some grog got the boatman to stop at a little tavern on the river-side to warm myself. I was so benumbed that I could not get out of the boat, nor even walk without help. Found a good fire and a good dish of tea. As we were going out to the boat, the coxswain addressed me, "Now, sir, you recollect that our bargain was to have 2 guineas if the ship should not be more than twelve miles, and more according to the distance." "Oh, yes," said another of the boatmen, "that was the bargain, and the gentleman must recollect it." "Two guineas for twelve miles, and so in proportion," the other boatmen echoed. Now nothing could be more impudently false; for, to prevent any after-explanation, I called the men into the tavern where I was at Gravesend, and made them repeat over distinctly my bargain, in the presence of Graves and the landlord; but I had no alternative but to submit to any imposi-

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tion the boatmen might please to practice. I told them I would satisfy them if they pulled smartly, for I was apprehensive that the ship would get under weigh about midnight, when the tide of ebb would make again. Bought a bundle of straw for 9 pence, which took on board our little wherry, and made me a bed in the bottom of the boat. The boatmen lent me their greatcoats, which I had not before thought to ask, and I found myself well secured against the chilling winds. In five minutes I was sound asleep, and was unconscious of anything till I was waked to get into the Aurora just at midnight, having come about twenty-seven miles in this open boat. After some parleying, I got off for 3 guineas, being exactly all I had. The first thing I learned on getting on board was, that some of the London tide-waiters, seeing the quantity of my baggage, and that it had passed without examination, concluded that there must be treasures of a seizable nature, followed the ship after she moved from Gravesend, then came on board with hatchets and chisels, broke open every one of my trunks and boxes, and rummaged to the bottom, but found not the smallest article to gratify their rapacity. The only thing of that description which are still in my possession are your half-dozen pair of silk stockings, which, fortunately, I had in my pocket. This event has consoled me a little for the articles sold and left; for had the cambric, the ribbons, or one of the watches been found among my things, they would undoubtedly have been seized and

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forfeited. These custom-house harpies, then, did me no other mischief than that of spoiling six trunk-locks, injuring the boxes, and putting the things in utter disorder. The Captain says he stood over them the whole time to see that they stole nothing. All hands were abed and asleep when I got on board. The Captain and mate got up, and also Captain Nicholls, an American mariner, who is passenger. They made me a great fire, and, after talking an hour, have all turned in, so that I have the cabin to myself; and, as I had three hours of sound sleep on board the boat, and have nothing to call me up early in the morning, I have devoted this hour to you, to show you the conclusion of my English travels. I hope never to visit the country again, unless at the head of fifty thousand men. I shake the dust off my feet; adieu, John Bull! *Insula inhospitabilis*<sup>1</sup>, as it was truly called 1800 years ago. Poor D. M. R. called on me, and staid about three hours last evening; that is, Wednesday evening, at my Clerkenwell quarters. He parted from me in a state of despondency little short of desperation. I cannot think of him without pain. There never was a man of more genuine honesty and honor. Our two captains, Potter and Nicholls, expect to find war with England by the time we arrive in the United States. Indeed, they are seriously alarmed lest war should be declared before we get home, and thus we be exposed to capture. But I have no such apprehensions. I believe that our present administra-

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<sup>1</sup> For *insula inhospitalis*. Latin. Inhospitable island.

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tion will not declare war. If the British should hang or roast every American they can catch, and seize all their property, no war would be declared by the United States under present rulers. When Porter's war resolutions first came, I considered them mere empty unmeaning wind; and thus all the subsequent measures are merely to keep up the spirits and coherence of the party till the elections should be over; those elections for state legislatures which will decide the next presidential election. But J. Madison & Co. began this game too soon, and I doubt whether all the tricks they can play off will keep up the farce till the month of May. I treat their war-prattle as I should that of a bevy of boarding-house misses who should talk of making war; show them a bayonet or a sword, and they run and hide. Now at some future day we will read this over, and see whether I know those folks. I did not dare write such things while on shore, for I never felt perfectly secure against another seizure. Captain Potter only, of all on board this ship, knows me; so far, at least, as I am informed. I came on board under the name of Arnot, and am so called. It will be very wonderful if this secret should be kept during the whole passage. *Salut! Bon nuit!*<sup>1</sup>

Friday, March 27, 1812. On board the ship *Aurora*, of Newburyport, Captain Potter, bound for Boston, now at anchor in the Thames, twenty-six miles below Gravesend. Lay down in my clothes at 3 and slept till 11. Wind S. E. Have lain at anchor

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<sup>1</sup> For *Salut!* *Bonne nuit*, I salute you. Good night.

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all day. I have been occupied in fitting up my cabin, and have made good progress. Have got my berth enlarged, and got an excellent writing-table, *i. e.*, some boards fitted to my mind against the partition. The Captain has put in a skylight, and in a few days I shall be better fitted up than I was on board the *Vigilant*. The *dramatis personæ*<sup>1</sup> on board is as follows. First, the Captain, small in statue, quiet. Always speaks in a low tone of voice, and speaks very little. May be about 33 years of age. A Yankee. Second, a person named Smith, with his wife and three small female children, the oldest about 5. Has the appearance of a mechanic; probably a tailor. That would be convenient. Father, mother, and children have ordinary physiognomy—rather vulgar. Third, Captain Nicholls, an American, from New England. His countenance resembles that of his cat, but without its wickedness. This is all. Seeing that it is impossible for me to amuse myself in conversation with these, I shall have the more time to devote to reading and to your entertainment. It is remarkable that I have never written you a word at sea. On my voyage to England I had no room, only the third part of a very small one; and there being twenty-six passengers in a very small cabin, it was impossible to write a word without being overlooked. On board the *Vigilant* I had, indeed, every convenience; but, in the first place, I was not free of apprehension that my papers might be seized, which imposes such a restraint as renders writing no longer familiar. One must weigh every

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<sup>1</sup> The characters of the drama.



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sentence in the scale of the enemy for the time being or in expectancy; and, second, J. H. and Madame kept me in employment and amusement. None of these impediments or excuses now exists, and therefore it is really intended to keep a nautical journal of this voyage. You must expect to hear only the observation of latitude (as to longitude, it is beyond our science, and we have no instrument but the quadrant), the wind and weather, and our progress, which would be merely a copy of the mate's log-book. Cold, chilling weather. Rain in the evening.

28. Wind at West. A breeze, cold, rainy. *Couche* at 12. Rose at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 5. Had a good sleep in my new berth, and with my own bedding. Found the wind had changed, but said nothing. About 8 the pilot waked and we got under weigh. Note: While a pilot is on board, he has the entire command of the ship. The Captain cannot give an order except about eating and the interior police. His authority seems limited to the *cabouse*<sup>1</sup>. We made only five miles, and cast anchor off Margate, but distant about three miles. The coast presents a continued white cliff. Margate, famous as a summer resort for idlers, has nothing inviting from this point of view. Evening. The wind blows a gale, and we roll most uncomfortably. Chilly, mist, and occasionally rain.

29. Have not weighed anchor all day. Wind continues Southwest. A gale, mist, rain, chilly. These dates have got confused, and I cannot rectify

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<sup>1</sup> For *caboose*. The word came probably from the Dutch *Kabuis*. As here used it means the cook-room or kitchen of a merchantman, on deck.



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them. We certainly came to anchor off Deal on Sunday P. M.; for Captain Potter and Nicholls, who went on shore, could purchase nothing because it was Sunday. We lay in the same position all Monday, but the wind was so violent that there was no going on shore, and thus I bought nothing, nothing for my comfort on the voyage. The wind at Northwest. Weighed anchor at 8. Passed the North Foreland and South Foreland. Still white cliffs, but here and there interrupted by a beach. Off Deal at 12. Always in company with the Howland, bound to New-York, by which I have written you. The Howland and the Aurora are often within a few yards of each other, which I like not, being known to several on board the Howland. Though I am not seasick, yet I am, as usual at sea, uncomfortable, restless, and *sans appetit*<sup>1</sup>. 2 P. M. cast anchor off Deal, about two leagues east of the lofty Dover cliffs. The thick weather prevents our seeing the coast of France. Cold, cloudy, and high wind, but no rain. Here we shall lay till the wind changes and our pilot leaves us. I ought to write half a dozen letters, but fear not one will be written. At 3 our Captain went ashore. Made out a long list of my wants, which forgot to give him. It was no matter, for being Sunday, nothing could be had. Wrote to Graves, enclosing my letter of March 9th to Captain Jewett, and directing him to make duplicate. Also a note to Koe about Natalie's picture, which I had for three years past supposed to

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<sup>1</sup> Without appetite.

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be finally lost, but which I found in his bedchamber a few days ago. Directed him to send it to W. Graves, who will send it to me with other things. At 6 this P. M., set in to rain, and continues now, 11 P. M.; but we have got nearer shore, the wind less violent, and we lay quite easy.

30. The wind still at West, and blowing a gale all day, with mist, fog, rain, and cold. This evening has cleared off a little, but wind the same. The boat could not go ashore to-day, and we remain at anchor. About 7 this evening were boarded by a man-of-war's boat with six armed men. The officer, who, from appearances, must have been a boatswain, inquired the name and destination of the ship; and, being informed, said he was mistaken in the ship, and appeared to be going off. Our Captain came down, leaving him upon deck. This was deemed such a disrespect to his *Majesty's officer* that he drew his cutlass, made many flourishes, called all hands upon deck, examined their protections, cursed, swore, and abused them all. The Captain then invited him into the cabin, where I was with Mr. and Mrs. S.; but here his Majesty's officer took no such airs, and presently left us. We have plenty of what is called ship's fare, beef, potatoes, turnips, carrots, salt fish, sea-biscuit, and small-beer; good firkin butter, tea, coffee, sugar, but not a passenger has a drop of wine or spirits, or any luxury but those above mentioned. I propose to lay out about 10 shillings in fruit, milk, and bread. As to biscuit or rusk like ours, they are not to be had in England,

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nor anything like them. Have read to-day "*Le Vieillard et les jeunes Gens*"<sup>1</sup>, a comedy of 118 pages, without a single stroke of wit or humor, one new thought or striking expression; 118 pages of such dialogue as you may hear every day in every trifling French society. To render it still more *ennuiant*<sup>2</sup>, it is in verse. French verse! Yet this is one of the list of *best plays* given me by Barère. Read also a *memoire*<sup>3</sup>, "*Sur la Condition des Femmes dans une Republique*," *an VII*<sup>4</sup>. About seventy or eighty pages. He sets out pretty well, and lays down good principles, but ends in idle declamation. Have also written to Castella, and begun a letter to Lord Balgray.

31. Noon. The wind came round during the night. We made sail at 6 this morning, with a 5-knot breeze at East. The weather being thick, had no glimpse of the coast of France. Dover Castle is on the summit of the cliff, said to be about 150 feet high. The town is in a narrow vale, between this cliff and another of equal height, leaving a narrow opening to the sea, and apparently almost on a level with it. Pass Dungeness lighthouse; between which and Dover is Romney, in a bay scarcely visible to us. The land as you approach Romney, and thence all round Dungeness, very low. There is about Romney an artificial bank twenty feet high, like your rice-field banks, to keep out the sea, to protect a meadow, said

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1 "The Old Man (*Vieillard*) and the Young People."

2 For *ennuyant*. Annoying.

3 Memorial.

4 "On the Condition of Women in a Republic (*République*)"; year VII.

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to contain 50,000 acres. We are now so far from the coast, and the air so thick, that the land is only discovered at intervals. We must be now nearly opposite Hastings, where William the Conqueror landed.

Evening. The wind rose soon after noon to eight or nine knots. Pass in sight of Beachy Head, the highest land I have seen along the coast. Have had no opportunity to send on shore my letters to Lord Balgray, Castella, and Bentham, nor to buy anything.

Thursday, April 2, 1812. P. M. The wind changed on Tuesday night, and came directly ahead, with a rough, broken sea. We have been beating ever since, making very little progress. The tossing so great that we don't attempt to put anything on the table, but eat off the floor. I was yesterday a little sick; could not write a line; ate little; lay all day and till 2 this morning, and again from 8 till now, 5 P. M., reading plays and novels. Have finished "*La Famille de Halden*"<sup>1</sup>, four volumes; *j'en suis très content*<sup>2</sup>. We passed yesterday near the Isle of Wight, which presents on this side again lofty white cliffs. Were boarded by a British sloop of war. The officer examined the papers and let us go; but he insisted that I was a Frenchman. We have constant mist and rain, with chilling wind. We are now within  $\frac{1}{2}$  league of the English coast, but the Captain would not put in, because it would cost 3 or 4 guineas in pilotage. I wish very much to make any port for a few hours,

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<sup>1</sup> "Halden's Family."

<sup>2</sup> I like it very well.

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to get bread, tobacco, and lemons. The prospect of wanting tobacco is the most distressing to me. There is not an ounce aboard. I have left six segars, all which I would gladly smoke this evening. *Mais il faut économiser*<sup>1</sup>.

11 P. M. The wind is the same. We are still beating. These last two days we have made about sixty miles. The rocking and tossing is worse and worse, and I am constantly a little giddy and unfit for anything. Have been laying on the floor before the fire since 7 o'clock. Have read only "*La Faux Stanislaus*," *comédie*<sup>2</sup>, which is tolerable, and no more. Am now going to turn in for want of occupation, finding it impossible to either read or write.

3. The wind blew a gale all last night and to-day till sunset, when and till now a calm, rain, and mist, without intermission, with hail, and sleet, and flakes of snow occasionally. The air is so thick that nothing can be seen half a league; had a glimpse of the land at 3 P. M., and suppose we have *lost* a few miles the last twenty-four hours. The Captain has been willing to-day to go into port, but the thickness of the air renders it impossible to find the way. We are now driving where the tides please; the rocking has been intolerable all day; begins now to abate a little; the rain continues; we have not been able to use chairs or table. Smith, his wife, and three children all deadly sick. I continue *comme ça*<sup>3</sup>; should be well

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<sup>1</sup> But I must economize.

<sup>2</sup> "The False Stanislas," a comedy. The true Stanislas was the patron saint of Poland.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps for *comme ci comme ça*, meaning so so, neither well nor ill.

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if I had tobacco and fruit, and some of that seltzer water which was sold at 20 shillings the dozen jugs. Have read a *second time*, and with pleasure, "*La Revanche*," *comédie*<sup>1</sup>; also began and got through the first volume of "*Les Barons de Falsheim*"<sup>2</sup>, *par* P. Le Brun, *auteur de "Mon Oncle Thomas"*<sup>3</sup>, &c.; and think to read another volume before I turn in, for have been laying<sup>4</sup> in my berth and sleeping half the day.

4. See how the ink sinks into the paper; everything is so damp; have been obliged to dry this by the fire before I could write on it at all. About 2 o'clock last night there came a light air from the East and we went on our course about two miles an hour till morning, when the sky cleared off, the sun appeared, and again a dead calm, and much tossing and rolling; but I am not so giddy as yesterday. Made a good dinner on codfish and potatoes. Suppose we saw the Eddystone lighthouse about noon directly ahead. At 1 the wind came again at West, directly ahead, but very light. At sunset it got round to North, and we stood our course about three miles per hour. The sky tolerably clear and starlight. Have just now seen the lights at Lizard Point, bearing about North. *Sat up* last night (*laying* on the carpet before the fire) till 3 this morning, reading "*Les Barons de Falsheim*"; but was more than an hour occupied in drying a change of clothes, shirt, &c.

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<sup>1</sup> "The Revenge," a comedy.

<sup>2</sup> For "*Les Barons de Falsheim*," the masterpiece of Charles Antoine Guillaume Pigault de l'Epinoy, called Pigault-Lebrun, (1753-1835). This romance appeared in 1798.

<sup>3</sup> By Pigault-Lebrun, author of "*Mon Oncle Thomas*," "My Uncle Thomas."

<sup>4</sup> The reader will understand that grammatical blunders like this were made by Burr in the haste of writing.



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Have just now finished "*Les Barons de Falsheim*." There are some pretty episodes (I hate episodes) and good scenes; the characters well supported; often an attempt at the humorous and ridiculous, calculated for stage effect. To me, it is well. Several instances of grossness the most disgusting. The author is one of the most popular novelists and romancers of the day.

5. The wind died away, and we lay quite becalmed part of the night. Towards morning a light breeze at S. E., which I hope my Gampies<sup>1</sup> have, by their astronomical and geographical knowledge, discovered is a fair wind for us who are going West. At 8 this morning we supposed ourselves off the Land's End, and expect to pass the Scilly Island before night. Then we have the open ocean, and may hope at least for a clearer sky and more settled weather. I could wish to land on one or two of these islands where are said to be some Druidical remains. Of what nature can they be, seeing that their temples were groves? But a better reason for stopping would be tobacco, lemons, &c. The largest of these islands have 700 inhabitants. We are going on about three knots.

11 P. M. The wind around to S. this P. M., and has gradually risen to six knots, at which rate we are now going on our course. Mist and rain. Suppose we passed the meridian of the Scilly Isles about 2 P. M. So that we have now no hope nor wish of seeing land till we see that of America. Spent two

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<sup>1</sup> Meaning his daughter Theodosia and her son.



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or three hours in overhauling my trunks of books. Have taken out the works of Madame Roland<sup>1</sup> to read, three vols., octavo. Have read about 150 pages. Read over two contemptible little comedies; also some pages, which sufficed, of "*Un Traité sur les Langues Ancienne*"<sup>2</sup>. Got up this morning with a sore throat, which has rather increased. In rummaging to-day, found seven segars; and the Captain, who is a smoker, made me a present of about two ounces of tobacco, being all he had. An effort of generosity of which I should not have been capable towards an indifferent person.

6. Noon. The wind continues at the same point, and more fresh. For the last ten hours we have been going seven and a half knots, and not more than eight. We must be more than 100 miles west of the Scilly Isles. Had we gone into Cowes (or Isle of Wight), we could not have got out with this wind. We suppose that our comforts are all there. So that our Captain has shown his judgment, and reaps the benefit of his industry. I am quite content with our little Aurora. She rides light and easy on the water, and sails well. There is a regular sea, and our motion is not excessive; enough, however, to render writing laborious and difficult. My giddiness has not left me, but has sensibly diminished. Have done nothing this morning but arrange my cabin and stow away my

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<sup>1</sup> Madame Manon Jeanne Philipon Roland was one of the best-known women of her age. Her salon at Paris was one of the chief gathering places of the members of the Girondist party, the moderate republicans of the Revolution. In 1793, being suspected of treasonable correspondence, she was arrested and executed. Her "*Memoires*," written in prison, may be the work referred to in the text.

<sup>2</sup> "A Treatise on the Ancient (*Anciennes*) Languages."

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duds. The family of Smith tolerably well except Madame, *qui est toujours le même*<sup>1</sup>. At 4 the wind came to S. W., which puts us about four points off our course, and reduces us to five knots. Have finished the first volume of Madame Roland and read sixty pages in the second; but my eyes are fatigued.

7. At noon we had latitude  $50^{\circ} 15'$ , longitude  $11^{\circ} 5'$ . I began a sheet this morning, *i. e.*, noon, but cannot find it, and thus am obliged to begin another. About 2 P. M. the wind came to West, directly ahead, since which we have been stretching southward with a very high wind and a very heavy sea. Just after writing you to-day at noon, I grew sick and dizzy, and took to my berth, where I lay till 4, sleeping the greater part of the time. Did not go out to dinner, but took one cup of tea at 6, and about 10 a slice of ham and biscuit. Am now better. The sore throat nearly well. Madame Smith continues the same. It is now 15 days that nothing has lain on her stomach. She is reduced to a skeleton; pale and hollow-eyed. I have this evening administered five drops of laudanum. About sunset to-day we discovered a sail two or three leagues North of us, apparently standing the same course. She frequently changed her course and bore down for us. We were for an hour in great apprehension lest it should be a French privateer; but just before dark she passed under our stern and within a quarter of a mile, but did not hail. It was in putting away my papers to prepare for a visit that I

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<sup>1</sup> Who is always the same.

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mislaid the sheet. Now, 2 A. M., light wind and great tossing. The little motion we have has for the last twelve hours been retrograde.

8. Noon. About sunrise the wind came to South by West, and we go on our course about four knots. Mrs. S. has not vomited since taking the laudanum. Cloudy, mist, and chilly, but we got an observation. We have a more regular sea and less motion. I am tolerably well, and, 2 P. M., have made a good dinner of codfish and potatoes. Have read nothing, nor all yesterday, but 100 pages.

9. About 2 P. M. yesterday the wind came about two points more South and blew fresh. By 11 it was a gale, and we went about seven knots under reefed foresail and mainsail. About 6 this morning it began to abate, and by 12 (noon) was a dead calm. At 7 this evening it sprang up from the West directly ahead, and there continues. Much rain last night and to-day, and with a great sea, which has tossed us most unmercifully. We are now standing North, and thus, going with the sea, feel it less, but till now (10 P. M.) it has been impossible to write a line. Have finished the third and last volume of Madame Roland, and have begun Humboldt, though half sick all day. Mrs. S. better. This is the fifteenth day since my embarkation, and we are not 100 miles from the English coast.

10. Noon. Lat.  $49^{\circ} 29'$ . We had a light breeze from the North during the night, and made about three knots an hour Southwest. At 7 this

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morning calm, and so till 12; much tossing. Just now has come a light breeze West, and we are standing North. A fine, clear, mild spring day. Mrs. Smith quite recovered. Have already finished the first volume of Humboldt. Just after writing the above, the wind came round to South, a very gentle breeze. It rose gradually to seven and eight knots, and presently blew a gale. At 4 we took in sail; could only carry foresail and main-topsail reefed. The gale, with heavy squalls, rain, mist, continued till 8, then suddenly cleared away, and a beautiful, bright starlight, and a pleasant breeze at South, but a tremendous sea. Took out our reefs and set all our topsails. Thinking the weather settled, the Captain turned in. At 11, again heavy squalls, with rain, which continue, but the wind has got round to Southwest, so that we are close to it, standing Northwest by West, but make very little headway by reason of the heavy sea. Chairs and tables are of no use to us to-day. We eat on the floor, bracing ourselves as well as we can. Am not much giddy, notwithstanding the excessive rocking, but have read only 100 pages.

11. The gale from Southwest has continued with increasing fury. We have been scudding under reefed foresail. No prospect of any abatement. It is with difficulty I can write thus much.

12. Lat.  $50^{\circ} 1'$ . The storm of wind, rain, hail, mist, continued till about 4 this morning, when it began to abate, wind still ahead. At 8 began to clear away; by noon mild and clear, light breeze at Southwest,

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which came round South, and then Southeast, which is just where we wish it, and we are now, 11 P. M., going about six knots before the wind. A fine, starlight night, and as the moon changed yesterday, we hope this weather may continue for a fortnight. It is surprising that we made so little northing during that thirty-hours' gale. There must certainly be a current setting South in this longitude; probably the reflux of the Gulf Stream, or, as St. Pierre will have it, the melting of the solar ice and snow. Suspect that Captain Nicholls knows me.

13. Latitude  $47^{\circ} 49'$ . The wind rose to eight and nine knots, S. E. and E., and by 8 this morning N. E. We have run, by our reckoning, 160 miles the last twenty-four hours, and by the same reckoning have made eighty-four miles of southing; but by our observation to-day 118 southing, which leaves thirty-four for the current. No doubt St. Pierre *a raison*<sup>1</sup>, for what else but his system could give us near three miles an hour due South? We conclude that this current sets S. W.; at least such is the opinion of the two Captains. We have, therefore, probably exceeded our reckoning more than forty miles; so that we have advanced 200 miles the last twenty-four hours. About 12 more such days would land us in Boston. And what then? *Nous verrons*<sup>2</sup>. The wind now nearly N., with rain, seven knots. We have had, since noon, a succession of rain, squalls, calms. Yet, whenever wind, it has been from some Eastern point,

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<sup>1</sup> No doubt Saint-Pierre is right.

<sup>2</sup> We shall see.

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so that we have generally been going five or six knots. Since 10 this evening a dead calm, and, of course, a little rolling. The weather not so cold as for the last fortnight, but still too cold to dispense with fire.

14. The calm, with now and then very light winds from the Eastward, continued till 8 this morning, when sprang up a brisk breeze at S. E. We have been going about eight knots the last four hours. Showers all day. 2 P. M. We have dined at table, and sitting on chairs. The wind continues the same, and still rain. At 6 this P. M. came alongside a wreck marked on the stern "The Eunice of Portland," a brig. Masts all gone, bowsprit standing. Sent our boat to see. She proved to be quite a new brig. All cargo on board; beef, fish and lumber, and in perfectly good order. She had only about three feet water in her hold. The Captain must have been frightened, and abandoned his vessel too soon. We took out nothing but a few pieces of beef. The wind lulled from 6 to 8, to give us time to examine the wreck, and then freshened again. Since 8 we have been going at about six knots an hour.

15. A mild, pleasant, clear day, with a constant and regular wind at N. E., going at six knots. An observation to-day gave us lat.  $40^{\circ} 45'$  and, at the same time (noon), our *reckoning* gave us lon.  $29^{\circ} 30'$ . The night is most brilliant; like an American sky. Passed a large turtle about 6 P. M., but did not see him in time enough to take him. What a fine feast he would have made for us! The steward of our



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ship is a young man from Albany, who engaged to do the duty of steward for his passage. He has affected to consider himself above the place. A dirty, negligent, morose rascal as I ever met. He has insulted us all repeatedly. For the last eight days I have not asked of him the slightest service. He has repeatedly been impertinent to our Captain, who is certainly a very civil and good-natured man. But to-day Mr. Steward carried his insolence so far that the Captain could not bear it. A battle ensued, and the Captain beat the steward till he was quite disfigured; then tied him up, and left him to cool two or three hours, and made him strip off his waistcoat, and beat him with a rope's end till he howled most piteously, and promised reformation. Since the which process the aforesaid steward seems exceedingly modest and complaisant.

16. The wind mentioned on Wednesday night continued till 6 the following morning, then gradually fell to a dead calm, and so till 4 P. M., when came a light air from the West; so that for the last eight or ten hours we have been going about two knots *North*. The day has been mild and clear. Lat. at noon  $45^{\circ} 06'$ , whence it appears that we have made thirty-nine miles southing the last twenty-four hours, which is wholly due to the current. Longitude supposed to be about  $33^{\circ}$ . We have not, during the whole serene day, saw a fish or bird of any kind. Our steward is amazingly swollen and disfigured, so as to be wholly uncognoscible<sup>1</sup>; but the *domage physique*

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<sup>1</sup> Unrecognizable.



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is amply redeemed by the *amelioration de la morale*<sup>1</sup>.

17. The calm and light winds are continued till 7 this morning, when suddenly and quite unexpectedly, sprung up a very fine breeze at N. E. Since which we have been going eight knots. Raining all day. Took physic last night for my headache. Have been sick all day. Eaten naught.

18. Latitude  $44^{\circ} 14'$ . The wind continues at N. E., and with the same force, *i. e.*, from seven to nine knots. The day clear, with flying clouds. We were accompanied this morning by a shoal of porpoises, who gambolled about us till the mate threw a harpoon, but without hitting; instantly they all disappeared. Captain Nicholls, an experienced mariner, says porpoises are never seen more than five or six leagues off soundings. If this be true, we must have greatly overrun our reckoning. Temperature of the water,  $56^{\circ}$ ; do. of the air in the shade,  $49^{\circ}$ . The wind has continued without intermission. Flaws this evening, but always fair. Now a beautiful moonlight, and going eight knots. We have been playing whist all the evening. Captain Nicholls says there never is frost *out of soundings* when no farther North than  $45^{\circ}$ .

19. The wind continued from the same quarter, and with the same force, till 5 this morning; then gradually diminished. We have gone all day, and till 7 this evening, at four knots. At 7 came a lively breeze from the South, and we are now going at eight knots at the least. Lat. at noon  $43^{\circ} 35'$ . So that we

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<sup>1</sup> The physical injury (*dommage*) is amply redeemed by the moral improvement.

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have made forty minutes southing the last twenty-four hours, though our course is all that time to the Northward of West. The current must have been at least two miles per hour; and if that current should set S. W., as is supposed, but which we cannot ascertain, we must have overrun our reckoning of longitude some hundreds of miles during the last eight days. I shall not be surprised to find ourselves on the Grand Bank to-morrow evening; but the Captains, who know better, say not till Wednesday. The day has been mild, and the motion the most gentle. Instead of improving it in writing, I have been reading P. Le Brun's "*Romans*"<sup>1</sup>, in four volumes, which have just finished. Temperature of the water at 8 this morning, 58°; do. of the air, 52°.

20. Our good wind stood till 5 this morning; then fell, and at 8 a little air from the S.W. We have not made twenty miles in any direction since 5 this morning; and the little we may have gone has been about N.W. The charts lay down a current setting N. E., in almost the whole course across the Atlantic; but they lie. Certainly the current sets South or Southwest till you have passed 45° longitude and north of 44° latitude. How much further the same current prevails we don't yet know; nor have I the means of pronouncing whether it be the same at all seasons; but should think probable that there would be less current from the North during the autumn and winter months, as the melting of the polar ice and snow has then ceased. The two Cap-

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<sup>1</sup> "*Romances*,"

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tains, finding the color of the water much changed, this morning tried its temperature with my thermometer before I was up, and found it  $47^{\circ}$ ; at 10, however, I tried and found it  $49^{\circ}$ . But either result would show that we are on soundings; yet no bottom could be found at 120 fathoms. Lat. at noon  $43^{\circ} 56'$ .

21. The calm continued till 12 last night; then a breeze at S.W. Stood Northwest and by North, and at about four knots, till 10 this morning. Four sail in sight. One of them, right ahead, made signal to speak. We came near and lay to. It is the Margaret, of New York, Captain Ward. Sailed from Dublin, March 29th, and in the gale of the 11th lost some of her sails and spars. Our Captain spared him a topsail. Had a great mind to write to you by this ship, but concluded that there was very little probability of her reaching port as soon as we; and, again, did not know exactly what to write. No observation to-day. Temperature of the water at 10 this morning,  $54^{\circ}$ ; by which it would seem that we are again out of soundings. We are, no doubt, on the edge of the Great Bank, and are all extremely impatient to get there; where, if becalmed, we may at least amuse ourselves with fishing, and where, also, we are certain of meeting American vessels, who will tell us the news. Lat. at noon  $43^{\circ} 7'$ . Long. by reckoning  $59^{\circ}$ .

22. The light head-winds lasted till midnight. Then came a breeze at N. and soon after N. N. E., and we have ever since been going seven and eight knots, and the same now. At noon to-day the tem-

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perature of the water was  $59^{\circ}$ ; but at 5 P. M. was at  $42^{\circ}$ . Seeing this and other indications of shoal water, the Captain hove to at 7 and threw the lead, but found no bottom, which surprised us much. It is evident, from all these facts, that the outer bank on our map, called the Flemish Cap, extends south to at least  $44^{\circ}$  of latitude, and that it must commence in about  $44^{\circ}$  of longitude. But as the water is too deep for fishing or to be interesting to mariners, it is not laid down. Further, that from the outer bank to the edge of the Grand Bank is at least four degrees of longitude. The thermometer in open air this evening is  $39^{\circ}$ .

23. The Captain called me up at 6 this morning to see some ice-islands<sup>1</sup>, a spectacle not expected in this latitude, nor at this season in any latitude. There were several small floating masses of ice around us. One or two of them were two or three yards out of water, and this corresponded with the idea I had formed of islands of floating ice. At the same time, however, was discovered another island, supposed to be then about a league ahead. But though we were six knots an hour, it was fifteen minutes past 10 before we came abreast of this last. The Captain, to gratify me, went as near as he durst, perhaps within three or four hundred yards. As we approached, we were astonished at the stupendous height and grandeur of this object. It presented to the Northward and Eastward, the side on which we passed, a perpendicular

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<sup>1</sup> The word iceberg as now used with the signification of a detached portion of an Arctic glacier carried out to sea, had not come into use in Burr's time. The name ice-island was applied to such floating ice masses, while hills or hummocks of glacial ice on the coast were called icebergs.

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rock of alabaster or white marble, of an elevation of not less than 250 feet, having a small declivity towards the South; so that at the Southern extremity it had not apparently more than thirty or forty feet elevation, but at the Southeast corner it shelved away to the water's edge. It presented the appearance of a parallelogram of four or five hundred feet by two or three hundred. No doubt it was aground, as the highest part was towards the wind. Just after discovering this, *i. e.*, at 7 o'clock, we discovered two others, bearing nearly North from us, both of them much larger, and one of them much higher than that which I have described; but, being more out of our course, we did not attempt to approach them. One of them was certainly ten times the size of that which we examined, but I think not quite so high. At 10 saw two more bearing Northwest. One of them presented the appearance of two obelisks, or two lighthouses of white marble. But this was undoubtedly afloat, for it offered a new phase at every ten minutes. Sometimes a solid mass, then an obelisk and a pyramid, then a church with a steeple, and repeating all these changes. The temperature of the water at 8 o'clock was  $34^{\circ}$ , and we found bottom at eighty fathoms, but whether on the east or west edge of the bank, we doubt, though the bank is more than 100 miles across, so little accurate is our longitude. The two Captains, however, seem very positive that it is the East edge, and that we are just coming on the Grand Bank. We are to sound again at 2 P. M. Latitude  $45^{\circ} 56'$ , though our course has been

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N. N. W. Still a Southern current, you see. These ice islands are naughty things. If a ship going at six or seven knots should come in contact with one of them, the shock would certainly be fatal. We must have run the gauntlet last night. Nothing but the vicinity of ice could have give us water of the temperature of  $34^{\circ}$ . At 3 we hove to and threw our lead, but could find no bottom. We have continued to sail at about six knots, with a fair wind, a serene sky, and a smooth sea. Could not have wished a finer day.

24. A little past 12 last night the wind came to S. E., and presently blew such a gale that we were obliged to take in sail. We continued, however, to go on our course about seven knots till 7 this morning, when suddenly a calm, and shortly after a gale of equal force from the North. We made about five knots all day. About sunset the wind became more moderate, and came round to N. N. E., and we are now going on at six knots. The air has been so thick that we have had no observation; raining much. At 2 P. M. the water was  $46^{\circ}$ . Have had a headache all day. Eating nothing. Not yet relieved.

25. Lat. at noon  $42^{\circ} 6'$ . Headache diminished, but not removed yet so as to eat. We came in sight of a ship about three leagues North of us about sunset yesterday. Saw another, or the same, two leagues South this morning, standing west. The wind continued North-northwest, a gentle little breeze, till about 11 this morning, then fell to a dead calm, and soon after a little air at Northwest. We are probably



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now less than 500 miles from our port, either Boston or Newburyport, as the wind may favor. I should prefer the latter, wishing to have a day on shore *incog.* before announcing myself. A. Burr is not known or suspected on board, save by Captain Potter, in confidence. *Mr. Arnot* is a grave, silent, strange sort of animal, insomuch that we know not what to make of him. We have not made more than three or four leagues the whole day. The calm still continues, *mais, en revanche*<sup>1</sup>, the afternoon and evening are clear; calm, mild, and smooth sea. The full moon now traversing a cloudless sky. Headache gone. Have not seen whale or porpoise these three days.

26. The calm continues till 4 this morning, then a breeze at East, since which we are going very smoothly about seven knots. The wind has now got South, which suits us very well, as we are to the South of our port. At 8 this morning the water was 52°. The breeze rose to eight or nine knots, about 4 came to Southeast, and by 7 to West, directly ahead. (Note: The moon became full at that hour). The sky, which had been all day cloudy, now became clear and colder. About 4 this afternoon, seeing the water change color, I tried its temperature, and found it 44°; a pretty certain indication of soundings. Yet the ship's reckoning would give us soundings by many degrees. The two Captains were a good deal puzzled to know what to think of it. Captain Nicholls rather thought we must be on the edge of George's Bank. It is probable that we are on the Sable Bank. We con-

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<sup>1</sup> But, to make up for that.



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tinue, however, to stand North. Just now we have tried the water again, and find it  $41^{\circ}$ .

27. By an observation of the moon at midnight last night, our latitude was  $43^{\circ} 8'$ . An observation of the sun at noon to-day gave us  $43^{\circ}$ . Temperature of the water just now,  $49^{\circ}$ ; so that we are nearly off the bank, whatever it may have been. At 4 this morning we tacked and stood S. and by W. We are probably something farther off our port than we were at 7 last evening. The wind has continued steadily at W., and so heavy that we carry very little sail, and are rather lying to than sailing, but with a most uncomfortable sea. 11 P. M. The wind continues at the same point and with the same force. We are unmercifully tossed, and think we do well if we hold our own. Not a cloud in the sky the last thirty hours.

28. *Midi'*. Raining hard. No observation. At 4 this morning the wind fell, and soon after a light breeze at S. about 5 knots; it has gradually freshened and is now at N. E., the best possible point, and about seven knots. — Something analagous is a dialogue which took place between two noble ladies at a party at which I was present, though not at the moment within hearing. The ladies were at cards and high bets. "But, my dear Countess, you cheat." "No, my dear Duchess, you lie."

4 P. M. Soon after noon the wind rose to a gale. We are scudding under a foresail and double-reefed topsail, but scudding on our course at seven or

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1 Noon.

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eight knots. For about two hours this afternoon it has snowed very hard, with continued thunder. Captain Nicholls says that in the Gulf stream it often thunders when there is not a cloud in the sky. You, who have had so much gulf-navigation, did you ever hear it under a cloudless sky? We are not now, however, in the gulf. About 7 the wind rose to a tempest; we can carry nothing but foresail and maintopsail, both double-reefed, and even thus we go on our course near ten knots. It has cleared off and is cold. At 7 the water was  $58^{\circ}$ .

29. Lat.  $41^{\circ} 3'$  which is nearly 100 miles S. of our port. Temperature of the water at 10 was  $56^{\circ}$ . The wind continued all night with the same fury and at the same point, N. E. N. It is now a little, but very little, abated. It renders us very uncomfortable by the tossing and the spray; but, to console us, we advance to our destination. Our longitude must be about  $64^{\circ}$  or  $65^{\circ}$ , so that one day's good sailing would take us in; but, as we are South of our port we cannot get in without a wind some points more South. To make things worse, we are now every minute making more southerly. Forgot to say that at 8 this morning the water was  $44^{\circ}$ , which disturbed us a good deal. Our Captain concluded that we were on the S. E. point of George's Bank. Finding how much we were South of our port, at noon hauled up close to the wind, after which we did not make more than two knots per hour of headway, and full as much leeway. About 9 this evening the wind has so far abated that

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we set all our topsails, but reefed. The day and evening clear and fine, except too cold. Thermometer in the air at  $39^{\circ}$ . A heavy sea throws us leeward in spite of our course.

30. Lat.  $40^{\circ} 40'$ , just that of Sandy Hook. Temperature of water  $60^{\circ}$ , which looks like an approach to the Gulf stream. Our reckoning gives us long.  $67^{\circ} 56'$ , say  $68^{\circ}$ . The wind at the same point and more moderate. We have just now taken the reefs out of our topsails, and set our mainsail. For the first time these three days we have breakfasted at table and sat in chairs. But the wind is at the same point. Cold, cloudy, but not very thick. The wind has gradually fallen, and we are now in a dead calm.

May 1, 1812. Early this morning a very light breeze at N. N. E., the old quarter. It has come round, and is now at N. W.; so that we stand a North course, but our progress not more than two knots an hour. A clear day and smooth sea; but the air too cool for comfort. At 12 (noon), latitude  $40^{\circ} 20'$ . At 4 P. M. found the water down to  $45^{\circ}$ . As this is a degree of cold which indicates soundings we lay to at 8, threw the lead, and found bottom at thirty fathoms, which our mariners concluded to be the S. W. or S. E. end of George's Bank. But this afternoon the wind coming round, stood on the starboard tack and made good a North course. Spent some hours this afternoon in writing you a little cipher letter to announce to you my arrival. This letter I shall put in the post-office the moment of my landing. The

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wind still at West, and now a stiff breeze. The day and night clear.

2. *Midi.* Latitude  $41^{\circ} 4'$ . The wind rose last night to a gale, so that we were obliged to take in sail. About 4 this morning it shifted to N. W., which obliged us to stand on t'other tack; our course S. W. W.; so that we are now losing the little northing which we made yesterday. The thermometer is  $48^{\circ}$ . We suppose ourselves to be in what is called the South channel, *i. e.*, between George's Shoals and the Nantucket Shoals. Though we have been these five days in the high road of all outward-bound ships, yet during all that time have not seen one, and have seen only one inward-bound. Our Captains conclude there must be a very rigorous embargo. They say that they never either of them passed this way without meeting from fifteen to fifty vessels. The day very clear, but cold.

The sun's perpendicular height illumined the depths of the sea,  
And the fishes, beginning to sweat, cried, "Damn it, how hot we  
shall be."

The first of these lines was written at the top of a sheet on the table of a poetaster, as the beginning of some sublime ode. An acquaintance, passing, added the second.

4 P. M. The wind very light, but that little has come W. S. W., and we have just shifted to the starboard tack, and are standing northward; but make more leeway than headway.

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*Minuit*<sup>1</sup>. A dead calm for several hours past. Cloudy. Not quite so cold this morning. Thirty-five fathoms water.

3. About 4 this morning came a light breeze from the Southeast. By 10 it was five knots. At 11 it came round to Northeast, where it is now, with rain and hail. Twenty fathoms water. Supposed to be on George's Bank, very near the shoal; but both our Captains say that the George's Shoal, such an object of terror to all mariners in this quarter, is no shoal at all. Both say that they have often sailed over it, and never found less than five fathoms water. Further, that they never heard of a vessel wrecked or grounded on this shoal. Yet, Captain N. says that it is very possible that, in a very heavy gale, the water might break in five fathoms, and thus, at such a time, be dangerous. I forgot to tell you that in all the charts are laid down one or two little islands on the Great Bank, and two or three more between that and the Azores, but some degrees distant from the latter. These islands have no existence but on the charts. Early navigators may very probably have seen islands of ice in these positions, and may very honestly have reported them as islands of land or rock, and thus has been handed down the error. George's Shoals are, I think, about sixty miles from Cape Cod, Nantucket Shoals, thirty miles from Nantucket Island, being the nearest land in each case.

5 P. M. Our wind freshens a little, and continues about East, varying a point or two sometimes

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<sup>1</sup> Midnight.

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to the North, sometimes to the South. A beautiful, steady breeze, and as fair as possible. We go eight knots and more, and a smooth sea; but unfortunately rainy and thick, which is not pleasant so near land. Sounded at 3; no bottom; again at 4, no bottom; so that we have passed the George's Shoals, but whether to the North or the South we are uncertain. Gamp has had an alarm of a different sort. Captain Nicholls asked me to-day if I knew V. D. L.', the painter. Now, as Nicholls was at Paris when I was there, ten to one but he had seen me; certainly he has seen my picture. Shall I make a merit of necessity and put my confidence in him, or take my chance? Our breeze has become a gale, and we are again under reefed topsails; going, however, at eight and nine knots. We have just sounded and find no bottom. The Captain determines to stand on, though the weather be thick.

Boston Harbor, May 4, 1812. At 4 this morning land was discovered. At 7, Cape Ann Lighthouse was shown to me. A pilot is in sight, and within two miles of us. All is bustle and joy except Gamp. Why should he rejoice? At 3 P. M. we cast anchor off the wharf at Boston. At 11 this forenoon a most violent N. E. storm, with rain and snow in abundance. The Captains, Potter and Nicholls, have gone off to Newburyport. Smith and family have gone on shore. Forsdyck, the mate, on shore. I chose to remain on board. Have just been dining with the pilot and the second mate, on salt beef and potatoes, with sea bis-

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<sup>1</sup> Vanderlyn.

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cuit. Sent off a letter to you this morning, and another to S. S.<sup>1</sup> It was by mistake we got in here. The Cape Ann lighthouse, which I told you I saw at 7 this morning, proved to be the Boston lighthouse. We had got too far to go back with this wind, and so came in of necessity. No custom-house officers have yet been on board. I am now quite alone in the cabin, smoking my pipe, and writing to *mes enfans*<sup>2</sup>.

7 P. M. Forsdyck went on shore, and has brought with him his friend Palmer, formerly mate of this ship, and whose father keeps a boarding-house in this town; a very decent young man. He brought me newspapers, and has told me a deal of news. Forsdyck brought me bread, butter and cider, the only luxuries for which I sent, except milk, which could not be had, by reason of the weather. I never saw it snow faster in January; now, again, a mixture of rain and snow. I have been drinking a whole bottle of cider and reading the newspapers; but won't tell you what I have learned, as you know it already. My enemies, I see, are not at their ease. I think to remain on board till Potter returns, which will be sometime to-morrow, and then—why, then, we will see. It is a most tremendous gale; how fortunate that we are in port! What an infernal racket there is above. Let us see what's the matter. Matter enough. The gale has driven us from our moorings about 300 yards, plump against a ship alongside the wharf, to the great hazard of both vessels. We are

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<sup>1</sup> Samuel Swartwout. He accompanied Burr in his expedition of 1805, fought in the war of 1812, and then became a merchant in New York.

<sup>2</sup> For *mes enfans*. My children.



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moored to the wharf, and if the rain should cease I shall take the liberty of stepping on shore, to see if I can walk on terra firma. Noon. The storm rages with the utmost fury. The deck and the cabin doors are a glaze of ice. Not a soul on board the ship but myself. Now, if the wind should come round to N. W., and drive the ship from the dock out to sea, what a charming voyage I should have all alone !

5. We had no fuel, no cook, no steward ; could boil no kettle. So was obliged to leave the ship and take quarters on shore. Am lodged at a plain boarding-house, kept by Mrs. Goodrich, widow of a sea captain, who has three grown sons ; fine, cheerful, active, obliging young men. She is a most civil, obliging creature. The *dramatis personæ* of the house shall be given another time. I have not yet got all their names. The wind came to N.W. last night, and has ever since blown a tempest. If we had been two hours later in making land yesterday, it would have been impossible for us to have got in, and we should have been now buffeted in the ocean, or more probably lodged on Nantucket Shoals or Cape Cod. There has been a battle between the mate and one of the sailors whom he had offended on the passage ; poor Forsdyck has got shockingly beaten.

6. Went to the ship at 9 this morning to get my things landed, but was told by the agent of the owners that, as the ship was going to Newburyport, and could not enter here without incurring an expense of \$100, our effects must all go round to Newbury-

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port, as nothing could be taken out till entry made. This was unpleasant to me, as it would occasion an expense of at least \$20 to get my things from Newburyport to Boston. However, set to work, got my things in order, and gave them in charge to Southwick, the second mate. Just as this was done in comes our rascally steward with a permit from the collector to land his things. On this Smith went up and presently came down with a permit for his effects. Now here occurred a dilemma. Dearborn, the collector, (son of the General<sup>1</sup>), knows me as well as you do, having seen me hundreds of times both in public and private; for me to go direct to him to take an oath and demand a permit in the name of *Arnot*, seemed to be an experiment that promised little success, and, in case of discovery, might expose me to serious inconvenience, as the family of Dearborn have been extremely vindictive against me, and no doubt would, under pretence of searching for goods, have possessed themselves of my papers. On the other hand, to spend \$20 out of \$32, which is my whole stock, in going to Newburyport and returning my things by land might disable me from ever getting out of Boston. I preferred, therefore, the contingent to the certain evil. Took with me a young man to show me the way to the custom-house, and entered with all possible composure; passed under the nose of Mr. Dearborn into the adjoining room, where the first part of the business

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<sup>1</sup> Henry Dearborn, 1751-1829, served as a major in the battle of Bunker Hill and in 1778 fought with distinction at Monmouth, where Burr also commanded. He was a member of congress 1793-97 and Secretary of War under President Jefferson from 1801 to 1809, during the first four years of which time Burr was Vice-President of the United States.

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was to be done. The officer to whom it was directed asked me to enumerate my effects ; for this I was not prepared, supposing that the list of them would be taken from the manifest. Nevertheless, I repeated them off as fast as he could write, though they consisted of eighteen different articles; trunks, boxes, portmanteaus, bundles, rolls, &c. He then bade me sign my name to it, which I did thus: *A. Arnot* ; I think that is very like it. Then he directed me to take it to the collector, who would sign it ; here was the rub. I told the young man, my conductor, to take it and get it signed for me, for that I was obliged to run as fast as possible to see after my things, the ship being just about to haul out. He took it, and I got out as fast as I could, passing again under the nose of Dearborn. I do assure thee that I felt something lighter when I got down into the street. But my trouble and danger were not yet ended. When I got to the wharf, all my effects were already laying pell-mell on the ground, and two tide-waiters there, ready to examine them on the spot. As everybody here is now idle by reason of the embargo, there were collected more than 500 people to see what was going forward. Trunks, boxes, bundles, every one opened, and rummaged to the bottom. In many of the books my name was written, but it happened that he did not open in that page. Every parcel of letters showed the name of A. Burr ; but, as I assisted in the search, I took care how I presented these parcels to him. The ceremony lasted about two hours, and I was another hour repacking ;

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working and sweating like a horse, the mob crowding round to see the strange things. Of the number present, it is probable that more than half had seen me before ; and I expected every minute to hear some one exclaim, "Col. Burr, by ——!" But I heard nothing. Finally, got all to my lodgings, the whole expense being \$6.

Boston, May 7, 1812. Sat up till 12 last night reading the newspapers, and have done nothing else all this day. Having heard no hints about A. Burr, nor seeing anything about him in the papers, conclude that he escaped notice during the vexatious proceedings of yesterday, though it is possible that Dearborn may have recognized me, and had the policy to hold his tongue and to write to the President ; but this is not probable. Besides being on the wharf yesterday more than five hours, I was obliged to walk no less than six times the whole length of State street and the *long wharf*, the most public and crowded parts of the town. Thanks to Dr. Smith's wig and my huge whiskers if I have not been recognized. In this house there are, besides the family of Smith, my fellow passengers, four other ladies and gentlemen boarders. But you are impatient to learn how long this state of inaction will continue, and when and how it will terminate. That it cannot last long, the state of my finances will attest. But I must wait for answers to the letters which I have written to New York, and for those you may have written the last twelve months, and transmitted to Gahn as I directed ; then it may be necessary that

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I have one confidential friend here to aid me in certain matters, which it would take too much time and paper to explain ; in order to determine on such confidence, I have been reading over the whole directory. Among all that part of my acquaintance whom you have ever seen or of whom you have ever heard me speak, I do not find one that will answer. I find the name of Benjamin Fessenden ; one of the same name, perhaps the same person, for he was a New England man, served under my command during my hard campaign in Westchester (1779-1780) as ensign. If it prove to be the same person, I think to make myself known to him on Saturday or Sunday. My letters from New York are not expected before Monday.

11 P. M. I have been walking an hour to gather inspiration from exercise and fresh air, but no illumination came. We will try the effect of a good sleep. I do sleep like an angel, or rather, like an infant, five or six hours, without dreaming, without turning, and wake doubting whether I have been ten minutes in bed.

8. *Eh bien, mes enfants. La premiere demarche est fait et n'a pas trop bien réussie. J'ai l'este toute la journée chez moi comme lui, mais croyant que lettres peut etre arrivés chez le Major Johnson, car j'ai ecrit a cet effet de Londres quelques semaines avant mon depart, et ne voulant pas les demander personnellement, j'ai sorti ce soir et me suis render chez mon compagnon de Gerrare. C'etoit à ce tems la un assez jolie Galliard, mince, gai, badinant. Actuellement c'est un gros bon homme Viel-*

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*lard. Mais vieux. Mon Dieu! que je dois etre vieux aussi<sup>1</sup>. Apres l'avoir fait plusieurs questions pour me bien assurer que c'etoit mon homme, je me suis annoncé. Il en à temoigné beaucoup, beaucoup d'étonnement, mais pas le moindre plaisir. Ne amains, il a promis de garder mon secret, et je le crois. Aussi ira-t-il demain matin demander mes lettres. Je me respons un peu d'avoir pres ce pas, for it was unnecessary<sup>2</sup>. He had not the slightest recollection of me, and could scarcely be persuaded of my identity. It would have been better to have sent Mr. Arnot with a letter of introduction from Colonel Burr. Mais nous voilà<sup>3</sup>.*

*Dramatis Personæ<sup>4</sup>.*

Mrs. Goodrich, fat, 40, *bien conservée<sup>5</sup>*, active, good-natured.

Mrs. Smith, wife of mate of a ship and sister of Mrs. G., 30, well looking, nervous, sentimental, religious.

*Trois fils de Madame G.<sup>6</sup>*, say 15, 17, 19, *tres bien<sup>7</sup>*.

Simson, young merchant, intelligent, well-behaved.

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<sup>1</sup> The MS. here is missing and this French is taken from the reprint of Davis, who undoubtedly added considerably to the list of mistakes by a faulty transcription. The French probably means: Well, my children, the first step has been taken (*démarche est faite*) and has not succeeded over well. I have staid (*je suis resté*) at home all day as I did yesterday (*hier*); but believing that letters may have arrived (*des lettres peuvent être arrivées*) at Major Johnson's, for to this end I wrote from London several weeks before my departure, and not wishing to ask for them in person, I went out (*je suis sorti*) this evening and betook myself (*je me suis rendu*) to my companion in arms (*guerre*). He was in those days (*c'était à ce temps-là*) a genteel, (*joli*), thin, gay, and sportive hlade; at present he's a hulky old codger. But old. Lord, how old I must be, too!

<sup>2</sup> After having put several questions to him (*lui*) in order to make certain that he was (*c'était*) my man, I announced myself. He was exceedingly astonished over it, but showed not the slightest pleasure. Nevertheless (*néanmoins*) he promised to keep my secret and I believe he will. So he will go to-morrow morning to ask for my letters. I regret (*je regrette*) a little having taken (*pris*) this step, for it was unnecessary.

<sup>3</sup> But here we are.

<sup>4</sup> Characters of the drama.

<sup>5</sup> Well preserved.

<sup>6</sup> Madame G.'s three sons.

<sup>7</sup> All right.



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Lincoln, grandson of the late general, *roué*<sup>1</sup>.

Madame Tarbaud, *née Angloise*<sup>2</sup>, passed her infancy in France; married a Frenchman in Martinique; *2 enfans*; *35*; *blonde, artificielle*<sup>3</sup>.

Mrs. Smith, *sa mère*<sup>4</sup>.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and *trois enfans*<sup>5</sup>, my fellow passengers.

We had this evening an action between *le fils aîné de le maison et son parent*<sup>6</sup> Smith, which terminated in a manner wholly without example in ancient or modern history, or even in fable. A black girl of Madame S., stout, active, and well-made, is the principal servant in the house. The theatre of war was up stairs. The girl, being below and hearing the racket, ran up, seized one of the combatants round the waist, and before he could extricate himself, carried him down and placed him in the common room; then went about her business as if nothing had happened.

9. My friend the old soldier came at 11, as he had promised. He began by complaining of what an amazing long walk he had had to Major J.'s (it is less than half a mile), how tired he was, and how he sweated! It is true he did sweat and blow a good deal. Then told me he had come from the Major, who had no letters for me. Asked me to call and see him, to which I assented; but, recollecting himself, added, "Better let that alone till I call again to see

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<sup>1</sup> Rake.

<sup>2</sup> English born.

<sup>3</sup> Two children (*enfants*); 35, blond, artificial.

<sup>4</sup> Her mother.

<sup>5</sup> Three children. (*Enfants*.)

<sup>6</sup> The eldest (*ainé*) son of the (*la*) house and his kinsman (possibly meant for father) Smith.



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you.” Have not been out of my room the whole day, except to take my meals with the family. There is a great run of people coming and going, principally of the mariner order; an order by whom I am more likely to be recognized than by any other. The door never opens but I expect to hear the comer exclaim out, “Colonel Burr!”

10. At home, as yesterday. The old soldier did not visit me to-day. Whether from goodness, or negligence, or temerity, or perfidy, time will show. *Mais je n'en suis pas trop content*<sup>1</sup>. Have been occupied in repacking my papers, in filing all the scattering letters, and principally in gathering the sheets of this journal, in order to send you a sample. Have found, for it is really a discovery, a regular continuation from the 15th March to this day, which it is proposed to send you, by way of sample, by the first vessel which may sail from this port. So soon as a sheet is finished, it is thrown anywhere, and then you know what a job it is to collect them. It is impossible that I should be much longer in this situation undiscovered. My strange habits; my seclusion; my reserve—for I make no familiarities, lest, among a race so prone to curiosity, some one should suppose he had the right to question me. I observe with some concern that I am treated with a sort of deference. I can play the fool. No one can do it better, no one does it more. But I could never play the blockhead.

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<sup>1</sup> But I don't like it any too well.

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11. Have not left my room to-day. *La vieux soldat n'est pas venu*<sup>1</sup>. If he has abandoned me, he will not stop there, but will undoubtedly add treachery. I find that the mail goes to New York and return in five days. Thus answers to the letters I wrote on Monday last ought to have been received on Saturday. But, if not now in the hands of Major J., something has happened either to my letters or to those answers. Mr. F.'s conduct is in either case unpardonable. He should have called on the Major as he promised, and should have informed me that there were or were not letters. Looking over the directory to-day, I see the name of John Mason, my college mate, and heretofore, through all changes in politics, my friend. I have resolved to call on him or write to him to-morrow. I will know what are the feelings of my old acquaintances in this quarter. Have been all day looking over my papers and selecting a few that may be wanted. *La famille*<sup>2</sup> have hired a house and moved to-day. Just before going, Madame came on behalf of her *mari*<sup>3</sup> to borrow \$20, and offered to leave with me in pledge a little parcel of jewelry, value about 20 guineas. I lent her \$16, but refused to take the jewelry<sup>4</sup>. Have left \$10. How very prudent! But don't scold, I am sure they will repay it.

12. Nothing done. No advances; no letters; no intelligence. Having waited till 5 P. M., and

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<sup>1</sup> The old soldier did not come.

<sup>2</sup> The family.

<sup>3</sup> Husband.

<sup>4</sup> Those who are looking for bright spots in Burr's character will find signal examples of his generosity.

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hearing nothing from the old soldier, I wrote him a note, and sent it by the eldest son of the house, Edward, the sailor. He replied *underneath my note* (very common mode in this country, without meaning incivility) that he had called on Major J., but no letters; and that he (*le soldat*<sup>1</sup>) would call on me to-morrow. But what does he mean with his "Dear sir"? But a dreadful inroad has been made on the treasury to-day. Being a week complete since I came here, I asked for my bill. It is \$10.50! and Captain Nicholls, who recommended me here, told me the board was \$4 per week, and so I presume it is for him and others of this country. But there is no parleying where no bargain has been made. Again I sent for a blacksmith to mend the hasp of one of the locks broken by those London freebooters. The repair did not require five minutes; the charge  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a dollar. Fortunately, I had made a small advance to Mrs. G. on first coming, so that I had enough and \$2 over.

13. Another day of seclusion. No letters, no intelligence, and the treasury exhausted. The old soldier has neither come nor sent. By way of exercise this evening, walked to Smith's (*l'Anglois*<sup>2</sup>). Found the family settled in a neat, comfortable house. The neighbors have been in to offer them kindness, at which these English are mightily pleased and greatly surprised. Such a thing could not have happened in any part of England. Have written, but have not

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<sup>1</sup> The soldier.

<sup>2</sup> The Englishman.

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sent my letter to Jonathan Mason. *J'y pense*<sup>1</sup>. Wrote another note to the old soldier, who sent a verbal answer that he would call to-morrow.

14. The old soldier has not called. No letter. Madame ——— called and paid me the \$16. "Did not I tell you so?" Have found in the directory the name of Mrs. P., with whom we lodged. She had, as you may recollect, a son, a very fine lad of 15 or 16, to whom she was unable to give any education. But what you do not know is that I furnished some little aid for that purpose. This evening I called to see her, but the house was locked and no one at home. Think to make another attempt in the morning. After losing your watch in Paris, I resolved to buy the cheapest possible thing that would serve tolerably to mark time. Bought a new watch for 30 francs, with steel chain. In twenty-four hours it was out of order, and putting it in the hands of a watchmaker at Amsterdam to repair he condemned it as utterly worthless. That I brought here and yesterday sent Edward to ask a watchmaker the worth of it. Edward immediately took a fancy to buy it himself; but I refused to sell it to him, knowing it to be good for nothing. He went out to get it priced, and told me the watchmaker had valued it at \$3, and then again proposed to buy it himself. Finally I gave it to him. I then sent out the other brother with the silver repeater intended for Harry, to get that priced. He came back with a report of \$15. Now, as I know this to be worth at least \$60, it is obvious that the

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<sup>1</sup> I am thinking of it.

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same game has been played in both instances, for this brother also wished to become a purchaser.

15. The old soldier has not been near me. At noon sent Edward with another note, begging a written answer. He did reply in writing that he had sent his *clerk* to the Major's, and would inform me as soon as he came back. But now, at 11 at night, have heard nothing from him. Called about 8 this morning at Mrs. P.'s. Notwithstanding my wig, my whiskers, and my change of dress; that she had not seen me in sixteen years, and that she is half blind, she instantly, with an air of pleasure and surprise, called me by name, but with as little hesitation as if I had been invited and expected! She called down her son. They two are the whole family, having no servant. He is a handsome young man, and of good countenance; is respected and esteemed in the city; is a magistrate, and will probably be made clerk of the House of Assembly. They both expressed very great joy at seeing me, and great desire to be useful to me. I charged the young man with my letter to Mason. At 11 young P. called on me. He had delivered the letter to Mason, who said that he had great respect for Colonel Burr, and bore him much good-will; *but*, *but*, that his position was very delicate. Nevertheless, he would think of it, and either call or write me an answer. Now I engage he will do neither one nor the other. When a man takes time to consider whether he will do a good or a civil action, be assured he will never do it. The baser feelings, the calcula-

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tions of interest and timidity, always prevail. But did you ever hear of such meanness? This very J. Mason was at Richmond during the trial, saw the vile persecutions which I encountered, and spoke of them with indignation and contempt; came often to see me, and openly avowed a friendship for me. He is immensely wealthy, and not a candidate for any office. What should restrain such a man from expressing his feelings? Timidity. I suspect, too, that he has said something to alarm young P. For he (P.) now spoke of the *delicacy of his situation*, which, with regard to him, is perfectly true, being quite without fortune, and dependent for the bread of himself and mother on public opinion. But as to Mason, not only is his position such as I have mentioned, but we were college-mates, and on terms of courtesy and friendship at all times since till my departure for Europe. I got P. to address two letters for me, one of which, to S. S.', I took myself this evening to the post-office. My former letter to him of the 4th instant, the day of my arrival, has either never been put in the post-office (though young P. undertook to put it in), or rather that letter, or the reply of S. to it, must have been purloined from the post-office at New-York; for no doubt S. has replied punctually, and his answer ought to have been received on the 9th instant.

16. At 6 P. M. no one has been near me. Have kept my room all day, having a slight headache. I have given up all hope of a letter from New York before Wednesday next. If by that day

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1 Samuel Swartwout in New York.

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nothing, nor any change, shall sell Harry's watch for what it will fetch, and then—and then—well, &c.

11 P. M. Just as I had written this, young P. came in and sat with me the whole evening till 10. He is a sensible, well-informed, and well-behaved young man, and in person very handsome. He showed me a letter addressed to *him* by Mason, saying that the state of prejudice was such that he must decline to see me *alone*, but wished very much to "befriend" me, &c., &c. Truly there seems to be as little independence of spirit or conduct here as in France. P. brought for my amusement an oration which he delivered before, at the request of, a charitable institution in this city. Also, "Alexis the Czarowitz," a tragedy, written by Alexis Eustaphieve, Russian Consul in Boston, a Russian by birth, and who spoke not a word of English till about 7 years ago. It is in English blank verse; with some newspapers and other things.

17. Have kept my room all day, pretending indisposition. There are so many comers and goers in this house that I never go into the common room without apprehension. P. came in just after breakfast, and sat two hours. Soon after came in the *soldat*<sup>1</sup>, but so dressed and smoothed up that he looked ten years younger. He apologized for not calling sooner, having had company every day, which is probably true, for they say he is very hospitable. He had called often at Major J.'s, but no letters. He had also called at the post-office; no letters there for the Major.

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<sup>1</sup> Soldier.



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So the hope of any is now gone. Certainly my letter of the 4th has never reached S. S.; but what may have become of it leaves a large field for conjecture. The second letter to S. S. I put into the post-office myself, as I ought to have done with the first, but answer cannot be had to it till Thursday; not Wednesday, as I supposed. Have read the tragedy of "Alexis" with great pleasure and never should have suspected that it was written by a foreigner. P.'s oration does him credit. Have this evening written another letter to Mr. Mason, offering to sell him my books; must think how to send it.

18. Indisposed as yesterday, and have not been out of my room. The good lady brings me my meals. P. has not been here. Shall charge him with my letter to Mr. Mason. S., my co-passenger, called to borrow \$10, which I lent, and have just \$3 left, having paid the goldsmith \$5, and owe him, I fear, \$5 more for work. To-morrow, alas! is my pay-day to Mrs. G., and my bill, including washing, will be about \$11. So you see I am again on the *sans sous*<sup>1</sup> establishment. You will think this loan to S. a great folly, and so it is; but, when I tell you all, you may think it venial. Poor Harry's repeater must go to-morrow, and, I fear, for \$35, though it cost near \$50; then I shall be wholly rid of all plague of watches. The old soldier, when here yesterday, proposed to take me in his carriage to Cambridge, and introduce me to the President of the college<sup>2</sup>, his particular

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<sup>1</sup> Penniless.

<sup>2</sup> John Thornton Kirkland (1770-1840) became president of Harvard college in 1810.

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friend. "You may," says the old soldier, "rely on his honor and discretion." Verily, I think to accept the offer; but it surprised me not a little. Such an overture from *v. s.*<sup>1</sup>!

19. I received *a letter*; yes, a letter from S. S., containing a pretty full answer to my queries, with assurance that I have very many and warm friends and no enemies. The letter is stamped with that enthusiasm which marks his character. As regards business, however, things are not propitious. The two creditors who have judgments against me are inexorable. Nothing will satisfy them but money or approved security, neither of which are in my power. The alternative is to be taken on execution and go to the limits<sup>2</sup>. To this I should have no great repugnance in point of pride or feeling, but there are two objections pretty cogent; first and principally, *you*. I fear your little heart would sink to hear that Gamp was on the limits. To be sure, if you could come here and see how gay he was, be supported by the light of his countenance, and catch inspiration from his lips, you would forget that he was not in paradise. The second is, that I have a project of entering into the holy state of matrimony. The charming object is already designated, and love, almighty love! The fair object is a worthy lady some few years *older* than myself, with fortune enough, and, I think, good-nature enough to make that appropriation of it. Now, this fine sentimental project would be utterly defeated by the limits-estab-

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<sup>1</sup> For *vieux soldat*. Old soldier.

<sup>2</sup> Jail limits.

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lishment. I shall write this evening and make further propositions. The old soldier called on me this morning and brought me that letter. In the evening called young P., and charged him with my letter to Mason; on the success of which I do not, however, much rely.

20. Have not gone out; take all my meals in my room; eat no meat, and very little of anything, being, as you know, greatly indisposed; but, to tell you the truth, I am hungry as a wolf, and could now eat a pound of beefsteak. We have a new lodger, Mr. Horton, merchant, of Newburyport, who has been a great deal about the world. I had not seen him for good reasons; but last evening the landlady pressed me so much to go down and smoke a segar with him, that I could not get off. Went down with some apprehension, but all is well. Young P. called this evening, and copied and addressed my letter to S. S., which is not in my own name. P. had not yet seen Mason, who lives a little out of town, and may not come in, perhaps, during the continuance of this N. E. storm, and I may be starved or turned out of doors before it is over. Gave Mrs. G. my \$3, to prevent her from rendering her account due yesterday. Have left one 5-cent piece. Hope Smith will pay me to-day; but even then I shall be \$3 minus, for the goldsmith's bill is \$6. Have sent out Harry's watch, but can get no offer above \$35, though it cost me near \$50, and is worth here near \$100. Stole out this evening and put my letter to S. S. in the post-office.

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21. Still a storm at N. E. Young P. has not been here yet (5 P. M.), but will certainly call; but the weather permits no hope that he has seen Mason. Smith called and paid the \$10. The watch not disposed of. Have dined below to-day, concluding that the weather would keep off visitors. Have ruminated *beaucoup*<sup>1</sup> on that limit arrangement. It has even its advantages. I should be then more at ease; should have nothing to apprehend; could pay my debts in the order I pleased; could live better, be exempt from the trouble of paying visits. On the other hand, there are the weighty objections before stated. I am sure your pride would suffer to have Gamp in jail for debt, for it would be called being in jail. You have already suffered too much on my account, and I come now to sacrifice myself to you in any way and every way; that of marriage is one, and no hope of that while a prisoner; and as to the payment of my debts, if I am confined to the mere practice of the law, debarred from all those speculations in which I might engage if at large, it will be the work of many years, and in all that time I could do you little or no good. 11 P. M. P. has not been here. No letters or intelligence. The storm continues, which has undoubtedly kept Mason from coming to town.

22. P. called this morning. He had seen a son of Mason and had given him the letter. I may or may not hear to-morrow. Paid my goldsmith \$6. Sold Madame G. a pair of pantaloons for her son, \$3.33; so that my remaining two will about pay her to Tuesday

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<sup>1</sup> Much.

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last. Find there are here several small vessels up for New York. Think to take my chance in one of them; but will wait till Sunday next for an answer to my last two letters to S. S. A clear day. Many visitors, but have avoided them all, though I breakfasted and dined with the family. Kept awake all last night by strong tea. Have not slept a wink. Refused tea this evening, and have supped on milk-porridge. Went twice to-day to my goldsmith's, being only the adjoining yard; but it has the appearance of going abroad, and so will banish suspicion. To-morrow *il faut faire le malade*<sup>1</sup>.

22. My milk-porridge brought on a headache, which, without any affectation, kept me abed till 3 this afternoon. Have taken a bowl of tea this evening, but not eaten a mouthful. Mr. P. has not been here, though he promised. Without promise or without asking, he ought to have called. I infer that he has no answer from Mason. Got Smith to try to sell the watch yesterday. He brought it back this morning, having had no offer of more than \$18. I begin to fear that I shall not now get \$30 for it. It is now the tenth day since my second letter to S. S., but no answer. No doubt there is foul play. The legislature of this state meet on Wednesday next. It consists of 800 members, and I think a few more. This mob will so fill the town with persons from all quarters that I must leave it before that day. But where to go, or how (*sans sous*), is not so easy to resolve or to execute.

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<sup>1</sup> I must feign illness.

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24. My headache has passed off; but I have taken my breakfast in my room, and declined taking any dinner, *mais pour te dire le vrai, j'ai du faim comme un ours*<sup>1</sup>. Mr. P. called this forenoon. He had received a letter from Mason, begging that he (P.) would inform "the gentleman" that he (Mason) had withdrawn from commerce, and that it was not convenient to him "to make advances." Now, then, poor Harry's watch is my only resource. Have written to *le vieux soldat* to call on me, and shall try to get him to buy or sell it. There has already come in one Member of Assembly to lodge here, and *eleven* more are expected to-morrow and next day. I must, therefore, be out to-morrow, and, if money cannot be had to pay, must leave my effects in pledge. There are two little (very small) sloops going to New York on Wednesday next. Not one for Charleston. Think to take passage in one of these sloops. Price \$20, and found<sup>2</sup>. But it is embarrassing to go thither before receiving farther information. There seems, however, to be no alternative. Were there a vessel for South Carolina, I should, under all circumstances, prefer it. But go I must somewhere. When I have *mangé*<sup>3</sup> the watch, I am here fixed. The preceding page was just finished, when it was announced that a stranger inquired for Mr. Arnot. He was shown up, and proved to be the clerk of the old soldier, with a packet of letters for me. Among them, one from you was kissed and hailed with joy! Nor was I disap-

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<sup>1</sup> But to tell you the truth I am as hungry as a bear.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning that meals will be furnished without additional charge.

<sup>3</sup> Hybrid verb from *manger*, to eat.



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pointed on reading it. The dignity and firmness which I had hoped to find, but which, in your weak state, I had scarcely dared to expect, are displayed throughout. What will please you to hear, that it is in answer to things written you in this journal during the last week. Most particularly I had asked, with great solicitude, whether you could endure to hear that I was within the limits. You could not only bear, but you advise it! This terminates my indecision. On Wednesday I embark in one of those little sloops for New York, and shall there take my stand, constantly consoled and supported by your affection and your counsel. The letter is dated 10th May, 1811. How many events may have happened to you within that long year! Your good health may have again yielded to that destructive climate. But I will not anticipate evil. The same packet contains a short letter from S. S., urging me to come on immediately. Now for financing. That forlorn watch and some neckcloths are all that I can find which are salable, and they will barely suffice.

25. "I can't get out." Mrs. G. asked me this morning for \$5, which having not, nor any part of it, sent to the goldsmith for change of the \$10 bill I had given him to take out his \$6; but he had supposed that I, meaning to pay *magnifiquement*<sup>1</sup>, had given him the whole 10; and it was not till after a very unpleasant scene that I could get back 3, which appeased Mrs. G. for the day. It is not possible to leave the house till she is paid. Nothing has been done to-day

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<sup>1</sup> Magnificently.



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on this head. *Le v. soldat*<sup>1</sup>, to whom I wrote yesterday, and whom it was intended to employ to sell the watch, has not called. The two sloops which are up for New York have neither of them the third part of a cargo yet engaged, and will not go till they have full freight, which may not be these eight or ten days. Three more lodgers, Members of Assembly, have come to-day, and now the good lady says she expects fifteen in all. The whole will probably be in to-morrow, as the legislature convenes next day. P. has not called to-day. It is presumed that he is canvassing for his election, which comes on the day after to-morrow. I have written another note to the old soldier, to be sent early in the morning.

26. For several days past I have slept only from 4 in the morning till 9, and cannot get rid of the habit; nor is it material, for, being very ill, as you know, it is quite in order that I should lie late in the morning. *Le v. soldat* came to-day at 11, and very cheerfully went out to try the watch. Though the watchmakers told him that it would be cheap at \$40, yet no one offered more than \$25. He himself then offered to lend me \$25 upon it, repayable in three months. But this would not get me off. *Le v. soldat* then renewed his invitation to go with him to see Dr. Kirkland. "The Doctor, (says he), knows—who you are—but I have—only told him and—my wife—and my sister—but—it's all very safe—there's no fear at all—of their mentioning it." I thanked the *v. s.*<sup>1</sup> for his *great discretion*,

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<sup>1</sup> For *le vieux soldat*.

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and also agreed to go with him to visit the Doctor this afternoon. You should imagine to yourself a very fat man, drawing breath at every three words. Such is the old soldier, which it would have been more *en règle*<sup>1</sup> to have told you before. Hence you see that my secret is in the keeping of eight persons known, probably of eighty more not known; and it will be almost miraculous if it should not appear in some gazette within three days. Madame G. came in to inquire of my health, and told me incidentally that there had been in the house these three days past, as lodgers, Parson Cooper and a lawyer whose name she did not know, both from New York. To the priest I am well known, but think he has not yet seen me here. The sloops bound to New York (it is now said) will positively sail on Friday, having, as is alleged, their cargoes engaged.

11 P. M. *Le v. s.* came at 4 this afternoon in his carriage, with his wife, and a Miss Gowin, a stranger on a visit to his family, and we rode out to Cambridge to see Dr. Kirkland. It happened that the doctor was in town, so we staid an hour walking over the house. The housekeeper offered us refreshments, of which I partook. Seeing on coming in, two comely young women, I asked the old soldier how many there were in the house. "Why, in *or'nary*—the doctor keeps—only two girls—but then—he takes others—*occasionally*." I thought this very extravagant for a

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<sup>1</sup> For *en règle*. In due form, in order.

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New England priest', and the ladies seemed to think so too, but the old soldier thought nothing about it. Dr. K. is a bachelor, said to be a very handsome man of about 40. His house is spacious, convenient, comfortable, and well furnished, and extremely neat. He has certainly shown taste and judgment in the selection of his female attendants. We passed an hour at the Doctor's, then rode a mile or two further on, and returned to town by way of the bridge. I alighted with the *v. s.* family at his house, not choosing, by going home, to hazard a rencounter with the New York parson and lawyer in broad daylight. Staid at *v. s.*'s till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8. Besides the two ladies who rode, there were two others. Home at 9. No letters or news to-day. The New York priest and lawyer went off this evening. I must be very sick to-morrow and next day, but have not determined what disorder I will have. For the past three days it has been a dysentery (very strange selection). The headache did very well for two or three days preceding, and I think to come back to it to-morrow. *Le v. s.* has promised to call on me to-morrow morning to concert about ways and means. It seems that the good Mrs. G. is in debt to him, a debt which he thinks desperate, and he has proposed to assume my bill, and thus shift the debt from her to me; but his mind does not seem quite settled whether this may not be making bad worse.

27. This is a great holiday—election day, that

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. Kirkland had been pastor of the New South Church, Boston, before his election to the presidency of Harvard.

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is—the day on which the election of Governor is declared. Poor Gerry<sup>1</sup> is out and Strong comes in. The Governor is escorted into town with military attendance and great pomp. But what I can't understand, and which no one I converse with can explain, is, that it is the old Governor, Gerry, who has to-day this honor. I have not been out of my room, being, as was yesterday resolved, very ill of a headache. Ate no dinner. A man must be very ill, you know, who does not eat. But, *entre nous*<sup>2</sup>, I secured last night about a pound of bread, which I have devoured, and my drink is toast and water. I shall soon be pure as an angel. *Le v. s.* has not been here, though I told him how pressing the case was. But he has no idea that anything in this world can be in a hurry. He never was in a hurry in all his life. P. has not called either yesterday or to-day. He is appointed to the House of Assembly; very important to him. We have, as yet, only eight lodgers. The sloops are locked up all day, and all hands gone to see the show. So nothing new of them; neither is there of any of the other essentials.

28. At 11 *le v. soldat* came in, but not in a hurry. Dr. Kirkland was at his house, and *v. s.* had told him of my books and of the state of my finances. One ought never to quarrel with good intentions. The Doctor said he would take Bayle and Moreri for

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<sup>1</sup> Elbridge Gerry, (from whose name comes the word gerrymander), was born in Massachusetts in 1744 and died in Washington in 1814. He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States. He was elected governor of Massachusetts in 1810 and 1811 and was defeated for that office in 1798, 1801, and 1812. He was elected Vice-President of the United States in 1812.

<sup>2</sup> Between us.

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the college. They were immediately sent to *v. s.*'s house. At 1 I went out to hunt a passage. Found the sloop *Rose*, apparently ready, and the Captain declaring he would go to-morrow. It was just the hour when all the world was in the street and gaping. At 6 P. M. received a note from *v. s.* requesting me to call at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8 at his house, to meet the Doctor, who wished greatly to see me. Went accordingly and sat an hour *tête-à-tête* with the Doctor. He has much the appearance of kindness and good sense. As much frankness as is consistent (compatible, it should be) with his profession and his sense of action. Less warmth than I expected. He paid me \$40, and left it at my election to take back the books and repay the money when I should please. Home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  10, and took my usual supper. *Soupaan*<sup>1</sup>.

29. Have embarked all my effects. It has cost me four trips through State street, and the whole length of the long wharf in open day, and thousands of idlers. The Captain says he will go down with the ebb at 12 this night. Adieu Boston! Pollard has not called since, I believe, Sunday last. *Le v. s.* called about noon and begged me to take tea with him *en famille*. Called at 8, and passed  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour with him and *ux*. Very kind and civil, and very earnestly begged me to write to them from New York. It was now 11. Am just going to eat my *soupaan*, close my writing-case, and be off. The sloop *Rose* is a *leetle teeny* thing of about thirty or forty tons. Three female passengers

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<sup>1</sup> It is not clear what Burr means by this word. It is evidently the name of some food or drink, and seems to be connected with the French word *soupe*, soup.

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occupy the after cabin. But of this when aboard. The *soupaan* is growing cold. *Bon soir.*

On board the sloop Rose, Captain Dimon, off Boston Harbor, May 30, 1812. At 12 last night I came on board, but the tide would not serve till 1. I agreed to keep watch till that hour, and then wake the Captain. The sloop lay at the end of the long wharf, and I passed the hour walking on the wharf or sitting on the timber, ruminating on *things to come*, and talking with you and Gampillo. It was a beautiful, clear, mild moonlight night. A light breeze at N., just what we wanted, sprung up. At 1 we made sail. At 2 I turned in and slept till 7, and now, *midi*<sup>1</sup>, we are about 15 miles East of Boston lighthouse, with a gentle breeze at South, which enables us to lay our course. A smooth sea and clear sky. When I rose this morning there was fog, and to the West a bright colorless *arc en ciel*<sup>2</sup>, but very distinct, and even strongly marked. The sailors call this a fog-calm. The passengers are, first, the Captain's wife, a handsome, very handsome woman. A Mrs. Hall, wife of a physician, and her daughter, about 13 years of age, all of Fairfield, the birthplace of my father, and I doubt not that the Captain and his wife are both my cousins. Previous to and at the commencement of the war, resided some time in Fairfield with a cousin of my father, and of my name. I think I then saw this Mrs. Hall.

11 P. M. This day has been mild and clear; a

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<sup>1</sup> Noon.

<sup>2</sup> For *arc-en-ciel*. Rainbow.

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light breeze from S. E., rather ahead. We have had the coast on our right within about ten miles all day. At 7 this evening were off Cape Cod lighthouse. Then came on a fog, which is the curse and torment of this coast. It continues so thick that a lighthouse at 100 yards would not be discernible. The wind light at S. E. Our Captain, who is about 25 years of age, is the son of my most intimate friend. But whether the father is dead or living, I have not dared to ask. Mrs. H. is the sister of a priest named Elliot, a man of sound sense, and much esteemed. He came to establish himself at Fairfield, with his two sisters, while I was there. We were much attached. Mrs. H. is the youngest of these two sisters. She would be greatly astonished were I to recount to her all the little anecdotes I know of herself and her family. But I shall refrain from it. For Mr. D., I have not yet heard his family name. Fortunately, no person on board is acquainted with the name I went by in Boston. I shall give myself another. I now baptize myself, and introduce you to Mr. De Gamelli. You shall know to-morrow or next day all the reasons of my establishment on board the Rose. The Captain's lady bears a strong resemblance to my sister.

On board the Rose, off Mill River, Fairfield, June 4, 1812. *Nous jettames l'ancre ici a 11 heures hier au soir. Ce n'etoit que ce matin que j'avois le bonheur d'apprendre le nom de ma souer. La babillard, M<sup>e</sup> H., en contant quelque chose (elle conte toujours quand elle n'est pas malade et alors elle questionne) nommait son pere*



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Sherwood. *Je le connois bien, c'est un poete d'esprit qui s'est marié à une niece de mon pere, dont M<sup>e</sup> la Cap. est l'enfant la plus jeune.* That "dont" means *de laquelle mariage*. *N'est ce pas que j'avois raison? J'ai été souvent chez son pere qui maimoit bien autrefois et je ne doute pas que ce neveu est nommé apres* (don't know how to say that in French) *ton Gamp.*<sup>1</sup> *Dorénavant nous l'appellerons cousine.* *En quittant le batiement elle m'invita de venir passer le tems chez elle avant mon départ.* *D'arreter en voyage avec un tres bon vent pas jolie.* *Mais en arretant, le Cap. m'a*  
\* \* \* \* *debarquer les femmes a quatre heures*  
\* \* \* \* *mais nous dormames tous till* \* \* \* \*  
high; then breakfasted and a 8 \* \* \* \* *alloit avec les femmes et leurs* \* \* \* \* *at anchor*<sup>3</sup> about three-quarters of a mile from the shore. Then I learned, no, it was at the return of the boat from the shore that I learned, that great part of our cargo, including the whole of the timber with which our decks are full, was to be landed here. The wind is still at North, a brisk gale, and so long as it blows from that quarter we cannot *commence* the landing of

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1 We cast (*jettâmes*) anchor here at 11 o'clock last evening. It was not until this morning that I had the good fortune to learn the name of my sister (*sœur*). The babler (*babillarde*), Madame H., while relating something (she is always telling things when she is not ill, and then she asks questions) called her father Sherwood. I know him well. He is an intellectual poet (*poète*) who married a niece of my father, of which the Captain's wife is the youngest child. That "dont" means of which marriage (*duquel mariage*). Wasn't I right? I have often been at her father's, who formerly loved me (*m'aimait*) very much, and I doubt (*doute*) not that this nephew is named after thy Gampillo.

2 Henceforth (*dorénavant*) we shall call her cousin. On leaving the boat (*bâtiment*) she invited me to come and pass the time (*temps*) at her house until the boat should sail, and I promised to call on her before my departure.

3 (A portion of the MS. has been torn off and is missing, and we rely upon Davis's reprint for the missing words, which are indicated by stars.) To stop (*nous arrêter*) on the way with a very good wind isn't (*n'est pas*) pleasing (*joli*), but on stopping (*en s'arrêtant*) the Captain (*Capitaine*) promised me (*m'a promis de*) to land (*débarquer*) the ladies at 4 o'clock [A. M.], \* \* \* but we all slept (*dormimes*) till the sun was two hours high, then breakfasted and at 8 [the Captain] went with the ladies and their [haggage]. We are] at anchor, etc.

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our timber. We must, therefore, wait for a head wind before we can unload, and then wait for a fair wind before we can go. *Le Cap. est propriétaire du bâtiment, est aussi un sorte de negociant ; a un assez jolie maison en vue d'ici*<sup>1</sup>. I would say on the shore, directly off against where we are now anchored. *La ville de*<sup>2</sup> Fair-field is two and one-half miles from this landing-place; in all this vicinity, particularly along the shore, now in view, *jetois accoutume d'aller avec mon cousin Thaddeus B., a la peche et a la chasse*<sup>3</sup>. *J'ai envie d'aller demain matin*<sup>4</sup> to renew my former acquaintance with all the inanimate objects ; but then, the hazard of recognition ; *voilà le rub*<sup>5</sup>.

P. M. The boat has made a second voyage to the landing and just returned. *Ma belle cousin \* \* \* \* voyé un grand pain un bouteille de \* \* \* \* bouteilles d'excellent cidre. Etant \* \* \* \* cabin j'ai joui de la tranquilité. \* \* \* \* gene depuis le depart du maitre \* \* \* \**<sup>6</sup> Now, therefore, let me perform the promise made some days ago, to describe to you my position aboard. *Je ne fais jamais un mouvement de meublement ou la plus petite voyage sans etre dupé et pillé*<sup>7</sup> and, when it is past, I console myself with the experience I have gained, and the full assurance that it is the very last time ; and this has gone on pretty much

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1 The Captain (*Capitaine*) is proprietor of the boat and also a (*unc*) sort of merchant ; has quite a pretty house, to be seen from here.

2 The city of.

3 I was accustomed to go with my cousin, Thaddeus Burr, fishing (*à la pêche*) and hunting.

4 I have a mind to go to-morrow morning.

5 There is (*voilà*) the rub.

6 My handsome cousin sent me (*m'a envoyé*) a large loaf of bread, a (*une*) bottle of milk and two bottles of excellent cider. Being alone in the cabin, I have enjoyed tranquillity (*tranquillité*). No trouble since the departure of the Captain (*maitre*) and the ladies.

7 I never make a move (*mouvement*) to stock up (*i. e.* buy things) or take the (*le*) very smallest trip without being duped and plundered.

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the same way near forty years. And now, at this day, with all the vast store of experience, I verily believe that Gam'lo' would get on *avec moins d'embarras*<sup>2</sup>. I sent out Edward, eldest son of my hostess in Boston, to hunt me a passage, and bid him choose *un jeune homme et un qui demouroit pas a N. Y.*<sup>3</sup> for the Captain. *Pour le batiment je n'étoit pas difficile*<sup>4</sup>. The reason for selecting this description of *maitre*<sup>5</sup> was to escape recognition. He reported to me this Captain, and I first saw him, as you have been told already, on Thursday evening. Came into the cabin and chose my birth<sup>6</sup>, but first inquired whether *quelques autres passagers*<sup>7</sup>, letting him know (very silly) that this would form an objection. "None for certain; two ladies talk of going." Learning, however, that these *dames*<sup>8</sup> were not of New York, there was no obstacle. Left on board two or three light articles, which the boy and I had brought in our hands. Next day, at noon, he was actually hauling down to the end of the wharf. This was so good an evidence of his determination to sail forthwith that I went up, got a cart, and brought down all my lumber save the writing case. When it was all fairly on board and under hatches, *mons. le maitre*<sup>9</sup> informed me there were three *dames*; *c'est a dire sa femme et deux autres*<sup>10</sup>, and he feared they

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1 For Gampillo, meaning his grandson.

2 With less vexation.

3 Bade him choose a young man, and one who did not live (*ne demourait pas*) in New York.

4 As to the vessel I was not (*n'étais pas*) hard to suit.

5 Master.

6 Always so in the MS.

7 Any or some other passengers.

8 Ladies.

9 The Captain.

10 Three ladies, that is to say, his wife and two others.

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would require the whole after cabin, which has only two births'. I remonstrated, and he promised to endeavor to arrange with the ladies so that I could have one; and if not, he would make the other comfortable for me. On coming on board at 12 (midnight), the three *dames* were aboard' and in possession of the after cabin. My mattress was spread in one of the *four* births in the outer cabin, which is just six feet fore and aft, and the breadth of the sloop, but from this space must be deducted the staircase; the cupboard or pantry containing our table-furniture, cold victuals, and also our beef and pork barrels, and all the provisions laid in for the voyage; also a large Franklin stove, two large seamen's chests, and various smaller boxes, &c. When I approached this den, I was smitten with an effluvia so nauseous that I feared to suffocate merely by going in to look. I ventured down, and here were stowed seven other passengers, *viz.*, the old pilot and another to be landed at Martha's Vineyard; one for New York, who worked his passage; and four young Irish emigrants, who were received as steerage passengers, and found and cooked their own provisions. The mate also slept here—*voilà*, nine<sup>2</sup>. I saw the impossibility of my existing here. But there was no receding. My baggage could not, at that hour, be got out. To complain was useless, to separate from my baggage impracticable, as all the trunks save one were unlocked. *Le maitre*<sup>3</sup> saw my disgust and disappointment, and, to encourage

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1 So in the MS.

2 Behold or lo, nine.

3 The captain.

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me, said he would, on the next day, make births in the hold for the seven steerage passengers, so that there would be left only *le second et moi*<sup>1</sup>. After an hour's walk, and when the sloop had cast off, I entered my den and climbed into my birth; but found it so impossible to breathe that in one minute I crawled out and went on deck to get breath, and to search for some place on deck; but she was so filled with the timber that there was not a vacant spare foot. The longboat was bottom upward, and lashed down so that I could not get under. I was weary, having run about and worked all day, and it was now past 1. Resolved to make another trial of the den. Crawled in again, and presently concluded that I should not live an hour in that air. Just as I had resolved to go and sit all night on the timber, I got asleep, and slept like an infant, without stirring, about six hours. Got up refreshed and with a good appetite for my breakfast. No other birth has been made for the steerage passengers and we have lived in the same way (abating two left at Martha's Vineyard) till the departure *des dames ce matin*<sup>2</sup>, and now I am sole occupant of the after cabin, and think I shall retain at least one-half of it, how many soever may come in. These tricks of our master will give you a very correct idea of him. Add to this, the delays at Martha's Vineyard, &c., were carefully concealed, as I have before stated to you. Nevertheless, he appears possessed of no kind of tender feelings—he is not capable of them;

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<sup>1</sup> The second [mate] and I.

<sup>2</sup> Departure of the ladies this morning.

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but a kind of forbearance or negative indulgence, of a common cast, for his wife. Our cousin is in every respect a peasant ; and in her conversation Yankeeish, but with so much goodness, and sweetness, and good sense, that she would everywhere be *distinguée*<sup>1</sup>. She was well-dressed this morning preparatory to disembarking. Always very neat. And now, as this is probably the last leisure we may have before being quietly lodged *sur les limites*<sup>2</sup>, let us say one word on that subject before it be too late. In two points you seem to be under misapprehension. First, as to my project of going to Charleston. It was with no view of concealment or disguise, as you seem to suppose, and why I know not ; but with the determination immediately to announce myself and engage in the practice of the law. Another project for making money could be attempted only there. Second, as to the limits establishment in New York, you seem to consider it as temporary. It might be, probably would be, during life. *Est ce que tu voudrais ça?*<sup>3</sup> I doubt whether you would. I go, however, *suivant vos ordres*<sup>4</sup>, with the intent to encounter this ; but reserve my final determination till I shall be on the spot and have all the facts before me. What I may then decide will, I have little doubt, receive your approbation. I wish to be a few days in New York *incognito*.

31. This morning, when the fog broke away we

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<sup>1</sup> Distinguished.

<sup>2</sup> On the limits.

<sup>3</sup> For *est-ce-que*, etc. Would you like that ?

<sup>4</sup> In accordance with your orders.



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were in sight of Cape Cod light-house, bearing N.W. We have continued under weigh, but very light breeze from the south till 8 this evening, when the excessive thickness of the fog obliged us to cast anchor in five fathoms water. Our soundings to-day have varied from seven to three fathoms. The shore in view, when clear, and about three or four leagues off. Pass within half a mile of the great round shoal, where breakers. *Toutes personnes dont on parle ici me sont connu. J'entends souvent le nom de ma famille et ceux de mes parens, mais pas encore le mien*<sup>1</sup>. *Les derniers 30 ans ont fait beaucoup de tort a ma chere Sus.; mais beaucoup; elle a vraiment les marques de l'age de ma chere destinee*<sup>2</sup>.

June 1, 1812. We made sail at 4 this morning with a very light breeze at W.; passed to the E. and within two leagues of the Isle of Nantucket. At 10 A. M. tide coming ahead and a dead calm, we cast anchor in two fathoms water; yes, two fathoms. *C'etoit l'ignorance de notre pilote que nous a mis sur ce bas fond; mais pendant un calme il n'y a pas de danger. Nous avons toujours de 20 a 30 petits batiments en vue*<sup>3</sup>. *Nous appercevons a ce moment l'Isle de Martha's Vineyard a 15 miles. On se propose d'arreter a cet isle pour mettre a terre le pilot et un passenger; aussi on doit aussi arreter a F'd pour débarquer nos trois femmes. Le Cap. m'a cache ces deux circonstances que feront un retard de*

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<sup>1</sup> All persons here mentioned are known (*cennues*) to me. I often hear the name of my family and those of my relatives (*parents*), but not yet my own.

<sup>2</sup> The last thirty years have done a lot of injury to my dear Susan [meaning Mrs. Hall?]; yes, indeed, much: she has truly the age-marks of my dear destiny.

<sup>3</sup> It was (*était*) the ignorance of our pilot that (*qui*) put us on this shoal (*bas-fond*); but during a calm there is no danger. We have always from twenty to thirty small craft in sight.



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48 heures, peut etre plus ; mais peu m'importe. Je ne me mele pas de leur entretiens de peur de me trahir, mais je brule d'avoir des nouvelles de plusieurs des amis et amies de ma jeunesse<sup>1</sup>. Ce petite coquine bete de 13 que Frederic appelle "sprung up" s'amuse la motié de tems a me regarder a la maniere la plus impudente. Elle s'est mis a ce moment dans sa birth me regardant de tous ses yeux. Elle est tout a fait ennuyante ; prend la premiere place, donne le ton de la conversation, decide sur tout d'un ton tranchant. Avec quelle plaisir je la fouetterai d'importance<sup>2</sup>. At 10 P. M. we cast anchor in Holmes's Hole, Martha's Vineyard, and here we shall wait for a wind. I am more and more struck with the resemblance of *Madame la Cap. a ma souer*. La meme grand bouche pleine de bonte et de fermeté de doucer, la meme grande nez aquiline, la contour de la figure, ses deux fossettes<sup>3</sup>, and, when disturbed, knits the brows and forehead in the same singular manner ; the form of the eyes the same ; very long ; the color not quite so dark. There is only wanting the broad forehead of *ma souer*<sup>4</sup> to be perfect.

2. We made sail at 6 this morning, with a very light breeze at East. The distance between the Vine-

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<sup>1</sup> We discern (*apercevons*) at this moment the island (*l'île*) of Martha's Vineyard fifteen miles away. It is proposed to stop (*s'arrêter*) at this island to land the pilot (*pilote*) and one passenger. They are also to stop at Fairfield to disembark our three women. The Captain concealed from me these two circumstances which (*qui*) will occasion a delay of forty-eight hours, perhaps (*peut-être*) more ; but it makes little difference to me. I do not mix up in their (*leurs*) conversation for fear of betraying myself, but I burn (*brûle*) to have news of several of my former friends of both sexes.

<sup>2</sup> This (*cette*) silly hussy of 13 whom Frederica calls "sprung up" amuses herself half the time (*la moitié du temps*) looking at me in the most impudent manner. She has stationed (*mise*) herself at this moment in her berth, looking at me with all her eyes. She is thoroughly annoying, takes the first place, gives the tone to (*à*) conversation, decides (*décide*) all questions peremptorily. With what (*quel*) pleasure would I flog (*fouetterais*) her soundly !

<sup>3</sup> The resemblance of the Captain's wife to my sister (*sœur*). The same (*même*) large (*grande*) mouth, full of goodness (*bonté*), firmness, and sweetness, the same large aquiline nose (*le même grand nez aquilin*), the (*le*) contour of the face, her two dimples.

<sup>4</sup> For *ma sœur*. My sister.

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yard and the Elizabeth Islands does not appear to me more than five or six miles, though stated much greater. Passed Gay Point or Gay Bluff, being the West end of the Vineyard, about noon. Both these islands seem little cultivated. Very destitute of timber; indeed, are said to be rather barren. The day is very mild; a gentle breeze at East takes us on about four miles per hour. This morning we have, as usual, been annoyed by fogs; so thick that land could not be seen a quarter of a mile, which renders the navigation among these shoals and islands very dangerous. By great good luck we had about 5 P. M. sight of the W. end of Block Island, which served us for a new departure. Toward sunset thunder and lightning succeeded by calm which still continues and also the fog. *M'e la Cap. a aussi la grande taille de ma souer, la meme grandeur. Plusieurs de ses attitudes et mouvements, [dont every] human being has something peculiar. Je la regarde des heures entieres but avec un interet inexprimable; surtout, quand elle dort I can scarcely refrain from claiming the affinity de frere. Neanmoins je ne dis pas mot de peur de me trahir. Mais c'est impossible qu'elle ne soit pas ma parente; mais jusqu'ici je n'ai pas appris son nom de famille. Je ne fais pas question a personne peur d'etre questionné en tour<sup>1</sup>.*

3. The fog cleared off towards daylight and we

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<sup>1</sup> The Captain's wife has also the tall stature of my sister (*souer*), the same height. Several of her attitudes and movements of which every human being has something peculiar. I look at her for hours at a time with an inexpressible interest (*intéret*), especially while she is sleeping. I can scarcely refrain from claiming the relationship of brother (*frère*). Nevertheless I say not a word for fear of betraying myself. But it is impossible that she should not be my relative; but up to this time (*jusqu'ici*) I have not learned her family name. I ask no questions of anybody for fear (*de peur*) of being interrogated (*d'être questionné*) in turn.

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*Private Journal of Aaron Burr.*

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made sail with the wind at N. At 7 in the Horse Race between Fisher's island and Gull island, the tide came ahead and we buffeted with great perseverance till 1 without gaining a foot. Then came the tide, and we are now, 6 P. M., off New Haven. We have tossed a great deal, and had spray constantly dashing over the deck so that one cannot put their head out without a wetting. *Ma c. d. belle Sus'n est extrêmement timide et tourmente tout le monde avec ses folles questions. Pour ma soeur, elle ne craint jamais rien, n'est pas malade (although meme le Cap. luimeme à été malade a vomir); toujours tranquille<sup>1</sup>. Pas encore appris son nom de famille. Qu'elle est parente, il n'y a plus de doute. Voici la preuve; elle avoit un petit chapeau de garçon. M'e H. demandoit pour qui étoit ce chapeau. "Pour Burr." Je demandais s'il étoit son frere. "Non," disoit elle, "Mon neveu." Mais la mystere de son nom de famille n'en est pas plus dévoilé. Certainement le nom Burr, de son neveu, est un nom de bête et pas un nom de famille. Par exemple, Gampillo. Nous nous quittons demain et je suis résolu s'il n'y auroit pas d'autre moyen, de le demander d'elle tout bonnement au moment de son départ<sup>2</sup>.*

June 5, 1812. *A bord<sup>3</sup> Rose*, off Mill River. The wind fell last evening, and the night was calm and

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<sup>1</sup> My formerly (*ci-devant*) handsome Susan (referring to Mrs. Hall) is extremely timid and torments everybody with her silly questions. As for my *sister* (Burr underscores this word), she never fears anything, is not sick (although even the Captain himself (*lui-même*) has been sick enough to vomit); always calm.

<sup>2</sup> [Have] not yet learned her family name. That she is [a] relative there is no longer any doubt (*doute*). Here is the proof. She had a little boy's hat. Mrs. Hall asked for whom the hat was intended. "For Burr." I asked if it were her brother. "No," said she (*dit-elle*), "my nephew." But the mystery (*le mystère*) of her family name has been no further unraveled. Certainly Burr, the name of her nephew, is a Christian name (*nom de baptême*) and not a family name; for instance, Gampillo. We part-to-morrow and I am resolved (*résolu*) if there should be no other way out of it, to ask it of her right out at the moment of her departure.

<sup>3</sup> For *à bord de la Rose*. On board the *Rose*.

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*Private Journal of Aaron Burr.*

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perfectly clear. Such a sky as I never saw in England or France. I passed some hours on deck admiring the brilliancy of the stars, following their majestic march through infinite space, and tracing the hand of Omnipotence. Presumptuous aim! Yet there is a charm in such contemplations of which you know all the luxury. It is you only whose society I could endure on such occasions. Yes, my dear little Gampillo, to initiate his young mind and introduce him to the gods; but I am to write facts and not reflections<sup>1</sup>. The Captain came on board at sunrise, and in ½ hour we got rid of our timber. The wind was now at W., a light breeze, and directly ahead; but, as the tide was favorable, I supposed we should make sail. No such thing. The Captain would go on shore, and invited me to go and take breakfast with him, which I did. Gave *ma cousine*<sup>2</sup>, by way of a souvenir, a little ivory nutmeg-grater; a pretty little thing, in form of a vase. She received it with more coldness than you would have received an apple from a servant. This "giving" is a very unprofitable business, and I have twenty times determined to quit it, yet am perpetually "seduced into the perpetration of it." At leaving Boston I gave Tom my silver pencil, which I have wanted a dozen times since. *Notre cousine*<sup>3</sup> has a neat, pretty house, with a nice garden and patch of grass. The house extremely well furnished. After breakfast the Captain rode out on horseback, and I strolled three or

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<sup>1</sup> Davis makes Burr say for the remainder of this paragraph: "To introduce to his opening mind the wonders of nature and the soul."

<sup>2</sup> My cousin.

<sup>3</sup> Our cousin.

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*Private Journal of Aaron Burr.*

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four hours round some miles in the neighborhood. Every object was as familiar to me as those about R. Hill', and the review brought up many pleasant and whimsical associations. At several doors I saw the very lips I had kissed and the very eyes which had ogled me in the persons of their grandmothers about six-and-thirty years ago. I did not venture into any of their houses, lest some of their grandmothers might recollect me. The instance of Mrs. P., at Boston, will make me cautious of old ladies whom I knew when they were younger. The Captain returned about 11, and appeared exceedingly impatient to go on board; but the mate, who went yesterday to see his family a few miles off, had not come. Whilst I was sitting in the house with the family reading newspapers, a stranger came in, and some one immediately exclaimed, "Ah! Burr, how goes it!" I looked up with doubtful glance, but the address was not to me. The person who came in was Wakeman Burr Dimon, a brother of the Captain, and commonly called Burr. The mate arrived before noon, and the Captain became less impatient to go. He thought we had better dine, and we dined. Then he resolved and unresolved at least half a dozen times. Finally he would go immediately, and ordered the men into the boat; he began again to doubt; he went up to the house, and left me in the boat near  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. At length he came down, and actually got on board with his brother, who is to go with us to New York. When we got to the mouth

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1 For Richmond Hill.

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*Private Journal of Aaron Burr.*

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of the creek about a  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, he got out, and determined that it was not worth while to make sail with a head wind, "*jamming about and about.*" He invited me to go back with him, which I declined. I came on board, he and his brother remained. About 8 this evening he and his brother came on board; and now, at midnight, we are still at anchor in the same place. Our Irishmen are quite in a state of mutiny at the delay, as they find their own provisions and are losing their time. Their impatience and very odd manner of expressing it divert me a good deal. *Je t'embrasse et toi aussi notre petit Gam'lo*<sup>1</sup>.

6. Our master and *frère*<sup>2</sup> came on board at 8 last evening. The tide being then ahead and no wind, were obliged to wait for the flood. At 1 this morning weighed anchor and floated about 16 miles. Cast anchor under the L. I.<sup>3</sup> shore and caught clams, of which made an excellent dish. At 2 weighed anchor and floated on, and now, at 11 P. M., we are about keeping our own, with the aid of now and then an air scarcely perceivable. This sort of progress has defeated all my plans, which were to have got past Frog's Point, where the tides meet, in season to have there taken the evening ebb, and thus get to town in the night; for to land at noonday at the Coenties Slip, I might as well announce my approach beforehand by a herald. The day has been very warm and perfectly calm. We cast anchor at 2 this morning,

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<sup>1</sup> I embrace both thee and thou also, our little Gampillo.

<sup>2</sup> Brother.

<sup>3</sup> For Long Island.



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*Private Journal of Aaron Burr.*

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having made about eight miles the last tide. At 5 got under weigh. Still perfectly calm, which suits me very well; for, if there should spring up a breeze, we should arrive about 4 or 5 P. M., but, by mere floating, we cannot get to town before evening. We are now off Frog's Point, and here take the first of the ebb. After passing Hell Gate, I think to get out under some pretense or other, and, if still daylight, lay down under some tree till dark. This requires some previous arrangement, to set about which I quit you. To-morrow you shall know how I get through this dilemma.

8. Patience, my dear children, and you shall hear all. But allow me to go on *pas à pas*<sup>1</sup>. We were, I think, on the last sheet at Frog's Point about noon. The ebb carried us to Riker's Island, one mile from Hell Gate, and here, being met by the flood, we cast anchor to wait for the ebb, which would make at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 7. In the meantime came up a breeze from S. E. Nothing could have more perfectly accorded with my wishes, as we must now necessarily arrive in New York about 10 in the evening. However, as the hour approached, the Captain began to doubt whether it would not be too dark to go through Hell Gate, and thought it would be more prudent to wait till morning. I combated this childish apprehension, but without effect. Fortunately, just after the ebb made, there passed a sloop whose master was an acquaintance, and he, declaring that it was a good time, and actually

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<sup>1</sup> Step by step.



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standing on, encouraged our Captain, and he weighed anchor and stood on also. When we got to the bluff point, where is a wharf and a tavern, just at the commencement of Hell Gate, one out of seven sloops then passing stopped at that wharf; the other six went through in our sight; yet, as one had stopped, and the daylight was nearly gone, though clear, brilliant starlight, our Captain thought there must be danger, and, in spite of all remonstrances, he came in at the same wharf. Had I suspected this, I could easily have got on board one of the other sloops; but they were now all out of sight. To add to my chagrin, there came to the wharf from the house an old man, who asked if any of us would walk up. The voice was very familiar to me, and I desired the mate, who was near me, to ask who kept that tavern. "Billy Mariner," said the same voice; a fellow who had known me familiarly since I was 8 years old. At this moment there hove in sight a very small sailboat, standing down. The sloop's barge being alongside, I engaged two of the men, for a dollar, to put me on board that sailboat, which was done, and thus I found myself again with the prospect of arriving at the hour I wished. The sailboat proved to be a pleasure-boat belonging to two young farmers of Long Island. They were not bound to New York, but to the Narrows, but very kindly agreed to put me on shore in the city. When we got opposite the city the wind wholly failed us; and the tide, now very rapid, set us

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1 So in the MS.

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*Private Journal of Aaron Burr.*

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over to the L. I.<sup>1</sup> shore ; and we, having no oars, were wholly at its mercy. It seemed inevitable that I must take a voyage to the Narrows, for they could not get to the L. I. land so as to set me on shore. When we were nearly opposite the Battery I heard the sound of oars, and hailed ; was answered ; and I begged them to come alongside. It proved to be two vagabonds in a skiff, probably on some thieving voyage. They were very happy to set me on shore in the city for a dollar, and at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 11 I was landed ; and S. S.<sup>2</sup> having given me his address, 66 Water street, thither I went cheerfully, and rejoicing in my good fortune. I knocked and knocked, but no answer. I knocked still harder, supposing they were asleep, till one of the neighbors opened a window and told me that nobody lived there. I asked where lived Mr. S. Of that she knew nothing. I was now to seek a lodging. But very few houses were open. Tried at two or three taverns, all full ; cruised along the wharf, but could find no place. It was now midnight, and nobody to be seen in the street. To walk about the whole night would be too fatiguing. To have sat and slept on any stoop would have been thought no hardship ; but then, the danger that the first watchman who might pass would take me up as a vagrant and carry me to the watchhouse, was a *denouement*<sup>3</sup> not at all to my mind. I walked on, thinking that in the skirts of the town I might meet at that hour I might

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<sup>1</sup> Long Island.

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Swartwout.

<sup>3</sup> For *dénouement* or *dénouement*. Catastrophe (of a play).

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*Private Journal of Aaron Burr.*

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meet<sup>1</sup> some *charitable et aimable personne*<sup>2</sup>, who, for one or two dollars and *l'amour de Dieu*<sup>3</sup>, would give me at least half a bed ; but seeing in an alley a light in the cellar of a small house, I called and asked for a lodging ; was answered yes ; shown into a small garret, where were five men already asleep ; a cot and a sort of coverlid was given me. I threw open the window to have air, lay down, and slept profoundly till 6. Being already dressed, I rose, paid for my lodgings 12 cents, and sallied out to 66 Water street, and there had the luck to find Sam. alone. He led me immediately to the house of his brother Robert, and here I am, in possession of Sam.'s room in Stone street, in the city of New York, on this 8th day of June, *anno dom.*<sup>4</sup> 1812, just four years since we parted at this very place.

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1 The repetition is in the MS.

2 Some charitable and amiable person.

3 The love of God.

4 For *Anno Domini*. In the year of our Lord.



FOREIGN ELEMENT IN THE  
JOURNAL



## FOREIGN ELEMENT IN THE JOURNAL

ARON BURR did not confine himself to his mother tongue. He used words and expressions from several European languages, including French, (which largely predominated), Swedish, Danish, German, Dutch, Latin, and even a slight sprinkling of Greek, Spanish, and Italian. He was most familiar with French, and used that language upon nearly every page of his Journal. In Burr's time, French was the predominant tongue on the European continent. Burr must also have had a good knowledge of Latin, for he read legal and historical works in that language, and had studied it at college. In spite of the fact that he sojourned for some months in Germany, there is barely more than a sprinkling of German throughout the Journal. It is evident that he had no hold on it. He seems to have understood Swedish much better.

What a confusion of tongues is found! It is a veritable Babel! Swedish, French, German, and Latin words are joined together to express one thought. For example, Burr eats "*bro et cas. pro prandium.*" If *cas.* stands for the German *Käse*, cheese, then the four languages cited are here found in one sentence in the order given. Burr takes not a stroll but *un strolle*. A maiden is "*jolie et interesting.*" Burr did not go to bed; he went *couche*. He did not drink weak tea but "*tea faible.*" He transported *y* his baggage, instead of sending it thither. When he had no money, he



experienced a "*sans sous siege*." He went "*au Coffee-house des Aveugles*," (to the Blindman's café), and he went "*sans greatcoat*." Because the daughter of a king is a princess and the wife of a count is a countess, a female keeper was a keeperess, a female beggar a beggaress, and a woman bookseller a bookselleress. For one of the many examples of strange mixtures see Vol. I., note 1, p. 87. Burr was constantly betrayed into the use of hybrid words anglicized from the French. His plan was not overturned but *renverséd*. His books are not in danger of ruin but are *abimed*. He was *généd* instead of bothered, *grondéd* instead of scolded, *chasséd* instead of driven out, *raméd* instead of rowed, and *remerciéd* rather than thanked. The poultice on his swollen face *soulagiéd* him a little, instead of relieved him, and his teeth were *plombéd*, not filled. His pockets were not picked but *fouillé*d and when he lost his way he was *egaréd*. Instead of chatting with a man he *caúsed* with him, and the man *parléd*. When Hosack went out he *sort'd*. The woman was not infantile but *enfantic*, and she treated him *honnêtelé*, not civilly. He did not meet the wife of Bartlett but Bartlett *ux*. and the elder man whom he saw at a reception was Zimmermann *père*, the younger one Crede *fiis*. The fact is clear that Burr suffered from an exaggerated case of *Frenchitis*.

Was there any legitimate reason for such a mixture of tongues as is found on the pages of the Journal? If the reader has ever tried a long residence in a foreign land where his own tongue is rarely heard, he can appreciate how readily the foreign words enter into the mind, while the English words so aggravatingly play hide and seek about the nooks and corners of the brain. Burr was always in a hurry with his Journal and he set down the words that came most readily to his mind. Then, too, it must be remembered that he was not writing for publication; over and over again he explained

#### FOREIGN ELEMENT IN THE JOURNAL

that the Journal was only a brief, a mere rough memorandum. As if conscious of its defects and ashamed of them, he says, "The only thing to be expected from it is that it will bring to recollection many little incidents which may amuse." He looked eagerly forward to the time when the Journal was to guide him in long talks with Theodosia and little Gampy, around the fire on winter evenings. But he was destined never again to see their faces.

Certain words and expressions were employed by Burr as time-savers. Among them were: *Y* for there, *couche* for go to bed or went to bed, *lev.* for get up or got up, *sor.* for go out or went out, *chez* for to or at the house of, and *U* or *ll* for maid or girl. Burr also used foreign words and expressions for the purpose of veiling his meaning, and he seems at times to have resorted to abbreviations to make the meaning still more obscure. It is amusing to see how he clung to certain foreign words. For instance, the Swedish words for bread and milk, *bröd* and *mjök*, which we find him using, although badly misspelled, long after leaving Sweden.

It is probable that Burr was able to speak French quite fluently, but he commonly wrote it badly, and in a careless and slovenly manner. In the French language the accents are very important, but Burr rarely used them at all; or if he did venture upon accenting a letter, he accented it incorrectly. An occasional paragraph in the Journal is very correctly written, which proves that Burr could write French well if he tried.

It is amusing to witness his efforts to spell certain words. He was very fond of a Swedish dish called *filbunke*, and he mentioned it with great frequency in certain parts of the Journal. But he spelled the word in eight different ways, all of them incorrect! He found great trouble with the word Tuileries, and with geographical words generally. His care-

#### FOREIGN ELEMENT IN THE JOURNAL

lessness in spelling the commonest English words was equally remarkable.

The Journal is published as nearly as possible as Burr wrote it, the corrections being made in the foot-notes.

The Glossary which follows does not pretend to be scientific, it is simply practical. It is a collection, alphabetically arranged, of the oft-repeated words and phrases which Burr used, with translations, and is designed as a reference list to which the reader of the Journal may turn at will, for the foreign phrases are usually translated but once in the foot-notes, no matter how often they occur in the text. Inasmuch as the French element largely predominates, all foreign words and expressions noted in the Glossary will be regarded as French, unless otherwise designated.

## GLOSSARY

The following abbreviations are used: Adj., adjective; adv., adverb; art., article; conj., conjunction; D., Dutch; Dan., Danish; *e. g.*, Latin *exempli gratia*, for example; Engl., English; fem., feminine; Fr., French; Ger., German; *i. e.*, Latin *id est*, that is; int., interjection; It., Italian; Lat., Latin; masc., masculine; n., noun; p., page; part., participle; perf., perfect; pl., plural; prep., preposition; pres., present; pret., preterit; pro., pronoun; *q. v.*, Latin *quod vide*, which see; Sp., Spanish; Sw., Swedish; v., verb.

### A

- À*, prep. To, at.  
*Abbê*, n. Abbe, abbot.  
*Actes*, n. Acts in a drama.  
*Actions*, n. Shares of stock.  
*Aimable*, adj. Amiable, friendly.  
*À la campagne*. In the country, to or at the country-house.  
*À l' américaine*. For *à l'américaine*. In the American fashion.  
*À l' Anglaise*. For *à l' anglaise*. After the English manner.  
*À la fourchette*. Used in connection with the word breakfast it means a meat breakfast, that is, one in which forks are used.  
*À la française*. After the French fashion.  
*Alb.*, *Alb'a*, *Alber'a*, and other like abbreviations, for Albertina.  
*Allemand*. For *Allemande*, n. German lady.  
*Ami*, n. Masculine friend. *Amie*, n. Woman friend.  
*Argent*, n. Money.  
*Assemblée*. For *assemblée*, n. Company, party.  
*Atelier*. For *atelier*, n. Workshop, studio.  
*Au*, prep. with art. To the, at the.  
*Au château*. To or at the country-seat, or castle.  
*Au François*. For *au Théâtre Français*. To or at the Théâtre Français. See note 2, Vol. I., p. 414 and p. 411.  
*Au jardin du roi*. To or at the King's garden.  
*Au Palais*. To or at the Palace.

## GLOSSARY

*Au Pal. Roy.* and *au P. R.* For *au Palais Royal*. To or at the Palace Royal. See note 2, Vol. I., p. 411.

*Au parc.* To or at the park.

*Au Théâtre Français.* To or at the Théâtre Français. See note 2, Vol. I., p. 414 and p. 411.

*Aux doubles chaînes.* Meaning condemned to double chains in the galleys.

*Av.* for *avec*, prep. With.

## B

*Bah*, int. Pooh!

*Bain*, n. Bath.

*Bal*, n. Ball.

*Bal masqué.* Masquerade ball.

*Banco*, n., It. A dollar in undepreciated currency. The standard money in which certain European banks, especially the Hamburg bank, formerly kept their accounts, because the local currency was depreciated by debasement, clipping, or wear; still used in some places for bank money as distinguished from a depreciated currency. See also note, Vol. I., page 105.

*Baron*, n. Baron.

*Baronne*, n. Baroness.

*Beau-frère*, n. Brother-in-law.

*Bel. allem'e.* For *belle Allemande*. Handsome German woman.

*Belle*, adj. Beautiful, handsome.

*Belles*, adj. or n. Beauties, *i. e.*, beautiful women.

*Belle fem.* For *belle femme*. Handsome woman.

*B. gro.* For *bons-Groschen*, *q. v.*

*Bien*, adv. Well, quite, very, good-looking.

*Bien belle.* Very or quite pretty.

*Bien hon.* For *bien bonnête*. Very civil, polite.

*Bien rec.* For *bien reçu*. Well received.

*Bijoutier*, n. Jeweler.

*Bijoux*, n. Jewels.

*Bl.* For *blonde*, adj. Blond.

*Blanc*, adj. White.

## GLOSSARY

*Bl. fm.* For *belle femme*, *q. v.*

*Bon*, adj. Good, genuine.

*Bonbon*, n. Same as in English.

*Bon-gro.* and *Bon-gros.* Fr. and Ger. for *bons-Groschen*, Good groschen. See note 3, Vol. I., page 304.

*Bon soir.* Good evening.

*Bouilli*, perf. part. used as n. Boiled meat, from Fr. verb *bouillir*, to boil.

*Bouil. gras.* For *bouillon gras*, *q. v.*

*Bouillon*, n. Broth, from Fr. verb *bouillir*, to boil.

*Bouillon gras.* Literally, fat broth; a rich, meaty broth.

*Bourgeoises*, n. Plural of *bourgeoise*. Women of the commercial or middle class.

*Br.*, *bro.*, and *brö.* for *bröd*, n., Sw. Bread. Possibly some of Burr's abbreviations may be intended to stand for the German word *Brot*, though he was not familiar with the German language and rarely used German words.

*Brö. et cas.* for *din.* Sw., Ger., and Fr. for *bröd et Käse* for *dîner*. Bread and cheese for dinner. (It is possible, however, that *cas.* may be his abbreviation for the French word *cassonade*, brown sugar.)

*Brö. et mlk.*, *bro. mjlk.* and *bro et mjolk.* Sw. and Fr. for *bröd et mjölk*. Bread and milk.

*Bru.* For *brunette*, n. Brunette.

*Bru* and *brû* for *bröd*, n., Sw. Bread.

*Bu*, perf. part. of the verb *boire*, to drink. Hence, drunk.

*Bureau*, n. Office.

## C

*Ça*, for *cela*. That.

*Cab.* For *cabriole* or *cabriolet*, *q. v.*

*Cabinet*, n. Room, office, study.

*Cabinet des med.* For *cabinet des médailles*. Cabinet of medals.

*Cabriole*, *cabriolet*, n. A one-horse, covered carriage with two seats, and originally having two wheels and a calash top.

## GLOSSARY

*Caf. b., caf. blan., café bl., caffè blanc, and caffè blanc.* For *café blanc*. Literally, white coffee.

*Café, n.* Coffee, coffee-house.

*Caffé.* For *Café, n.* Coffee-house.

*Calhuit.* For *D. cajuit, n.* Cabin on a boat.

*Campagne, n.* Country, as opposed to the city; country-house.

*Cas.* For *Fr. cassonade* or *Ger. Käse*. It is not at all certain in most cases to which of these words Burr refers. He ate cheese, for when in Sweden he made use of the word *ost*. He undoubtedly ate it in Germany, yet he never spells out the German word. In several instances he does use the full form of the French word *casson*, lump sugar in masses, or *cassonade*, brown sugar.

*C. d.* For *ci-devant*, adv. Formerly, heretofore.

*Cests, cæst., cæstus.* This seems reasonably clear in the MS., but the meaning is obscure. Of course the Latin words *cestus*, for girdle, and *cæstus*, for a covering for the hands of boxers, are well known, but it seems doubtful if Burr intended to use either.

*Chancellor.* For *chancelier, n.* Chancellor.

*Changeur, n.* Money-changer, broker.

*Chanteuse, n.* Woman vocalist.

*Chantier, n.* Dock-yard, shed.

*Chap. bra. and chapeau bra.* For *chapeau bras*. The word *bras* means arm. There were hats made to be carried under the arm at audiences and other high functions. The expression used by Burr may refer to them. See also note 2, Vol. I., p. 125, where the suggested explanation may be fanciful.

*Chargé des affaires.* For *chargé d'affaires*. The officer in charge of the diplomatic business in the absence of a minister or ambassador, or a diplomatic agent accredited to the department of foreign affairs (not to the government) of a state where his government has no representative of higher rank.

*Château, n.* Castle, country-seat.

*Chev. and cheval.* For *chevalier, n.* Knight, cavalier. *Chevalier de la légion d'honneur.* Knight of the Legion of Honour.

*Chez, prep.* At or to the house or home of, with.

*Chez la prin.* For *chez la princesse*. To or at the house or home of the princess.



## GLOSSARY

- Chez lui.* To or at his house or home.  
*Chez moi.* To or at my house or home.  
*Chez nous.* To or at our house or home.  
*Cicérone*, n. from the It. One who explains curiosities and antiquities to a stranger.  
*Colonnes*, n. Plural of *colonne*. Columns.  
*Com.* For *comédie*, n. Comedy.  
*Commandant*, n. Commandant, commander; or as a verb, commanding.  
*Commis*, n. Clerk. Or for *commissaire*, commissioner, manager, or *commissionnaire*, porter, messenger.  
*Commis. gen.* For *commissaire général*. Commissary general.  
*Compagnon*, n. Companion.  
*Compte*, n. Account.  
*Comte*, n. Count.  
*Comtesse*, n. Countess.  
*Conducteur*, n. Conductor.  
*Congé*, n. Leave, leave-taking, notice to quit.  
*Conseiller*, n. Councilor.  
*Contrôleur des postes.* Superintendent of mails.  
*Cordon'e* and *cordon're.* For *cordonnière*, n. Woman shoemaker or shoemaker's wife.  
*Couch.* For *couche*, v. I go to bed. From *se coucher*, to lie down. Burr uses this word almost invariably in the present tense.

## D

- Dame*, n. Lady.  
*Dame d'hon.* For *dame d'honneur*. Lady or maid of honour.  
*De*, prep. Of, from. Sometimes *de* introduces a partitive idea, as in Burr's sentence, "I took *de* cre. tar. punch." I took some cream of tartar punch.  
*De la.* Of the.  
*Demirep*, n. From *demi*, half, and *réputation*, reputation. A woman of questionable character. The word is also English.  
*Dent*, n. Tooth.

## GLOSSARY

*Dentiste*, n. Dentist.

*Deux*, adj. Two.

*Diligence*, n. A four-wheeled public stage-coach, drawn by four or more horses.

*Din.* For English dinner or French *dîner* or *dîné*, *q. v.*

*Din. a table d'hôte.* For *Je dînai à la table d'hôte.* I dined at the *table d'hôte*, *q. v.*

*Dîner à la table d'hôte.* Dinner or to dine, at the host's or guest's table.

*Din. seul.* For *je dînai seul.* I dined alone.

*Directeur*, n. Director, conductor.

*Dit*, perf. part. of the verb *dire*, to say. Said.

*Djurgården*, for Sw. *Kongliga Djurgård.* See note 1, Vol. I., page 150.

*Dom.* For *domestique*, n. A man or woman servant. *Doms.* is for *domestiques*, the plural.

*Dramatis personæ.* Latin. Persons of the drama; hence, cast of characters.

*Dub.* for Latin *dubito.* I doubt. Or possibly for the English dubious.

## E

*Eau et brö* (for *bröd*). Fr. and Sw. Water and bread.

*Eau et pain.* Water and bread.

*Écu*, n. Literally, a shield. A crown, worth about 88 cents in the United States money of Burr's time.

*Elle*, pron. She, her.

*Embarras*, n. Embarrassment, perplexity, fuss.

*En cav.* For *en cavalier.* Literally, as a cavalier or horseman. Sometimes it means astride.

*Encore*, adv. Again, still, yet.

*En fam.* For *en famille.* As a family, as one of the family circle.

*Enf.* or *enfants.* For *enfant* or *enfants.* Child or children.

*Ennuï*, n. Tediumness, weariness.

## GLOSSARY

*Ennui*, v. For *ennuie*, tires, wearies. From the verb *ennuyer*, to be tiresome, to bore, to annoy.

*Entrè*, n. For *entrée*. Entry, entrance.

*Ergo*. Latin adverb. Therefore.

*Et*, conj. And.

*Étrennes*, n., plural of *étrenne*. New Year's gifts. Burr also uses the word to mean any gifts.

*Et sa fille*. And his or her daughter.

*Et ux*. For Latin *et uxor*. And wife.

## F

*Fam*. For *famille*. Family.

*Fem*. For *femme*, n. Woman, wife.

*Femme de* ———. Wife of ———.

*Feuilliéd*. Hybrid verb from *feuilleter*. To turn over leaves, to peruse.

*Fête*, n. Feast, festival, holiday.

*Fiakre*. For *fiacre*, n. A French hackney-coach.

*Filbunke*, Sw. n. A Swedish dish greatly relished by Burr. (See note 1, Vol. I., page 146.) Burr uses many abbreviations and misspellings. *Fillib.*, *fillibonca*, *fillibonk*, *fillibonka*, *fillibonke*, and *fillibunc*.

*Fille*, n. Daughter, girl.

*Fils*, n. Son. Sometimes it is to be translated as the younger or junior, as in the expression *Zimmermann fils*.

*Fl*. For *florin*, n. A silver coin of Austria, containing 100 kreutzers and worth about 48½ cents in United States money. In the Netherlands it was equivalent to a guilder and worth about 40 cents.

*Fol*. For *folie*, n. Folly, foolishness. Burr often uses this word for *muse*, q. v.

*Fondeur*, n. Founder, melter, smelter.

*Fossé*, n. Moat.

*Fr*. For *franc*, n. A French coin containing 100 centimes, and worth about 19½ cents in United States money.

## GLOSSARY

- Frère*, n. Brother.  
*Fruka* and *fruken*. For *fröken*, Sw. n. Lady. (See note 1, Vol. I, page 229.)  
*Fumiste*, n. Chimney-repairer.

## G

*Gendarme*, n. Man-at-arms. Originally, in France, a mounted and fully armed knight or feudal soldier. Later it signified a member of a company of mounted lancers and even of the King's body-guard. In continental Europe, particularly in France, it has come to mean a uniformed and armed policeman.

- Gênéd*. A hybrid verb from French *gêner*, to trouble, to annoy.  
*Génevois*, adj. or n. Genevese, of Geneva.  
*Génevoise*. The feminine form of *Génevois*.  
*Gens d'armes*. One of the plural forms of *gendarme*.  
*Gooden groschen*. See note 3, Vol. I, p. 304.  
*Grand*, adj. masc. Tall, great.  
*Grande*, adj. fem. Tall, great.  
*Guitarre*. For *guitare*, n. Guitar.

## H

- H*. For *heure*, *q. v.*  
*Häradshöfding*, n., Sw. The justice of a district, circuit judge.  
*Heure*, n. Hour.  
*Honetes gens*. For *honnêtes gens*. Honest, decent people.  
*Hôtesse*, n. Hostess.  
*Hussier*. For *huissier*, n. Usher, door-keeper.

## I

- I. e.* For *id est*. Latin. That is.  
*Incog*. For *incognito*, adv., It. Unknown, under an assumed name.  
*Insom*. For Engl. insomnia or Fr. *insomnie*.

# GLOSSARY

## J

*Jeu.* For *jeune*, adj. Young.

*Jeudi*, n. Thursday ; literally, Jove's day.

*Jol.* For *jolie*, adj. Pretty.

*Jungfru*, n., Sw. Virgin, maid.

## K

*Kong. Garden.* For Sw. *Kungsträdgård*. See note 8, Vol. I, p. 176.

*Kongl. Djur Garden.* For Sw. *Kongliga Djurgård*. See note 1, Vol. I, p. 150.

*Kreuz.* For *Kreuzer*, n. Ger. Kreutzer, a copper coin of Austria and formerly of Germany. In Austria it is one one-hundredth of a florin, and worth, therefore, about half a cent in United States money. In Germany it was one-thirtieth of a mark, and worth approximately two-thirds of a cent. In Burr's time, however, a florin could not have been worth so much, for he says that 22 florins and 43 kreutzers were worth about \$8.50, which would show the value of a florin to have been about 38 cents in the American money of the time.

*Kuijser Hoff.* For *Kaiserhof*. The name of a lodging-house.

## L

*La*, fem. article. The.

*L'amie de Bollman.* Bollman's lady friend.

*La b.* For *la belle*. The handsome woman.

*La bar.* For *la baronne*. The baroness.

*La b. al.*, *la b. Al'de*, *la b. All'de*, and other forms. For *la belle Allemande*. The handsome German woman.

*La blanchesse'se.* For *la blanchisseuse*. The laundress.

*La cad.* For *la cadette*. The young sister or daughter.

*La com.* For *la comtesse*. The countess.

*La com. gen'l de police.* For *le commissaire général de la police*. Police commissary general.

*La cordon're.* For *la cordonnière*. The woman shoemaker, or the shoemaker's wife.

*La duc'se.* For *la duchesse*. The duchesse.

## GLOSSARY

- La gouvernante.* The governess.
- La Han., la Han'e., la Hanov.* For *la Hanovrienne.* The Hanoverian woman.
- La jeu.* For *la jeune.* The young.
- La ménagère.* The housekeeper.
- La mère et deux filles.* The mother and two daughters.
- La mod.* For *la modèle,* which, in turn, is used for *le modèle.* The [painter's] model. As the models are usually girls the form *la modèle* seems quite natural.
- Landshofdingen.* Sw. for *landshöfding.* Provincial governor, lord lieutenant.
- La p. blan'se.* For *la petite blanchisseuse.* The little laundress.
- La petite Louisa.* Little Louise.
- La préfecture.* The prefecture, prefect's house or offices.
- La princesse.* The princess.
- La souer.* For *La soeur.* The sister.
- La veuve.* The widow.
- La vieux Anna.* For *la vieille Anna.* [The] old Anna.
- Le, masc. art.* The.
- Le baron.* The baron.
- Le C. B.* For *le Colonel Burr, i. e.,* Colonel Burr.
- Le chev.* For *le chevalier.* The knight.
- Le com.* For *le commandant.* The commandant or the commander.
- Le conseiller.* The councilor.
- Le docteur.* The doctor.
- Le duc.* The duke.
- Le duc régnant.* The reigning duke.
- Le général.* The general.
- Le jeune comte.* The young count.
- Le libraire.* The bookseller.
- Le ministre.* The minister of state.
- Le père.* The father. The phrase *Zimmermann le père* means the elder Zimmermann.
- Le père, le fils, et sa femme.* The father, the son, and his wife.
- Le prefect.* For *le préfet.* The prefect.

## GLOSSARY

*Le président.* The president.

*Le pri. hered.* For *le prince héréditaire.* The crown prince.

*Les dames.* The ladies.

*Les deux sœurs (soeurs).* The two sisters.

*Lev.* This abbreviation is used frequently by Burr. It comes from the verb *lever*, to raise. *Se lever* is to raise oneself or rise. *Lev.* stands for the pres. *je me lève*, I get up, or the pret. *je me levai*, I got up, or the perf. *je me suis levé.* I [have] got up.

*Le v. s. and le v. soldat.* For *le vieux soldat.* The old soldier.

*Libraire, n.* Bookseller.

*L'inspecteur des postes.* The inspector of mails.

*Livre, n.* As a feminine noun it may mean franc (19½ cents) or a pound in weight. *Une livre sterling* means 1 pound sterling of English money.

*Ll.* This abbreviation, which in Burr's handwriting looks like the capital letter U or ll, and may be so meant, stands for some word denoting female—a girl or young woman. It may stand for *fille* or *mademoiselle*, the abbreviation for which is *m'lle*, or possibly for the Swedish *jungfru*, maid.

*Louis, n.* An old French silver coin worth about \$1.13½ in United States money. A louis d'or (golden louis) was worth \$4 or more.

*Lunette, n.* Eye-glass; or rim or case of a watch.

*Lustre, n.* A fine chandelier.

## M

*M.* For *Monsieur.* Mister.

*Ma,* possessive adj., fem. My.

*Ma bel.* For *ma belle.* My handsome.

*Madame, n.* Madam. Throughout the Journal Burr uses the French form, instead of the English, and for that reason the editor has done the same.

*Madame la bar.* For *baronne.* The baroness.

*Madame la maréchale.* The marshal's wife.

*Madame sa fem.* For *madame sa femme.* His wife.



# GLOSSARY

- Mademoiselle*, n. Young lady, miss.  
*Mademoiselles les baronnes*. The young baronesses.  
*Madgen*, n., Ger. For *Mädchen*. Maid, girl.  
*Ma hôtesse*. My hostess.  
*Ma J.* Fr. and Dan. or Sw. For *ma Janina*. My Jennie.  
*Malapropos*. For *mal à propos*. Ill-timed, unseasonable.  
*Marchand de vin*. Wine merchant. *Marchande de vin*. Woman wine-merchant.  
*Maréchal*, n. Marshal of the court, field-marshal.  
*Maréchale*, n. Marshal's lady.  
*Mari*, n. Husband.  
*Mauv.* For *mauvais*, adj. masc. or *mauvaise*, adj. fem. Bad.  
*M'e.* For *madame*.  
*Mégrin*, n. For Engl. megrim or Fr. *migraine*. A headache on one side of the head.  
*Ménage*, n. Housekeeping, household.  
*Ménagère*, n. Housekeeper.  
*Mère*, n. Mother. The expression *Euler mere* means Mother Euler.  
*Mère et fils*. Mother and son.  
*Mes*. Pl. of possessive adj. *mon* or *ma*. My.  
*Mes enf.* and *mes enfans*. For *mes enfants*. My children.  
*Middag*, n., Sw. Midday.  
*Miel*, n. Honey.  
*Min.* For *ministre*. Minister.  
*Mjk. mj'l*, and *mjolk*. For Sw. n. *mjolk*. Milk.  
*Mjolk coka, kôka, koka*, and *kôku*. For *mjölkkoka*, n., Sw. A sort of milk-roll or cake.  
*M. l'abbe M.* For *Monsieur l'Abbé M.* Abbe M.  
*M'lle.* For *mademoiselle*. Miss.  
*M'lle la cadette*. The younger daughter or sister.  
*M'lle L. et frère*. Miss L. and brother.  
*M'lle pince la harpe supérieurement*. The young lady plays the harp in a superior manner.  
*M'lles Goldacker deux sœurs.* (*Soeurs.*) The two Goldacker sisters.

## GLOSSARY

*Moi*, pron. Me, I.

*Mojlk* and *mojlk*. For *mjölkk*, *q. v.*

*Mon*, possessive adj., masc. My.

*Mon.*, *mons.*, and *M'r.* Abbreviation of *monsieur*. Mister, sir.

*Monde*, n. People ; literally, world.

*Mus.* For *muse*, *q. v.*

*Musa.* For *mössa*, n. Sw. Cap, bonnet.

*Muse*, n. This word appears frequently throughout the Journal, and there can be no doubt that it refers to illicit relations with women. As to its origin there may be a question. Perhaps Burr uses the French word *muse*, which denotes "the beginning of rutting time" among animals. It may be a shortening of the verb *amuser*, to amuse or divert, or possibly of the noun *amusement*, derived from the verb, having the same meaning as in English. It is clear that Burr uses an unusual word for the purpose of veiling his meaning. In place of *muse* he sometimes used *folie*, folly, or *pros.* for Fr. or Engl. prostitution.

## N

*Napoléon*, n. A French gold coin, worth 20 francs.

*Née*, perf. part., fem., of verb *naître*, to be born. Usually equivalent to the words "whose maiden name was."

*Nev.* For *neveu*. Nephew.

*Nous*, pron. We, us.

## O

*On*, pron. One, they, somebody.

*Or*, n. Gold.

## P

*Pa. di.* and *pa. din.* For *pas de dîner* or *dîné*. No dinner. Burr may use *pa. din.* or *pas. din.* for *je n'ai pas dîné*. I have not dined.

*Pain*, n. Bread.

*Pal. Roy.* For Palais Royal. See note 2, Vol. I., p. 411.

*Par*, prep. By.

## GLOSSARY

*Parterre*, n. Pit of a theatre.

*Pas*, adv. The French negative generally consists of two words, *ne* before the verb and *pas* after it. If the verb is absent the latter alone is used.

*Passeport*, n. Passport. Burr used both the English and the French spellings.

*Paterre*. For *parterre*, *q. v.*

*Paysan*, n. Male peasant, countryman.

*Paysanne*, n. Female peasant, countrywoman.

*P. d. t.* For *pomme* (or *pommes*) *de terre*, *q. v.*

*Pélasgie*. For *Sainte-Pélasgie*. A prison in Paris. See note 10, Vol. 1., p. 452.

*Per an.* For Latin *per annum*. Per year.

*Père*, n. Father. The expression *Crede père* means Father Crede or Crede senior.

*Personne*, n. Person.

*Personne*, pron. Nobody, anybody.

*Petit*, adj. masc. and *petite*, adj. fem. Little.

*Philibonka* and *phillibonka*. For *filbunke*, *q. v.*

*Pom. de t.* For *pomme* or *pommes de terre*. Potatoes ; literally, apples of the earth.

*Pont*, n. Bridge.

*Posèd.* A hybrid verb from the French *poser*, to lay down, to set, settle. Burr meant *posèd* for the perf. part. *posé*.

*Post extra.* For Ger. *Extrapost*. This was simply an extension of the work of the post-office department for the benefit of travelers. The government undertook to furnish extra post-horses in return for certain fixed charges.

*Postilion.* Meant for the English word, or else for Fr. *postillon*, with same meaning.

*Pour*, prep. For.

*Pour din.* and *pr. dine.* For *pour diné* or *dîner*. For dinner.

*P. R.* For Palais Royal. See note 2, Vol. I., p. 411.

*Préfecture de police.* Police prefecture or police prefect's house or office.

*Préfet*, n. Prefect.

## GLOSSARY

*Prom.* Either for *promenade*, n., with same meaning as in English, or for some form of the verb *se promener*, to take a walk, e. g., *je me promène*, I walk.

*Pros.* This abbreviation, which Burr used as synonymous with *muse* or *folie*, may stand for prostitution or for *prostituée*, prostitute.

*Prose*, adj. or n. Prose.

*P. Roy.* For Palais Royal. See note 2, Vol. I., p. 411.

*P's.* For *pros.*, *q. v.*

## Q

*Quai*, n. Quay, wharf.

*Quod vide.* Latin. Which see.

*Quoi faire?* What [should one] do?

*Q. v.* For *quod vide.* Which see.

## R

*Radix Rhei.* Latin. Root of Rheum, a genus of plants of the buckwheat family, the best known of which is *Rheum Rhaponticum*, the garden rhubarb. The reference, of course, is to the medicinal rhubarb.

*Recont.* For *rencontre* or *rencontrai*, *q. v.*

*Reçu*, perf. part. of the verb *recevoir*, to receive. Received.

*Reçu très gracieusement.* Received very graciously.

*R. d.* For rix dollar, *q. v.*

*Renc.* For *rencontre*, *q. v.*

*Rencontrai*, v. I met, fell in with.

*Rencontre*, n. An accidental meeting, a rencounter. Burr often used this word in describing his amorous adventures.

*Rendez-vous*, n. Meeting, appointment, rendezvous. It is literally an imperative of the verb *rendre* and means render or betake yourself.

*Restaurateur*, n. Restaurant or eating-house keeper.

*Rexelt.* For *Riksgåld*, *q. v.*

*Rhad. Rhei.*, *rhe. rad.*, and *rhea.* For *radix Rhei*, *q. v.*

*Riksgåld*, n., Sw. See note, Vol. I., p. 105.

*Rixgaut.* For *riksgåld*.

*Rix dollar.* See note, Vol. I., p. 105.

## GLOSSARY

*Robe de cham.* and *robe de chamb.* For *robe de chambre*.  
Morning-gown, dressing gown.

*Roi*, n. King.

*Roi de Rome.* King of Rome, referring to Napoleon's son.  
See note 2, Vol. II., p. 165.

*Rom. Kays.* For *Gasthaus zum Römischen Kaiser*. See note  
5, Vol. I., p. 271.

*Rôti*, perf. part. of the verb *rôtir*, to roast, used as a noun.  
Compare *bouilli*.

*Rue*, n. Street.

## S

*S.* For *sou*, *q. v.*

*Sa*, possessive adj., fem. His, her.

*S. A.* For *Son Altesse*, *q. v.*

*S. A. la duchesse.* Her highness the duchess.

*Sa mère.* His or her mother.

*Sangaree*, n. From a Spanish word which is derived from the  
Latin word for blood. A drink composed of red wine and lemon  
juice.

*Sa nièce.* His or her niece.

*Sans*, prep. Without.

*Sans accid.* For *sans accident*. Without accident. Burr often  
used the expression to signify that he reached home without an amorous  
adventure.

*Sans sous.* For *sans un* or *le sou*. Without a cent.

*Sans soupé.* Without supper.

*S. A. R.* For *Son Altesse Royale*. His or her royal high-  
ness. See note, Vol. I., p. 368.

*S. A. R. l'Électrice.* Her royal highness the electress.

*S. A. S.* For *Son Altesse Sérénissime*. His or her most serene  
highness. See note, Vol. I., p. 368.

*Sa souer.* For *sa soeur*. His or her sister.

*Scala*, n., Latin. Scale. Burr used it for thermometer scale.

*Sch.* For Sw. *skilling*. A copper coin now worth about a  
cent.

*Sec.* For *secrétaire*. Secretary.

## GLOSSARY

*Sénateur*, n. Senator.

*Seul*, adj., masc. Alone.

*Seule*, adj., fem. Alone.

*Skeeps Holmen*. For *Skeppsholmen*. Literally, Ship's Island.  
A part of Stockholm.

*Skolpen* and *skropel*. For Sw. *skorpa*, n. A light, sweetened bread or biscuit, browned like the English rusk or the German *Zwieback*.

*Smoer*, *smocur*, and *smor*. For Sw. *smör*. Butter.

*Soeur*, n. Sister.

*Soir*, n. Evening.

*Son*, possessive adj., masc. His or her.

*Son Altesse*. His or her highness. See note, Vol. I., p. 368.

*Son Altesse la Duchesse*. Her highness the duchess.

*Sor*. This abbreviation is found very frequently in the Journal. It comes from the verb *sortir* and stands for the pres. *je sors*, I go out; the pret. *je sortis*, I went out, or the perf. *je suis sorti*, I went out.

*Sor. av*. For *je sors avec*. I go out with.

*Sors*, v. I go out.

*Sou*, n. A former French coin of varying value equal to one-twentieth of a franc, or about a cent in United States money. The plural is *sous*.

*Souer*. For *soeur*, *q. v*.

*Soup*. This abbreviation may stand for the noun *soupe*, soup, or for some form of the verb *souper*, to sup; the pres. *je soupe*, I sup; the pret. *je soupai*, I supped, or the perf. *j'ai soupé*, I have supped.

*Soupaan*. It is not clear what Burr meant by this word. It is evidently the name of some food or drink, and seems to be connected with the French word *soupe*, soup.

*Souvenir*, n. Same meaning as in English.

*Sti.*, *stuiver*, and *stuyver*, n., D. A small coin of the Netherlands, equal to one-twentieth of a guilder and about a cent in United States money.

*Sur*, prep. Upon, on.

*Surtout*, n. A man's overcoat, great-coat.

*Svenscha* and *svenska*. For *svensk*, adj. or n. Swedish.

## GLOSSARY

### T

*Tableau*, n. Picture, painting, table.

*Table d'hôte*. Literally, host's or guests' table. A public or common table for guests at a hotel. Burr wrote the word in various ways.

*Tant mieux*. So much the better.

*T. a. t.*, and *tet-a-tet*. For *tête-à-tête*. Literally, head to head; hence, face to face; in close conversation; together privately.

*Thuileries*, *Thuilleries*, *Thuleries*, *Thulleries*, *Thullieres*, *Thullières* and *Thulps* are Burr's attempts for *Tuileries*, *q. v.*

*Toilette*, n. Toilet.

*Tout seul*. All alone.

*Trachschuy*, *tracht schuyt*, and *traekschout*. For *trekschuit*, n., D. A tow-boat on the canals of Holland.

*Trappur upp*. For *trappor upp*, Sw. Literally, flights of stairs up; three *trappor upp* would mean up three flights of stairs, or in the fourth story.

*Tre*. For *très*, *q. v.*

*Tre. superieurment*. For *très supérieurement*. In a very superior manner.

*Très*, adv. Very, very much.

*Très belle*. Very handsome.

*Très bien*. Very well.

*Très bien reçu par*. Very well received by.

*Tro*. For *trop*, *q. v.*

*Tro. bu*. For *trop bu*. Have or had drunk too much.

*Tro. de vin*. For *trop de vin*. Too much wine.

*Trois*, n. and adj. Three.

*Trop*, adv. Too much.

*Tuileries*. For *les Tuileries*. See note 9, Vol. I., p. 424.

### U

*U*. A character which sometimes looks like a capital U and again like double l. See ll.

*Un*, article, masc. A, one.



## GLOSSARY

*Ux.* For Latin *uxor*. Wife. Burr used this abbreviation very frequently. For example: “Bartlett, *ux. et* Span”, meaning Bartlett, wife, and Span.

### V

*V. d. p.* and *v. de pl.* For *valet de place*. A guide for tourists.

*Vallè.* For *vallée*. Valley.

*Veuve*, n. Widow.

*Vid.* For Latin *vide*. See.

*Vielle.* For *vieille*, adj., fem. Old.

*Vigil*, adj. Latin. Wakeful, awake. Burr also used the form *vigils*, but it is probable that he meant this for the English noun.

*Vin*, n. Wine.

*Vis-à-vis.* Literally, face to face ; opposite, in juxtaposition.

*Visé.* This word is used in English as a verb. In French it is the perf. part. of the verb *viser*, to sign [a passport].

*Voilà.* See there ; behold ; there is ; there are.

*Vous*, pron. You.

*Vrai*, adj. True, genuine.

*V. s.* For *vieux soldat*. Old soldier.

### W

*Wackm'r.* For *Wackmeister*, which is meant for the Swedish *vaktmästare*. Watchman, keeper, porter.

*Wattn och bru.* For Sw. *vatten och bröd*. Water and bread.

### X

*X.* This character was used by Burr to signify his secret projects in Mexico.

### Y

*Y*, adv. There, to said place. This word was used with great frequency.

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